

# MCCALL'S

JUNE 1919

MAGAZINE

10 CENTS





## Making Palmolive 3,000 Years Ago

THIS task fell to the user in the days of ancient Egypt. Palm and Olive oils were blended into a combination that would today seem crude. But this first Palmolive was the greatest toilet luxury this old time civilization knew.

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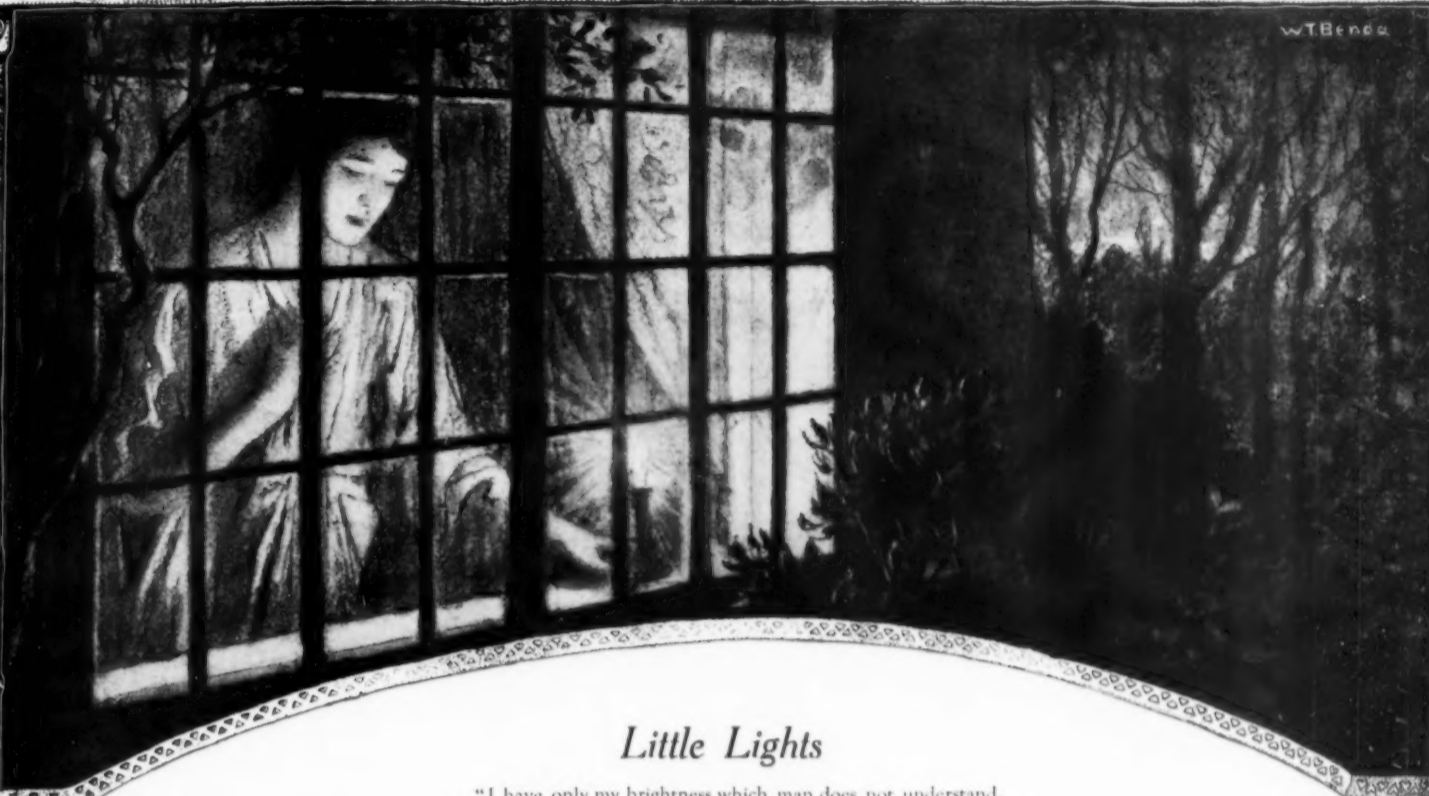
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# JUNE McCALL'S MAGAZINE



## Little Lights

"I have only my brightness which man does not understand.  
But I watch over him to the end of his days."  
*Light, in Maeterlinck's The Blue Bird.*

### Cargoes

WE sail majestically into many ports. We pick up a curious cargo—

Our hulls we stuff to bursting with priceless merchandise.

Then we preen our sails and, with gay flirt of flags, sail proudly out of many ports onto the open sea—

The blue sky is overhead. We expand beneath the sun. We greet each little wave with sportiveness and pleasure. We enjoy ourselves. We are conscious of our cargo. It is packed there snugly for us to contemplate. It gives us balance in the sea. Its richness makes us glow within.

On a fair day we approach another port, masts gleaming, the sun at our backs. We moor beside a homely pier. We graciously accept what may be waiting there for us and try to find a place for it beneath our swelling decks.

Sometimes we condescend to royal barter, when we are overfull and there threatens to be crowding. Or, having outgrown our pleasure in a certain commodity, we offer it for sale, partly to get the unsightly thing from beneath our prideful eye, partly to make room for a new delight that has intrigued us.

But how rarely do we enter, say at evening, a meager port, where lights glow dimly and wistfulness pervades the air, and there set down, upon the narrow strand, a chest of silken treasures from our store—an unpretentious, friendly offering to a beauty-hungry horde?

I say, how much of what we've garnered, do we give?

FIRST there was the little night-light. It hung just outside the door in the hall. You were a tiny person then and you went to sleep in a big, black room up-stairs. She tucked the covers in, kissed you good-night and slipped away.

"Don't shut it tight. Mother-dear," you called after her; "please don't shut it tight."

She left it open just a crack, then the little night-light stole quietly through and you snuggled down in drowsy content.

Mother, lifting the shades in the morning to let the sunshine flood the room and prod your sleepy eyes to consciousness; Mother, standing in the parting glow of the open doorway while you ventured forth on that first strange journey into the unexplored world; Mother, putting a welcoming lamp in the window against the hour of your return—always there has been Mother and the magic cheer of her little light. Always there has been the woman and the lamp.

The night-light, with its scrap of wick swimming in oil, is gone. The pressure of the finger on an electric button fills the house with light. Yet little lamps seem to me as truly a symbol of womanhood today, as ever.

And if we trim fewer wicks and burn fewer candles, it does not mean that the lamps on the altar of the inner shrine can do with less tending.

There is the little lamp of courage which we must keep ready for a dark hour, our own or another's.

There is the lamp of tolerance most necessary in these days of changing creeds and shifting forms.

There are the lamps of understanding and sympathy, of beauty, of joy—so many lamps whose flame is quickly quenched when we relax our watchfulness.

The troubled old world, suddenly conscious that it needs the home-grown virtues of women to help bring it out of its tragic turmoil, has work for the lamp lighters.

We are not only tending lamps, but lighting new ones.

It may not be always a big, white calcium that we have to bring, but just a little night-lamp, casting a comforting flicker in the big, black room.

But it's the tending of all the little things of life that makes the big ones possible.

### No Escape

PEOPLE who say they will have nothing to do with politics are mistaken. They might as well say they will have nothing to do with air.

Charles Willis Thompson, in *The New Voter*, articulates a spreading thought. It's a thought that has grown in the night, while guns thundered and lordly statesmen parleyed.

In the dawn of our turbulent peace, it shows itself, sturdy, indomitable. It shouts. It will not be ignored. It enters the cottage in the silent valley, the lonely farm upon the sea-gray prairie, the hut that clings upon the mountainside. From whatever isolated corner a son went out to war, into that place the thought has entered.

You, comfortable housewife, with the price of silks and sugar soaring skyward during four long years, haven't you been impelled toward a desire for the ballot, so that you might "right these things?"

You, valiant mother, with your son striving, with all the world's mothers' sons striving, in the colossal struggle, haven't you been roused to an intense curiosity in the machinery behind war and the affairs of the universe?

You, crusty conservative, immersed in your books and your smelly laboratory, hasn't the roar of the cosmic unrest reached you?

You, each of you, may have said, "No, indeed, I haven't time to be bothered with the tarnation thing!"

You are mistaken. A loud, insistent voice keeps on shouting, "Oh shucks! You can't help yourself."

## McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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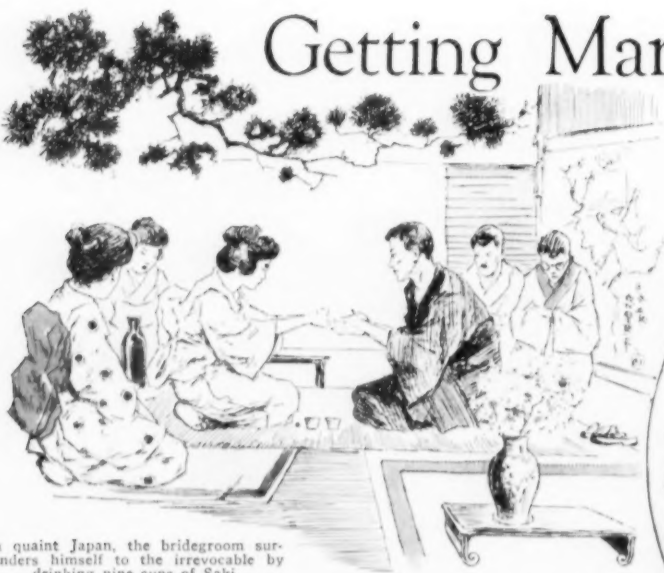
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# Getting Married All Over The Map

By C. F. Peters



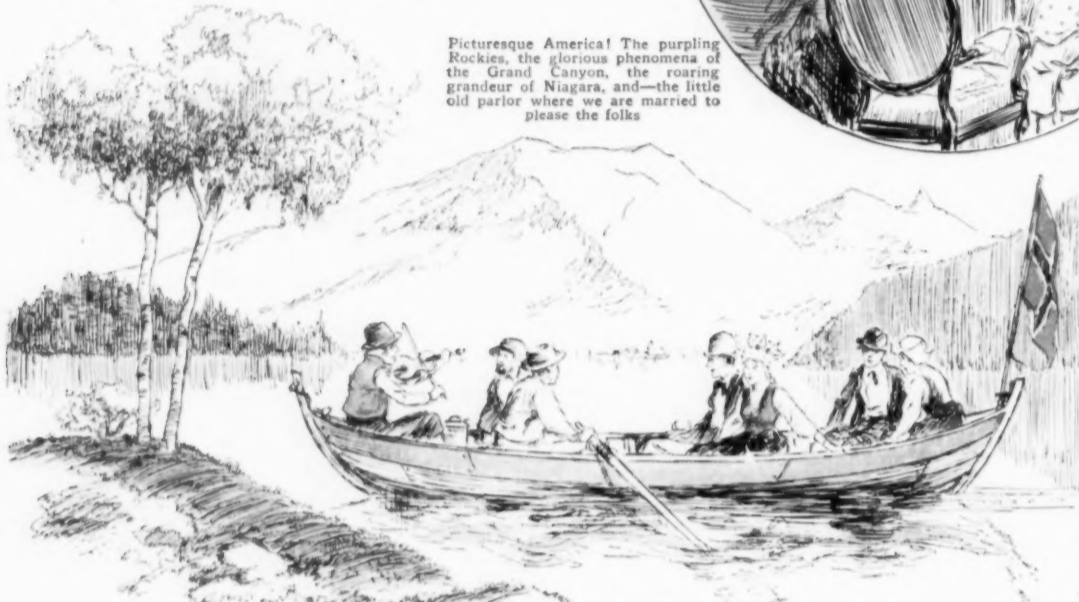
In quaint Japan, the bridegroom surrenders himself to the irrevocable by drinking nine cups of Saki



Picturesque America! The purpling Rockies, the glorious phenomena of the Grand Canyon, the roaring grandeur of Niagara, and—the little old parlor where we are married to please the folks



Alsace, the land of contention! Still, with so much political strife to satisfy human restlessness, we should think a bride and bridegroom might be very happy



Weddings are not costly in Norway. The scenery is made to order. The music is furnished by "home talent." And the church loans the bride her crown and ornaments



The vaudevillist has nothing on the Macedonian. There, marriages are performed in the granary. The bride and bridegroom walk three times around a barrel of wine, and their friends bombard them with fruit and sweets



In ancient Russia the mastery of the bride was passed from her father to the bridegroom by their beating her with a whip in turn. They say it was gently done. We hope for the best



This Greek couple, so far as we know, are quaint only in dress. It is enough



No, not "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick." A Welsh Gypsy performing his share of the solemn marriage ceremony. The bride does this pretty little trick too. They're so naive! In their group, only people who have "lost their character" go to church to be married



Being bumped into marriage. They do things vigorously in Armenia. This simple act is only one of an astonishing string of ceremonies



In any country where there are stubborn fathers, headstrong daughters and trusty, little, old fivers



This is a universal habit. Like Christmas tree or Easter rabbit; The photo man, his dicky-bird; The bride, her man—sublime, absurd



# Look inside the lid!



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Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

# Victrola



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IT FLOATS





# McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Bessie Beatty, Editor



Our New Serial. You'll read it yourself—then you'll read it to the family

## The Glory

By

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrations by

MARY LANE McMILLAN

From the loft he could see into his own house. A young hand was shaking a duster out of a side window. Girl voices seemed to come from all over the place. "I wonder what this is going to cost me?" he thought.



ON the trip home, Gideon Heath touched bottom. He had been near it once or twice before in twenty wandering years. He had grazed it and had floated up again on his own humorous philosophy—but now, at last, he lay prone in the depths, and saw not one reason why he should ever emerge.

The other passengers woke to wonder about him before the long voyage was over, but they discovered nothing in chance encounters he had the wooden manner of a sem-nambulist.

He had come aboard in new, well-tailored clothes, attended by a large and handsome bag, apparently bursting with more such raiment, and had been voted promising by watchful feminine eyes, but after that one dashing appearance, he had relapsed to garments as forlorn and shapless that recognition was difficult. It was a drooping face: the dark line of the mustache curved down, the slender eyebrows repeated the melancholy arch, and usually two escaping dark

locks pointed down to frame the high forehead; but the eyelids had a tented lift that women found intriguing, and the seldom-heard voice was that of a gentleman. Years of amused tolerance, for his own blunders, for the blunders of life, had set a vaguely pleasant stamp on the thin face and slight body, but the inner light had gone out and left him indecipherable.

Men who have been called failures usually carry some mark, an apology lurking in the corner of the eye, a tone over-obliging or over-assertive; but, by the grace of a pure and perfect freedom from vanity, Heath had been spared the label. He never dreamed of making out a case for himself. Rather, his way was that of the Chinese potentate, who, leaving office, points out with calm thoroughness the weaknesses and mistakes of his own administration, and steps down with dignity unimpaired.

IT was another man's failure that had finally thrown him. With six thousand dollars, a ticket home and a complete wardrobe, he could almost have called himself a success—he was still only forty-three. But Tony, his friend of adventurous years—Tony, who had hunted copy with him in his newspaper days, and failed with him in the sheep-raising venture and slept out on the ranges with him under the Australian stars—Tony, who had saved his life in a foaming river and whose young manhood he had saved from the lights of the town—Tony,

his pal, had made the failure that can not be endured.

It had all happened so quickly. Heath, who had a little vague knowledge of mineralogy, had stumbled on the abandoned claim and had poked about in it with the wanderer's eternal hope of a find. Floods had torn at the old shaft, and in a few days his discoveries had sent him riding post-haste after Tony.

"Glory!" was Tony's first exclamation.

"All right; we'll name it that," said Gideon.

They had taken out their title together, and telegraphed for Tony's father, who was an old mining man.

"It can't be true. Things like that don't happen to me," Heath kept insisting, philosophically ready to disbelieve even the quartz in his hand.

Briggs, senior, came, examined, doubted, explained the difficulties, dwelt on them, almost gave up, then finally offered to buy out Heath's half for eight thousand dollars. Heath, who would have taken eight hundred by that time, accepted with astonished joy, and, his money in his pocket,

went down to the city to size up his situation. He was still there, buying books and clothes, taking baths, looking at pretty women with the amused contemplation of one who might marry them if he chose, when the news began to leak down from the high country. The Briggses had found such gold as the gnomes of folk-lore hoarded; they were lifting sacks of gold out of the riven earth.

Heath heard it, and wrote Tony. He received no answer. When extra trains had to be put on to carry the gold-seekers rushing for the hills, he, too, went up. He found Tony at a desk in one of the new buildings that had started up all about the mouth of the mine. Workmen were swarming over the place, and on an eminence he had seen Mr. Briggs consulting with his engineers; but his business was with the son. He went in without ceremony.

"Lo, Tony," he said in the old comfortable way. His heart was sick with terror, but he hid it like a disgrace and smiled his faith on his pal as he dropped into a chair.

"Oh, hello, Giddy!" Tony was awkwardly hearty. "How are you? I got your letter, but I haven't had a minute—" And his hands turned over the papers before him as though the spare minute were still lacking. Tony was big and beautiful, pink-checked and yellow-haired and a young ox for strength. Heath, in spite of his good clothes, looked shriveled beside him.

"The Glory is turning out pretty well, I hear," he said, folding his hands over his new stick and looking about him like any casual visitor.

"Oh, yes. Rather. Good thing," Tony assented.

Silence fell between them. Tony's eyes were straying down a page of typewriting. Gideon dragged himself up again.

"Tony, I've got to ask you a question—got to get it off my chest," he confided with the old air of genial tolerance. "It's all perfectly fair and square: I sold out, and I was as nearly in my sane mind as I ever am. I have no kick. But I'm just wondering—how much of this did you fellows know when I lapped up that eight thousand?"

TONY had an air of trying to remember. "Why, I thought rather better of the mine than my father did. He was pretty discouraging, you remember. It is always a gamble. Of course, if you had stayed in, you would have been wise—I can see that now. But—" He would have gone on and on—he did not know how to stop, but Heath checked him by a touch on the shoulder, as one checks a vibrating glass. For the moment his own wound was lost in a desolating sorrow, sorrow for all the blundering children of earth. He felt a thousand miles remote and a thousand years old, and he looked like a lost soul.

"That's all right, Tony. Have a good time," he said, and went out without a glance back.

And so now he was going home. It seemed a queer thing to do, after twenty years, when there were only cousins left to welcome the family failure and revive among

themselves the stories of his going. But the pleasant old house, empty now, was his, and a broken man might plant vegetables in its back yard, and rent out enough of the rooms to pay for his living, and potter harmlessly toward the grave, with six thousand dollars for books and emergencies. Let the tabbies remember what they chose; the more completely the town left him alone, the better. The main thing was to get as far as possible from this land, that had dealt him the unendurable hurt.

The journey stretched out interminably, a nightmare struggle to get nowhere. At the end there was only an empty house, so out of repair that no one else would live in it, the dirt of years on its floors and windows. As for human greeting, he was thankful that there would be none. The last thing on earth he wanted was a friend's hand.

At last, dazed with weariness, he heard "Brewster!" called, and mechanically stepped down from the train. Battered automobiles were lined up at the station in place of the battered surreys; otherwise the mellow old college town looked very much the same under its quadruple rows of elms. The white-pillared Judson house was still the library, the four churches held their four corners in undisturbed peace. There was the stately home of the Roderick Heaths—"distant" cousins, as Gideon grimly called them. They would undoubtedly invite him to Sunday supper—once, and talk him over shruggingly to the tune of "a rolling stone."

And there was the priggish colonial brick house that Wilberforce Heath had built for Blanche Wolcott. Blanche had been engaged to Gideon, but she had broken the engagement when it came out that Gideon Played For Money. A girl can not very well marry a young fellow whose father rises and prays aloud for him at the Wednesday evening meeting. And, besides, his cousin, Wilberforce Heath, had come home from Harvard with tennis flannels and a guitar. (Gideon had gone to the home college, where they were still wearing ducks.) So Gideon fell, and took bitter satisfaction in winning from Wilber the fifty dollars with which he left home. Later, his father had sent him a picture postal of the Wilberforce Heath residence—perhaps as a symbol of the rewards that are won by a care for appearances and skill on the guitar. He had probably been the most well-meaning and tactless parent that ever spoiled a boy's life, but Gideon had only an indifferent pity for his memory. Everyone blundered, everyone was betrayed. Human relations were not worth the pain. He had settled that for all time.

He had dreaded some rush of feeling when he confronted the old house, but he found himself walking up the path as dry and dead as a last year's thistle. The outside was dismally in need of paint, but the nice old colonial door, with portico and fanlight, saved it from squalor. The key was still in his pocket, jingling among other keys to doors and trunks long forgotten. Gideon turned the latch and crossed the threshold, dreading for dirt and disorder, moth and rust and decay.

Dusk had fallen, and so the hall and the rooms on either side were only dim shapes to his eyes, but his nostrils widened in surprise, for the atmosphere of the deserted house was as fresh and sweet as though a woman lived there. He tried the gas, and found it turned on. When he had flooded hall, library and living-room with light, he looked about in astonishment, for even his masculine gaze could see what a miracle of cleanness had been wrought.

The balusters of the stairs were shining white, the hand-rail shining brown; if the paper was shabby, the wainscots were bands of ivory freshness. Leather chairs might be bursting at the corners, but mahogany and brass were lustrous, rugs had been brushed and sunned into new life, the floors had the dark gleam of mirrors. Birch logs lay on the andirons, and by the window a fern sprayed up from a pot of recently moistened earth. Gideon's worn body began to tremble. Then he saw a letter on the mantel-shelf, and seized on it in a hope of staving off the threatened flood of feeling.

It was from Blanche, Wilberforce's Blanche:

Welcome home, dear Gideon! We are all so happy that you are coming back to us. We have taken the liberty of putting the house a little in order for you. Of course, there is any amount to do yet—but at least you will start clean. Do come right over to us when you arrive. My three girls are impatient to meet their unknown kinsman. They had such fun helping with the house. Affectionately always, BLANCHE.

Perhaps you don't know about poor Wilberforce. I lost him four years ago.

The trembling was growing worse. Gideon clenched his jaw and focused his blurring eyes by main force. Two cards lay under the letter. He had disposed of Uncle Frederick Lawlor with a careless, "Well, he can't borrow anything of me, so he won't be around," but there was his name, with the proffer of his club; and Roderick Heath, prosperous head of the family, had come in person to leave a welcoming word. Under the cards, carefully protected by tissue paper, was a water-color sketch of a very fancy landscape with a quaint admixture of fairies in the foreground, and a slip of paper bearing in childish writing, "For Cousin Gideon, from Blanchette."

It was unbearable. Gideon's defenses were stripped from him, the merciful numbness was melting before a spring freshet of feeling. The torrent rent its way out, crushing him down on his knees to hide his face in his grandfather's chair and sob like a lost child who comes home. Blanche's letter was under his cheek, his arms went forth to little Blanchette, his heart seemed to be pouring itself out into rivers of love; and yet, after the first abandonment, he doubted. At the utmost depths lay a curious, hard disbelief that would not be melted. He told himself that it was true, that he was a sour old cynic and that nice people who stayed home were warm and good and like that, and read the letter again and again for reassurance until even that began to fail him.

Then he dragged himself up, shaken, exasperated at his own mean disbelief, and so saw the newspaper labeled "marked copy" that the postman had left. He pulled it open, and a moment later he was laughing—not bitterly, almost with relief, as though it were more endurable to find that the world was, after all, very much what he had supposed it to be.

A natural mistake had been made. The fame of the Briggs mine had gone all round the world, and with it the fact that an American, Gideon Heath, was the original discoverer, but had chosen to sell out his share and go back to his old family home in the States. The local paper had found a college-boy picture of Gideon and had scraped together a painfully whitewashed biography of his early years, and it welcomed him and his supposed fortune with an innocent unction that was nauseating or funny, according to one's humor. Gideon, his eyes still wet, laughed and laughed—at himself, at the family, at life—until the sound died in his throat, and a wicked glimmer dawned under his tented eyelids. The experimenting spirit that had made him a wanderer and a failure revived for a last adventure.

"So I'm a millionaire," he observed, pulling at the fern. "That's it, is it! All right, then—that goes. I'll play up, my dears! Six thousand dollars ought to hold out for some time. And then—God knows. Perhaps God cares. I don't!"

OH, no, no—nothing fabulous," said Gideon, shaking a thoughtful head. "Of course, I was rejoiced to sell—it seemed a lot of money to me; but a fortune—oh, nonsense! I'm not a rich man at all." And he drew deeply on his cigarette, his narrowed eyes studying invisible figures on the drawing-room ceiling.

He was leaning against his own mantel-shelf, and Blanche, for whose sake his heart had gone cold and hungry through long years, sat in his grandfather's chair, radiating welcome. The drooping lines in Gideon's face were very marked this morning, but his eyelids had lifted with a cocked humor ever since a summoning horn had brought him to a window, and from behind the fern he had watched Blanche's run-about come to a swift, neat stop at his gate.

The dreamy gaze of his youth had bestowed on Blanche blurred outlines, softness and mystery, but, if she had ever possessed any such quality, the years between had wiped it away, leaving her crystallized, bright and sure and definite, with a good-humored, sensible modernity that made almost any directness from her conceivable. As she walked up the path, her strong glance, right and left, attended to the garden; her foot on the step heralded the mistress of a house; everything she touched would be right and orderly and assured, like her pleasant person. She was wonderfully handsome still, and she wore her clothes with an air, and Gideon, looking on her success from the depths of his own failure, silently thanked God and Wilberforce. Then he opened the door and submitted with amused patience to her energetic affection.

"Well, Gideon! Giddy—Heath!" All the past was evoked; Blanche's eyes laughed over the memory that he had kissed her, that she had more or less broken his heart. She was even ready to laugh with him over his own years of unsuccess—and now! That had brought them to Gideon's new position, but Blanche herself could not quite ask him what he had sold out for, and his disclaimer had edged them gently past the moment for figures.

"Oh, I do think it was so fine of you, Giddy, to come home—home to the quiet old town, when you had all the world to choose from," Blanche told him with her

inescapable force; it seemed to be grappling him to her with hooks of steel. "We were talking of it last night at Cousin Roderick's. Stephen Heath was there, and your Uncle Fred Lawlor dropped in and we were saying how sure of you, fundamentally, we had been all these years. You seemed to have disappeared, but we had known that some day you would come back and belong to us again. Everybody remembered some incident, when you were young, that showed the stuff in you. You were always such a kind boy."

The lurking smile under Gideon's eyelids was not kind. He was remembering certain family prophecies concerning his probable future, all conscientiously repeated to him by Aunt Adeline next door.

"Is Aunt Adeline still with us?" he asked.

"Very much so." Blanche was ready to smile with him over Aunt Adeline. "She telephoned me this morning that you must be back, as smoke was coming from the kitchen chimney, but that you had not yet found time to call on her or to let her know. She hasn't changed. Were you surprised to find your house in order?"

He tried to thank her for what she had done, but she cut short his halting sentences.

"We wanted you to feel welcome; we want you to stay," she told him. "The town will be very good to you, and we hope that you will be good to the town." Her pause made a demand, but Gideon was too unused to wealth to interpret it, and murmured vaguely that he hoped so, too. Blanche became even more impressive. "And the family needs you—it needs a head," she said.

Gideon, starting, swallowed a good deal of air, but let it escape undetected.

"Cousin Roderick is growing old," she went on, "and Stephen is away so much, and my poor Wilberforce—"

"Yes. I hadn't known." He spoke in a decently lowered voice, but even now Blanche's edges were not blurred.

"Oh, he had been ill for a long time," she disposed of Wilberforce. "Now we must see what you want. The first thing, of course, is a cook."

"What for?" asked Gideon, to gain time.

"Aren't you going to keep house?"

"Oh, yes." He had it now. "But a stranger to cook my bacon and coffee—no, no, my dear Blanche. I am too old a camper for that."

Blanche's puzzled frown gradually melted into a smile. "How quaint!" she said.

GIDEON'S eyes had returned to the ceiling to hide their wickedness. "That's it—I'm quaint," he told himself. "There's my line. Great idea: quaint. That's perfect."

"But you will have to have someone to sweep and clean for you," Blanche was explaining, and Gideon learned then how gently things are explained to a millionaire; he had usually been told not to be a fool. "I have got my eye on a very good woman—"

"No woman," emphatically. "If I have to have someone, I will get a Malay boy." He flattered himself that that was quaint enough for anyone.

Blanche was laughing, a silent shake of despairing amusement, and he realized then that he had never heard a genuine laugh from her, though her handsome smile came easily.

"A Malay boy—in Brewster!" He could see her telling it to the family.

"Oh, I guess I can find one," he said comfortably. "I'm a pretty good finder. Just let me poke about and I'll unearth him. They are the only servants I can stand."

She gave him up. "My girls will run over and help you out after school," she said. "Muriel and Phoebe are perfect housekeepers—I have seen to that. We think Blanchette is going to be an artist. You saw her funny little sketch—she wanted to do that for you. What did you think of it, for ten and a half?"

"Remarkable," was the prompt answer.

"We think she has great talent. I mean to give her every opportunity, but, with three girls in a private school—well, a widow's income simply won't stretch, that's all. She ought to be having private lessons, but what can I do?" She laid that before him, candidly, giving him time to take it in, and Gideon, playing his ironical game, made the rich-relative move.

"Why not let me be responsible for the lessons?"

BLANCHE thanked him beautifully, not too surprised, yet sufficiently so to give his act the grace of being his own idea, and with a real warmth that left the benefactor a little disconcerted. It would spoil the game if anyone became too real. Blanche evidently saw in him a quaint reluctance to gratitude, and she cut hers short by rising to go.

"The girls will come in," she promised as they strolled down the path. "And I will expect you to dinner tonight, and every night that the others don't claim you—until you find your Malay boy!" She would have taken him off in the runabout to see his town, but Gideon said, "Thanks—I think not," with a pleasant smile. It had just occurred to him that a millionaire need not give excuses. He had been giving them all his life, and there was a delicious freedom in that tranquil refusal, and Blanche's quick acceptance of it. It was almost as though she were making the excuses—of course, he wanted time to settle and unpack. They would go another day. Then,



The girl started, and, looking up, laughed all over her nice round face

leaning from the seat of the car, she took both his hands: "You seem to me remarkably fine and unspoiled," she told him, straight into his veiled eyes. "I have thought of you so much all these years. Youth isn't very wise, is it? Well, we have to learn. I am glad you are back, Giddy." Then she started the car and hurried away, as though that were enough for a beginning.

It assuredly was. Gideon, after a shocked pause, went back to the house on weak knees and seriously contemplated slipping off again, leaving no word. Only he had no place in all the world to go, and no strength for a new venture. Something had broken in him on the day he had said, "Have a good time!" to Tony. Perhaps it was that spring of hope and courage that is called the heart.

Upstairs his bed was still unmade, his bag was spilling garments on the floor. When he had produced order there, more work awaited him in the big, dingy old kitchen. The walls were fresh, but the floor, spongy with age, worn into hollows, with here and there a patch of brown linoleum still adhering, was past repair, and the sink belonged in a museum of antiquities. The breakfast dishes lay about unwashed, and already it was time to think of lunch.

"Disgusting business, being quaint," Gideon muttered, poking at the stove.

HE had slept little for weeks, and under his passivity he had suffered atrociously, and that afternoon Gideon's nerves rebelled. They would come, the whole unspeakable family, come to acclaim him and his supposed fortune, though all these years not one had ever held out a friendly hand or spoken a word of encouragement. He could not bear it. He hated them, root and branch. He had crawled home to be alone with his hurts, not to play the lead in a nauseating travesty of welcome. They would come trooping up his path all the afternoon, and nowhere in his house could he hide from them. If he went on the streets, they would waylay him at the corners. The sound of a distant motor horn, the slam of a gate, left him in a cold sweat, and at last, hearing a real step on his front path, he fled in blind panic to the back garden.

There was no asylum there, but just beyond the patchy remains of what had once been a hedge stood Aunt Adeline's barn. It was still honestly a barn, smelling of straw and clean beasts rather than of gasoline, with a horse stamping in the stall, and a big, shining square above where the sunlight streamed through the open doors of the loft on piles of soft hay. Gideon, slipping in, stole up, furtive as any tramp, and stretched out on the sunned bed to face the whole wretched situation. But the fragrant place, where he had swung and turned somersaults and read forbidden books as a boy, took him to its breast like a kind old nurse, and the bitter tension relaxed. After a long sigh or two, he dropped his forehead on his bent arm and went fathoms down into sleep.

The square of sunlight traveled slowly from his feet to his head, drifted up among the rafters, and finally passed on to the tree-tops, leaving a spring chilliness that dragged Gideon back to life. At first the hay under his hands puzzled him; he thought he must be off camping with Tony, and struggled to utter a sleepy question; then some girls laughed, near at hand, and he started up, dreadingly awake.

From the loft he could see into his own house, and it appeared to be tenanted. A young hand was shaking a duster out of a side window, sounds of sweeping rose from the porch, girl voices seemed to come from all over the place. The sleep that had refreshed Gideon's body had not done much for his mind. Outstretched, his chin on his two hands, he looked on at the drama of "helping Cousin Gideon" with a dry smile.

"I wonder what this is going to cost me?" he thought. "A car for Muriel, of course; perhaps Phebe will let me off with a wrist watch. Well, I've got a little over six thousand dollars, my dears. I'm game so long as it lasts. A cook would be rather cheaper, though. What can I do to keep them out? I'm afraid padlocks would be a little too quaint—and there are the windows. They would get in. They are like their mother, practical—strong characters. . . . I'll see that Wilberforce has a noble monument if it takes my last dollar. Hello—there is the Child Artist."

A little girl in brown linen middie and bloomers had come out on the back steps and was hopping down them on one half-bare leg, the other being held negligently in an extended hand. Short brown locks flopped at her shoulders and a drooping hat hid everything but a whistling mouth. The tune was rag and emphatically off key.

POETIC little soul," mused Gideon. "Artist from head to foot. If she breaks her neck, it will save me quite a lot of money, but still—my dear protégée, I really wouldn't!" For Blanchette had laid her gifted person across the shaky old railing and was doing something that Gideon dimly remembered as "skinning the cat." She came up safely, however, and, seated on the bottom step, entered into conversation over her shoulder.

"Girls, where do you suppose Cousin Giddium can be?" Some answer must have come from the kitchen, for Blanchette continued the subject with cheerful loudness.

"Perhaps he's putting his money in the bank. It would take him some time, don't you think? I wish I could have seen him do it. Only banks are always closed as late as this. Cousin Stephen's is. I'm going to sit by him tonight at dinner—mother said I could. How is he queer—what makes him queer? . . . Cousin Roderick says he always was. Funny he doesn't come home. Perhaps he's gone up to the attic and hung himself."

A burst of laughter greeted that, and Blanchette was told not to be horrid.

"A man did, once," she insisted. "I read about it. He was queer. He was a very rich man, too, but he was a miser. Cousin Giddium can't be a miser because he's giving me drawing-lessons; but, just the same, I wouldn't go up to that attic for five hundred dollars."

She was ordered to be still and come along, and without rising backed up the steps. Then the front door was heard to shut, and the gate, and Gideon was free to go back to his empty house; but he lay motionless in thought, his chin at the loft's edge.

"It would be a simple way, but there is no sense in doing things that scare little girls," he muttered. "No: just to vanish—that is the thing. And let them find out the joke at their leisure. In three months, say. I ought to last three months if I continue sufficiently queer. Then the dark—? Lord, but it would feel good!"

Too tired to move, he presently began to take stock of his surroundings. Bright grass and a misty green veil of coming leaves could not hide the fact that the neighborhood had gone down-hill since his day. The old Wentworth mansion across the street had evidently been turned into a students' boarding-house; young men in caps and sweaters

were going in and out, slamming the screen-door with the freedom of those who pay. Aunt Adeline's grounds were overgrown and untended, and the great white house, doubly bay-windowed on every side for expansive living, looked shut-up and dingy. This was surprising, for Aunt Adeline had been the most prosperous member of the family; one could not picture her "reduced" and scrimping, or with her censorious pride abated. It had been said of her that she was loftily cold to her own mother, because she could not forgive the personal indignity of having been a baby.

A step was coming along the gravel drive beneath. Gideon, leaning cautiously forward, found himself looking down on an auburn crest that aroused old memories. What little head was it that had worn an upstanding auburn curl, a very billow, with tiny curls like a rush of soap-bubbles at either temple, and funny little blue eyes, always ready to crinkle up with laughter? The step passed on into the barn, then came out again, attended by the clumping tread of the horse, and crossed the drive to the watering-trough. Under the auburn crest was a short, strong little figure in a cotton gown of faded blue. A brown hand rested affectionately on the horse's bent neck. Gideon stretched forth his head and offered a strange greeting:

**D**ORK! Dork!" It was a chicken sound, made with a compressed throat and dropping jaw. The girl started, and, looking up, laughed all over her nice round face.

"Well, Cousin Gideon!" she exclaimed.

He was smiling down at her, bodiless as a cherub. "You remember that? You can't Dorcas Jane. You weren't more than five years old."

"I was seven when you went away," she said. "All my life, chickens have made me laugh—they sounded so like you."

"Thoughts of me haven't usually roused a family laugh," observed Gideon.

She met that with a candid nod. "Have you really been a bad lot?" she asked, frowning a little, as though she, for one, had never quite believed it.

"Ask Aunt Adeline."

"Oh, I have heard all the family on the subject for twenty years. And besides, now—" she hesitated.

"Yes, I'm quaint, now."

She had the same rush of laughter that he had amused himself by calling out when he was a lanky youth and she a tubby little girl.

"Well, if you were, I hope it was fun," she said, wistful for all the experiences that her own life had missed.

"What have you been doing, these twenty years?"

"Oh, school; then working."

"But why?" He had begun to take in the shabby frock and to realize that no stableman was coming.

"Didn't you know that Aunt Adeline lost nearly all her money, eight years ago?"

"No!"

"Yes. Oh, it was so hard on her!" She was begging him to be sorry; perhaps the family sympathy had not been without some alloy.

"But what did you do?"

"Oh, there is a little; we manage very nicely." He could see her remember his wealth and edge away from that topic. "You will come to see her right away, won't you? It matters so to her."

"Now—this minute?"

Dorcas thought not now. "She will want to know that you are coming," she said with reserve. "Shall I tell her tomorrow afternoon?"

Gideon's head dropped on his arm. "No! No, I won't. I'm tired, Dorcas Jane. I am not a family man. I came home to be quiet! Aunt Adeline never liked me, anyway. Why should I go and be bored for a mortal hour? Give me one good reason."

**D**ORCAS leaned against the horse's shoulder, an arm about his neck as he cropped the grass at her feet, soberly considering the question.

"If you were to live with her for a week, you would—" A graceless yelp from the loft checked that beginning, and she had to laugh. "Yes, you would," she insisted. "You would be so sorry for her, Cousin Gideon."

"Because she is poor? Much she ever cared when I was poor."

"No," Dorcas thought it out; "but because she doesn't have a good time inside her."

"Dyspepsia?"

"Oh, no!" She found him stupid. "But she thinks about bitter things—slights and sins and blunders—they fill the whole world for her. She can't see the pleasantness. She never, never has jumped up laughing in the morning!" Dorcas had found her good reason, and her face was lighted with her discovery. One could see Dorcas jumping up laughing any morning, coming out from under a tumble of auburn curls, sound and strong and joyous.

"You think a visit from me would have that effect?"

Dorcas did not. "I merely don't want her feelings hurt," she explained. "It is so much simpler just to do what she wants than to hurt her."

"You poor child!"



Gideon stretched forth his head and offered a strange greeting: "Dork! Dork!" It was a chicken sound, made with a compressed throat and dropping jaw

Dorcas was not in the least a poor child. "No; I am very fond of her, and very grateful," she said. "To adopt a strange, red-headed little girl just because it was a friend's daughter's child—that was pretty fine. I can't ever be grateful enough."

Gideon still held out. "But I don't have to be grateful." "I know. But suppose I tell her you are coming at half past four?" Her smile was not to be denied, and she knew it, for she left the topic as settled. "Now I must get to work," she said, drawing the old horse away from his nibbling. At the barn door she looked up with a happy idea. "Shan't I get your supper when I get Aunt Adeline's? It is no more trouble. I could bring it to you on a tray. Would you like it?" She was eager to serve, as the others were, and he looked straight down into her upturned face, trying to think ironical thoughts; but even his inner desolation could not blight little Dorcas.

"I should love it above all things," he said. "Won't you bring your supper, too, and picnic with me?"

**S**HE could not do that for some reason that sent a flush to her forehead. "I will bring it over to your house later," she added.

"No—here," Gideon urged. "I don't dare go home."

"Why not?"

"Because my dear Cousin Blanche is expecting me to dinner. She would come and get me." He looked for her to see the humor of it, but Dorcas was grave, even troubled.

"That would be far nicer for you," she said.

"No."

"Well, but, Cousin Gideon—"

"Well!"

"Well, when you expect people to dinner, you do call up the butcher, you know; and you see about dessert and extra cream and flowers—you really take a lot of trouble. I have done it so often. A man doesn't understand." She did not want him to feel rebuked, but she clearly could not bear the thought of Blanche's wasted effort.

He settled obstinately down in the hay. "But I am eccentric," he explained. "I have already established that. When a man has four dollars in the bank, he may be eccentric and throw over engagements as he pleases. You are an ignorant village girl—you do not understand these things."

She could not quite laugh. "You see, chicken is forty-five cents a pound," she murmured.

He had to do the laughing himself. "Your tone is gentle, even apologetic," he said, "but I can see that I am going to dinner at Blanche's."

There was the upward gleam of a smile as she disappeared into the barn. "I will make you a lovely omelet tomorrow night," she called up to him from the horse's stall. "Do you like them French or fluffy?"

"You can't cook," said Gideon ungraciously, stamping down the stairs. "You have too much conscience—you're ruined with conscience. Cooking needs a fine, free, inspirational, piratical hand. You're a good girl and you will

[Continued on page 27]

# Whom Will You Marry?

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief."

## THE FARMER'S WIFE SAYS:

"Whether or not you are fitted for my life  
depends on what you want from marriage."



ELIZABETH came out from town this morning to talk over a problem with me. I was kneading bread, and, because twenty-five years of it have not taught me to like this part of the work of a farmer's wife, I had put the bread pan near the kitchen window, where I could look up now and then at the clean, cool beauty of the budding oak trees. So I saw Elizabeth as she came up the south slope between the gray tree trunks, and I thought she looked like a redbird, in her bright sweater and cap.

I felt a twinge of envy. I thought how glad I would be if I could forget housework and get out into the spring woods. We always forget our own compensations in looking at others who have joys that we have not. But by the time I had opened the door to Elizabeth and had her in by the stove, taking off her muddy rubbers, the envy was gone. It is a poor life that does not teach us to shed envy as a duck sheds raindrops, and besides, I saw that Elizabeth was troubled.

There was a time when I would have been ashamed to receive Elizabeth, a banker's granddaughter, in the farm kitchen. Farm kitchens are not like city kitchenettes, nor even like the white-painted, muslin-curtained kitchens that some of the town people have. All the work of a farm centers in the farmer's wife's kitchen. I skim milk, make butter, and cook bran mash for the chickens and potato parings for the hogs, in mine. A big iron pot of parings was steaming on the stove when Elizabeth came in.

I may as well admit that Elizabeth, in her dainty, gay clothes, was out of place in my kitchen. Twenty-five years ago, when I was her age, I would have hustled her into the front room and entertained her there, feeling embarrassed because my rag carpet was not Wilton and my furniture was not mahogany. The bread would have waited until she was gone, and if the family ate sourish bread for a week I would have felt it was not my fault.

But this morning I gave her a kitchen chair and went on kneading, thumping the dough and sprinkling flour over the bread-board while she talked. Good bread is my pride now, rather than Wilton rugs, and I have found that friendliness not genuine in a kitchen is not improved by a parlor.

"Jim's coming home next week," Elizabeth said.

"That's good!" I answered, heartily, for I had watched that romance from the time Elizabeth was in pigtails till the day Jim went away in khaki. But Elizabeth's tone made it clear enough that Jim's coming back brought a little doubt into her mind.

WOULD—would you be a farmer's wife if you had the chance to live your life over again?" she asked, in that breathless rush in which girls blurt out things they have been thinking about for a long time. "I wanted to talk to you about it. Jim says he wants to buy a farm when he comes back. He says he doesn't want to go into the bank again. I don't know what to do about it. I don't know whether I want to be a farmer's wife or not. Would you, if you were me? I guess I could talk him out of it, but—"

I had no doubt she could talk him out of it. Giving advice to Elizabeth seemed to me a heavy responsibility, though the advice we older women give girls now has not the weight it had when I was a girl. It seems to me that girls nowadays handle their lives and the lives of their husbands with much more assurance than we used to have. Elizabeth is really the one who is deciding Jim's future, as well as her own.

In my girlhood we had, one might say, the right of veto on some things in our own lives; we married the man who asked us, or we did not marry him. But now girls make their own laws, and, to an astonishing extent, their own husbands', after they have married them.

While I talked to Elizabeth and kneaded the bread I thought of many things I did not say. Many persons think that a farmer, and, of course, his wife, are isolated from the current of affairs in the nation, but sometimes I think we have a better viewpoint on them because we are farther away. The mail-carrier brings out our papers and magazines in the morning, and after the chores are done I usually have a

WHEN a man marries, his business life goes on as usual. He doesn't suddenly stop being a doctor and become a tailor, just because he has ceased to be a bachelor.

When a woman marries, what happens?

Her work, interests, environment, friends are determined by her husband's occupation.

Is this as it should be? Or need be?

We are going to give you the intimate stories of wives. The minister's wife, the doctor's, the artist's, the artisan's and many others. They will tell you where they failed and how they succeeded.

Perhaps, in them you will find the answer to some vital, perplexing question of your own.

By Laura Ingalls Wilder

few minutes to run down to the mail-box and bring them up. During the day I snatch a glance at them now and then, and after the chores are done at night we sit by the fire and read and talk. We have a great deal of time for thinking at our work, and for making our own opinions about the happenings in the world.

SO Elizabeth's question seemed to me to mean more than the problem of one girl. I thought of Secretary Lane's plan for placing returning soldiers on farms, and I thought how badly our country needs good farmers and good farm conditions. I thought of the million dollars asked by the Senate Committee on Public Lands for making surveys of farms for our soldiers, and I thought of all the girls and women whose opinions mean far more in the matter than any decision of any Senate committee.

There must be a great many of them who, like Elizabeth, are undecided because of their ignorance of the real conditions of life on a farm, and nothing I have ever read seems to tell the truth about these conditions.

There has been a great deal of pity spent on the farmer's wife, and a great deal of condescending effort has been spent to educate her, while, on the other hand, some very pleasant and poetic things have been written about country life. But

I have never seen it pointed out that the farm woman's life combines the desires of the "modern woman" with all the advantages and traditions of home-keeping.

On the farm a woman may have both economic independence and a home life as perfect as she cares to make it. Farm women have always been wage-earners and partners in their husband's business. Such a creature as the woman parasite has never been known among us. Perhaps this is one reason why "feminism" has never greatly aroused us.

IT has been rather amusing to farm women to read flaring headlines announcing the fact that women are at last coming into their own, that the younger ones at least can now become self-supporting. About the woman past forty there seems to be a little doubt, in the papers. But the woman past forty, on the farm, is still sure of her position, even the woman past fifty or sixty.

There is always plenty of self-supporting, self-respecting work for women on the farm, even though their youth is gone, and the work is within the shelter and quiet security of their own homes. While the discussion for and against women in business

has been raging over the country, farm women have always been business women and no one has protested against it. No one has even noticed it.

Yet I remember well my husband's mother, undisputed head of her household, and fully a partner in all the business of the northern Minnesota farm, where I lived for a few months many years ago. She was not a "feminist," I never heard the words "economic independence" on her lips, and when her daughter, who went to the city and worked in an office, came back to talk of these things, she listened with an indulgent smile. She was too busy to bother her head with such notions, she said. But her husband was never so rash as to sell a herd of

hogs or turn meadow land into corn fields without consulting her, and the butter-money went into her own purse without a question.

Perhaps the reason this economic value of farm women has gone unnoticed is because they have taken the advice the small boy gave the hen. When he heard her wildly cackling to announce that she had laid an egg he exclaimed, "Aw, shut up! What's the use of making such a fuss? You couldn't help it!"

It is true that a farmer's wife can never stop contributing her share to the success of the farm without ruining her husband's business as well. Many times when the churning had to be done and the hens fed I have felt like running away into the woods, "just to walk and to walk and to stun my soul and amaze it—a day with the stone and the sparrow and every marvelous thing." And I have felt that the life of a parasite woman has its attractions. But it lacks certain sturdy virtues that are good for a woman to have.

Women in the cities have tried the parasite life, and it appears that they do not like it. Yet, in the city, conditions inevitably pull married women into economic dependence and partial idleness.

It is not good for any living creature to be idle. A horse that does not work becomes unmanageable and fractious in his stall; he begins eating the wood of the manger, which is not a good thing for a horse to do. Hens, if they are to be kept healthy, must be kept busy, and every good poultry raiser gives them straw to scratch, so that they may earn part of their food by good, honest toil. I think it is not unreasonable to suppose that women, too, must use their energies to some purpose, good or bad, and no woman can make a success of her marriage if she uses her energies in eating the wood of the manger.

Yet, if, in order to avoid the restlessness and uneasiness that go with idleness, the city woman works outside her home, her business interests and occupations pull away from the home life and from marriage.

A SPECIES of business rivalry enters into the relations of herself and her husband, and, if she is successful, she has a pride in her pay envelope which is only equalled by her husband's jealousy of it. A man is perhaps slower to adapt himself to new things than a woman, or it may be that there is some deep, possessive instinct in him that resents any rival in the attention of the woman he loves. Combating this feeling in her husband gives a woman a sense of power, and nothing tears the delicate fabric of intimacy between two persons so surely as this sense of power in one and of futile protest in the other.

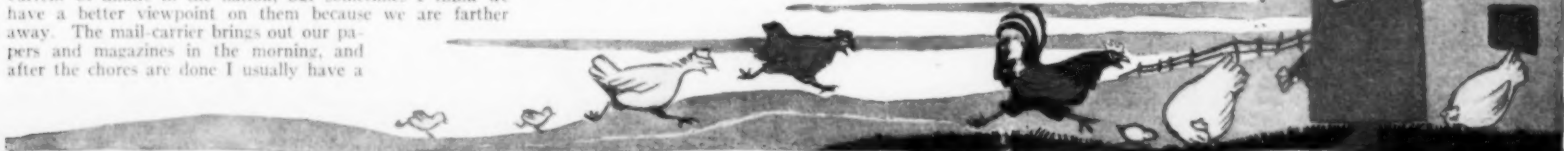
With separated interests, differing ambitions, a different set of business friends and a jealous rivalry between them, it is no wonder that so many fine men and women in the cities are finding marriage impossible. The divorce court makes legal a separation which already exists, and their marriage is a failure, whatever their business successes may be.

It is in the cities that the divorce statistics pile higher with every year. Divorce is rare in the country.

The farm woman's economic independence pulls in the direction of making her marriage a success. Her interests and those of her husband are the same; their success is a mutual success, of which each may be equally proud. In the event of a threatened failure, their interests still hold them together, instead of pulling them apart, and failure may often be averted because of the simple fact that two heads are better than one.

A farmer's wife may and should be—I may almost say must be—her husband's partner in the business, and she may be this without detracting from the home life.

Meals on time;  
the surplus of  
[Continued on page 62]



# Aunt Judy, Door-Mat

Who gave her Self to Honey-Girl and won her Reward—when she took back the Gift

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

REMEMBER, the baby's bottle is at seven," said Honey-Girl.

Aunt Judy knew, as it were, the whole litany of bottles. Twenty years ago she had given bottles to Honey-Girl. And she had always remembered without anyone to remind her.

But Honey-Girl was wise with the wisdom of the mother of a first baby. And Aunt Judy's motherhood had been a sort of makeshift. She had raised Honey-Girl up in the way she had thought she should go, but there was no telling, of course, how many mistakes she had made.

Honey-Girl went radiantly down the stairs. She was very slim and shining in black satin with a silver lace petticoat. Her hair was like beaten copper, flat about her small head, and she wore the pearls that Aunt Judy had given her for a wedding-present.

At the foot of the stairs, Honey-Girl's husband waited. He was also slim and shining. His hair was black and he wore the very fine pearl and platinum studs that Aunt Judy had given him for Christmas.

"Remember, the baby's bottle is at seven," he said, pleasantly, as Aunt Judy followed Honey-Girl downstairs.

Aunt Judy stood in the door and watched them off. It was a cold and clear night. So clear that the gold cross on the old convent over the way seemed to lose itself in the silver sky. The lights of the hired limousine which bore away Honey-Girl and her husband were paled by the effulgence. Even the red eye at the back seemed to wink weakly at Aunt Judy.

Aunt Judy's house was at the very end of old Georgetown, and beyond the convent were the fields and hills, with the wide expanse of sky, and the moon riding high.

Aunt Judy loved a night like this. A quarter of a century ago she had gone forth, not in a hired limousine, but in her own closed carriage, with a colored coachman on the box; and she had worn a party dress, a little pinched-in as to waist, much longer than Honey-Girl's, and higher at the neck. But she had been very pretty with her fair curled hair, and her perfect complexion.

SHE was very pretty now. But Honey-Girl did not know it, and neither did Honey-Girl's husband. To them she was simply a very nice aunt with gray hair and a capacity for adoration. It was frightfully convenient to have her stay with Baby. One couldn't trust nurses, and of course Aunt Judy loved taking care of him. She was beyond the age for gay good times. She was forty-five. And she simply worshiped Baby!

The convent chimed struck seven. The nuns would be going soon to bed. Aunt Judy rather envied the nuns. There were so many of them and they never seemed lonely.

The Baby was six months old. He was fat and pink and white. His eyes were as blue as Honey-Girl's, and his hair was a soft glowing fuzz that would some day be fused into copper.

Aunt Judy gave him his bottle. He gurgled and kicked, but she eyed him coldly. She had made up her mind not to worship at his shrine. It didn't pay. She had worshiped Honey-Girl, and what had she gotten out of it? She flung her question, as it were, to the four winds. What had she gotten out of it?

Honey-Girl's mother had died in Aunt Judy's house when the baby was born. Aunt Judy was twenty-two when it happened. There had been several men in love with her. She would, undoubtedly, have married one of them if it had not been for Honey-Girl. But she had opened her arms to the motherless baby.

A year later, Honey-Girl's father had married again, a butterfly woman who didn't want any babies of her own, and who certainly didn't want Honey-Girl. So Aunt Judy had kept her, and had lived for her, and had let the world go by. After that, she had seemed never to have time for men. There had been Honey-Girl's christening, and Honey-Girl's teething, and Honey-Girl's kindergarten, and Honey-Girl's coming-out party. And while all these things were claiming Honey-Girl's attention, Aunt Judy had been looking forward to the future when she would have Honey-Girl all to herself; they would go abroad, or to California, and begin that wonderful life together for which the older woman had felt they were predestined.

Then Honey-Girl had met the youth she afterward married, and Aunt Judy had become to her, apparently, as one of the sands of the sea. Honey-Girl lived and moved and had her being in Nigel. Aunt Judy, of course, furnished a pleasant background to Honey-Girl's life, but



So Honey-Girl came in wild-eyed and cried in Aunt Judy's arms, and wasn't the least use in the wide world.

"Oh, darn," said the country doctor between his teeth

if the background had been removed Honey-Girl would not have missed it.

So what was the use of loving Baby as she had loved Honey-Girl?

Aunt Judy gave him his bottle conscientiously. She did not intend that he should suffer. Neither did she intend that Honey-Girl should know how she felt about him. But what she really felt was that he was a sort of small vampire, sucking the blood of the youth that was left in her.

The maids were downstairs. After they had finished the dishes and had turned the beds, they would retire for the night. The baby was good, and when he had finished his bottle he would go to sleep. At this particular moment he was blissful. He was filled with good food, and had a nap ahead of him. He smiled sleepily at Aunt Judy, as she came and went, putting the rooms in order for the night.

Over a chair in Honey-Girl's room hung a negligée—a thing of pale pink and mauve, with lace and floating ribbons. It gave out the faint perfume which Honey-Girl affected. When Honey-Girl wore it she looked lovely.

AUNT JUDY was in dark blue silk. It was cut square at the neck, and had a white collar. Her gray hair was in a nice knot behind. In all the years that Honey-Girl had been growing up, Aunt Judy had felt that she ought to look like Honey-Girl's mother, hence she had adopted a matronly garb. Soft, gay colors were becoming to her now as she stood in front of the mirror with Honey-Girl's pink and mauve cloud in her arms, she took on the effect of youth and beauty.

The small vampire in the crib had sucked his bottle dry. And he was fast asleep. He had kicked off his covers, and Aunt Judy tucked him in. He was rosy and round and cherubic. Aunt Judy wanted to kiss him, but she didn't. Honey-Girl hadn't kissed her that night when she went away. So why should she kiss Honey-Girl's baby?

Aunt Judy slept in the room adjoining the nursery. Another door of the nursery opened into Honey-Girl's room. But it was usually Aunt Judy's door which was left open at night. Honey-Girl was likely to be tired after a dinner or dance, and Aunt Judy didn't keep late hours so, of course, it didn't matter.

It was in the middle of the night that the baby cried. Aunt Judy got up and looked at him. He was flushed and fussy. She was experienced, and gave him some small white pills. An hour later she gave him another dose. He was still red, and hot with fever. Aunt Judy, noting symptoms with experienced eye, decided that his throat was sore. She went to the telephone and called up the doctor. The doctor was out. More telephoning disclosed that all the doctors

were out. There was an influenza epidemic, and they were working overtime.

The baby grew worse. Aunt Judy got the maids up, and one of them suggested that there was a doctor a block away. She had seen his sign.

They waked him from a sound sleep. But he was glad to be waked. He was new in the neighborhood, and his patients were rare. He had settled in that district because it was at the edge of the town, and he thought the city would grow out to it. He did not know that the limits of Georgetown are as fixed as the stars, and that the people of Georgetown have had their doctors handed down to them in successive generations of socially-elect medical attendants. There was not the least chance for a newcomer.

HE was not a young doctor. He had spent his days in a country practice. He had been the only son of his mother and had not married. His mother had died a year ago, and he had found that he could sell out for a good sum. He had decided to go to a city, to let his life expand a little, to seek some of the adventures of which he had boyishly dreamed.

As it happened, Aunt Judy had on Honey-Girl's pink and mauve creation when he arrived. She had snatched it up from the chair, because her winter eider-down was airing downstairs on the line, to get rid of the odor of last year's moth balls.

She was also inspired to put on Honey-Girl's boudoir cap, which hid her gray hair. So the new doctor was met by a heavenly vision, whom he at once decided was the baby's mother.

He was a rather gruff doctor with a square chin, and as soon as he looked at the baby and had lifted him in his strong hands, he said "Diphtheria—"

"Oh," gasped Aunt Judy. "Don't take it like that. We usually fight winning battles with it. Where's your husband—?"

Aunt Judy flushed faintly. "I haven't any—"

"A widow," he decided. Then he saw the bottle.

"What's the reason for this?" he demanded, "why don't you nurse him?"

"I'm not his mother," hurriedly, "I'm not married—I'm his—"

He stared at her, looking through her, beyond her, "Where's his mother?"

"At a dinner dance. Down-town."

"Call her up and tell her to come home."

"But—"

He was frowning above the baby. "Mothers should be with their children at a time like this."

Aunt Judy felt that they should. The doctor, she decided, was refreshing. Most of the Georgetown physicians were almost dishearteningly diplomatic. This man did not try to be diplomatic. He simply told the truth.

YET as she sat down at the telephone, she felt that she did not like to tell the truth to Honey-Girl. When, at last, the husband answered at the other end of the wire, Aunt Judy hedged a little. "The baby isn't well. You'd better come—"

"Oh, don't worry, Aunt Judy," the young voice was gay, "he probably has a pain in his little tummy. Give him some hot water."

"It isn't a pain. And I've had a doctor. He—he says it is diphtheria, Nigel. You'd better not tell Honey-Girl till she gets to me."

But, of course, he told her. He was tender, but he simply couldn't keep the thing to himself. So Honey-Girl came in wild-eyed, and cried in Aunt Judy's arms, and wasn't the least use in the wide world.

"Oh, darn," said the country doctor between his teeth, as he worked over the baby. Then he turned out everybody except Aunt Judy and one maid. And Honey-Girl on the other side of the door cried in her young husband's arms and found comfort in his kisses.

But there were no kisses for Aunt Judy. She had to stand there and see things done to the baby. She had to hold things while the doctor worked. She had to rush here and there on countless errands. And she worked like a machine, to the doctor's admiration.

"If you weren't so young," he said at last, "I should say you had raised a family."

"I'm not young," said Aunt Judy grimly, "and I'm the baby's great-aunt."

With a somewhat dramatic gesture, she took off the cap and showed her gray hair. It was very pretty hair, and was wound high in a thick silver braid.

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# "Fame is rot! Daughters are the thing!"

By  
Florence Woolston

THESE'S a tradition that sons belong to mothers and daughters to fathers. It may be only a romantic fancy or it may be that there really is an inexplicable affinity.

The tie between mother and son has been expressed so frequently in poetry and drama that it has become standardized. Everybody knows how a vaudeville audience bursts into applause at the very word "mother" and the poorest act is likely to succeed if, at any point, the hero comes forward and announces that he will never desert his dear old mother. Evangelists have what is known as the "mother sermon," warranted to melt the most hardened sinner. Once a year, in this country, on Mother's Day, men wear white carnations on the lapels of their coats, for her. But there's no day set apart for father. It looks as if fathers had not been given a square deal on the sentimental side.

Almost every year there is at least one popular song, describing a son's affection for his mother, but the only one I recall in which father figures, chides him for failing to fulfil his function as the family purse, and complains bitterly that "Everybody works but father."

Yet fathers do exist, and often the bond between them and their daughters is just as strong as that between mothers and sons. If we could look a little more deeply into the hearts of people, perhaps we would find that the world is full of fathers who love just as intensely as do mothers, and of daughters who find with their fathers, a chumship unique and delightfully satisfying.

When I was a little girl, I looked wistfully and longingly at girls who had fathers. I had one, once, and my earliest recollection is of standing at the window, waiting for the return of this gay, smiling person. After he came, there would be games, and we would sing queer little French songs together, or perhaps go for a walk. Occasionally, if it seemed likely that my mother would not ask too many questions, we would have pink ice-cream at the drug-store and sticky peppermint candy. On Sundays, we went to Central Park and there would be a ride on a prancing horse in the merry-go-round and peanuts for the squirrels or a happy half-hour before the deer park.

These things were not much in themselves; an uncle, a big brother or a family friend could offer the same diversions. But always, with father, there was a curious sense of togetherness, of understanding, a very special something that not even my mother could give. Suddenly, abruptly, he went away. I did not know where he went, I only knew that people seemed sorry for me.

I remember how dreadfully I missed him, how I used to watch for him at the window and demand passionately that he come back. But he never returned, and I grew up, knowing that something very precious was missing and that nothing seemed to take its place. There could be only one father.

And so, I suppose, there are fathers wanting their daughters and feeling they have missed something that would make life richer. Of course, every man wants a son, to take up life where he must drop it and perhaps do better with it. He sees the son as the man he might have been; he finds in him an opportunity for a second chance—a new deal. But if this desire is fulfilled, he turns with strong sentiment to the idea of a daughter. Where family pride and parental self-expression are not at stake, daughters are preferred. At the social service bureau, where children are given for adoption, invariably there's a sign out: "No more golden-haired little girls on hand." When it comes to choosing, there's something very appealing about dainty little girls. Even if they do not have yellow curls, they are cuddlesome and responsive and somehow a bit more dependable than boys.

Whatever the rest of the world may feel about it,



day he goes to school—can you tell him that you rather like him. By the time he's ten you can't even take him on your knee. Sons are not worth having, Margaret. Signed, W. Dearth.

MARGARET.—But if you were a mother, Dad, I daresay he would let you do it. And then, when he was gigantically big, it would be rather lovely to have him do it for you. Sons are not so bad. Signed, M. Dearth. But I'm glad you prefer daughters.

Granting, however, that men prefer daughters, this is a hard age for fathers. For some time they have been gradually getting used to the idea that daughters do not stay at home; they have thought of them at school or at college or having a good time, somewhere. But these things are only the beginning for the modern girl. She is crashing through her father's traditions so fast that he has to run pantingly to keep up with her. Nowadays, he never knows what she will propose next. She may announce that she has become a chauffeur and will drive a taxicab; or that she will serve as a street-car conductor. Perhaps she has decided to be some queer kind of engineer and go into the wilds of South America, with khaki suit and knapsack. She may want to sell bonds in Wall Street or open an insurance agency, or run a legislative lobby or start a sheep ranch. Fathers can only wait for the news and hope for the best.

Of course, some fathers are good sports and they go about boasting of "my girl" and her exploits. But I suspect that many a father thinks wistfully of the good old days when daughter's chief business in life was to run for the comfortable slippers and put the evening paper at his elbow.

Granting that fathers are in favor of daughters whether they be sit-by-the-fire girls or image-breaking feminists, there enters the fascinating question which Margaret propounds.

MARGARET.—At what age are we nicest, Daddy?

DEARTH (*jocular and tender*).—That's a poser. I think you were nicest when you were two and knew your alphabet up to G but fell over at H. No, you were best when you were half-past three—or just before you struck six—or in the mumps year, when I asked you in the early morning how you were, and you said solemnly, "I haven't tried yet." I'm not sure that

chicken-pox doesn't beat mumps. Oh, Lord! I'm all wrong. The nicest time in a father's life is now, the year before she puts up her hair.

Perhaps if he were not a dream-father, Mr. Dearth might admit that the only really dependable time for fathers is when the daughter is in the baby-carriage. Certainly, girls do not wait until they put up their hair before fathers have a sense of hurriedly following wherever they may lead. For here is the tragedy of fatherhood. It is transient, fleeting. Daughters, like sons, grow up. Miraculously, suddenly, they have problems and careers. Ideal pictures of human relationships give only one mood and moment, as if life stopped there. I remember a touching painting of blind Milton, whose daughters are reading to him. In our minds, they are forever by his side, reading aloud, through all eternity. We never think of them as young things with lives of their own. Maybe, they found it exceedingly dull under the stained glass window by the pulpit chair. Perhaps they were bored, even when their father recited *Paradise Lost* to them. If they had not been such dutiful daughters, they might have run away to romp in the sunshine.

Of course, every father likes the idea of the dutiful daughter. He counts on her for his old age, but sometimes he forgets that she cannot wait patiently for that, as if she were a bond in a safety vault.

If she is a live daughter, she has to connect with her generation, to do her own work in the world. Ideal moments like those in the forest do not last forever, as does the moon on Mr. Dearth's canvas. If they did, dream-

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Barrie, who has articulated so many dreams for us, has given us one perfect example.

In *Dear Brutus*, the ideal relationship between father and daughter is crystalized in the scene between Mr. Dearth and his dream-daughter. In the play, a group of people, who have somehow missed happiness and success, are given a second chance on midsummer eve. The artist, Mr. Dearth, finds in the daughter who comes to him in the forest, the joy of comradeship that his wife did not give him.

Barrie describes him as a very happy man. He is humming a ditty when Margaret, who is seventeen, comes running toward him. This daughter is a woodland creature, in a short green skirt and soft green cap; a jolly, natural, unself-conscious girl, now gay, now sad, one mood melting into the other. Helen Hayes, who plays Margaret, is herself a bewitching young person. Barrie has created *Girl*, and Helen Hayes, whom the critics have hailed as a second Maude Adams, has made her live. She is the incarnate spirit of girlhood, just as Peter Pan is the boy immortal.

With easel and canvas, Dearth (William Gillette) is ready to paint the great picture when Margaret interrupts.

MARGARET.—I think men need daughters.

DEARTH.—They do.

MARGARET.—Especially artists.

DEARTH.—Especially artists.

MARGARET.—Fame is not everything.

DEARTH.—Fame is rot! Daughters are the thing!

MARGARET.—Daughters are the thing. I wonder if sons would be even nicer.

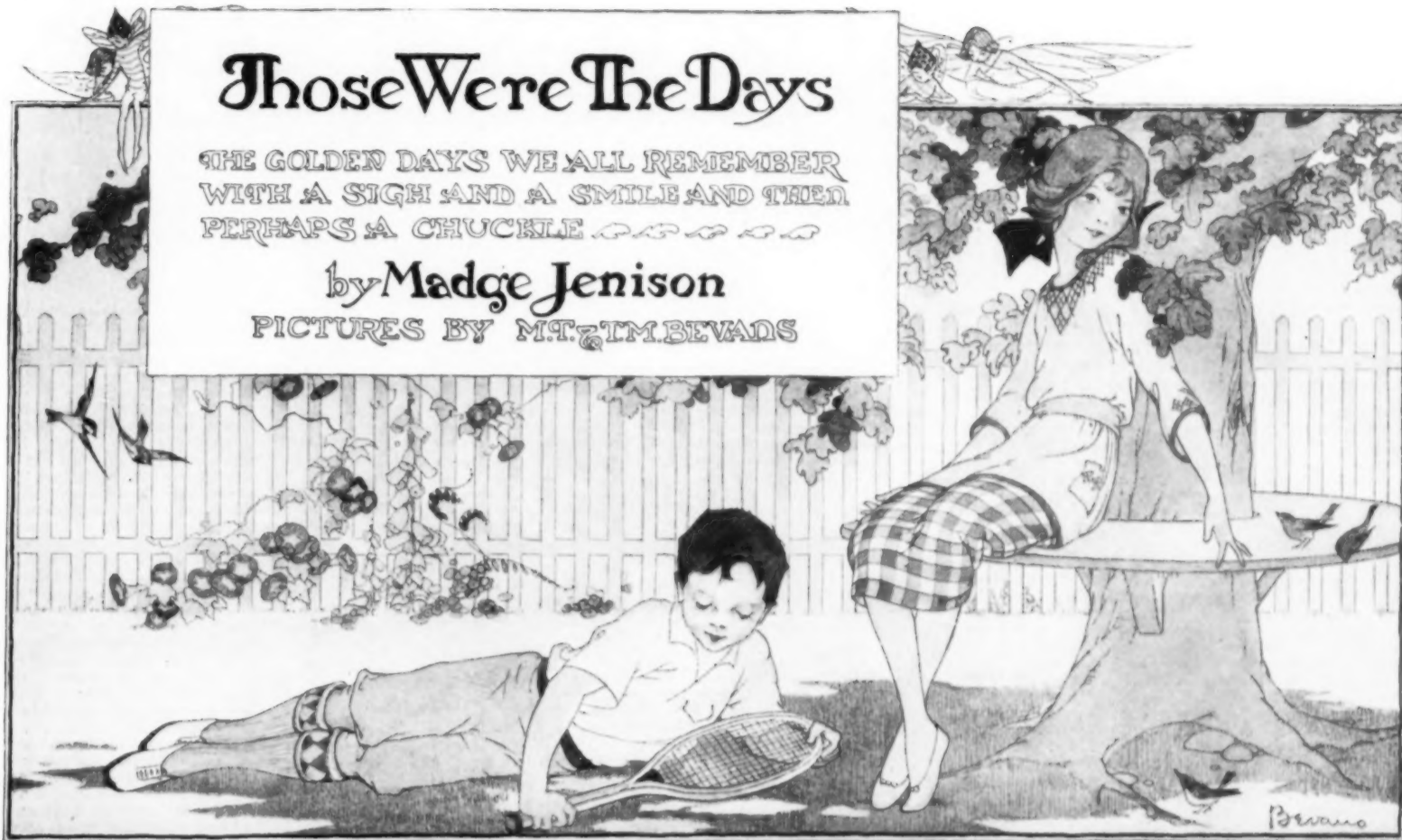
DEARTH.—Not a patch on daughters. The awful thing about a son is that never, never—at least, from the

# Those Were The Days

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE ALL REMEMBER  
WITH A SIGH AND A SMILE AND THEN  
PERHAPS A CHUCKLE

by Madge Jenison

PICTURES BY M.T. & T.M. BEVANS



LOU GREY and Malvina were walking very slowly home from school under the tall trees of Ferry Road, with their arms wound about each other's waists. The bright purple shadows fell on the two little girls and then the bright silver sunlight fell on them in alternating patches of fire. Malvina was a stout young person in a brown one-piece dress with cheeks and lips of American Beauty velvet, near-sighted outstanding eyes, and two thick braids of straight, very healthy-looking hair which fell down below the backs of her knees. Lou Grey was more delicate stuff, all blent like a little tea-colored flame, except that her eyes when she lifted them to you were more golden-black than the rest of her. She lifted those eyes of August night to Malvina, now.

"And he said he thought you had the most be-oo-tiful complexion of any girl on the Road—and a he asked Plum to steal your picture off my dressing-table."

Lou Grey looked at Malvina with her grave little face aquiver. Denis Fitz Hugh had been brought up on pictures of Lou Grey. Pictures of Lou Grey in the Adirondacks sucking her thumb, at the seashore digging with a spade, playing tennis in a jersey, being flower-girl at his aunt's wedding, had swarmed upon his horizon from his earliest infancy. Yet suddenly he had asked Plum to steal another of Malvina's dressing-table. Lou Grey did not think of this inconsistency. She did not think at all. Denis Fitz Hugh, who for thirteen years had been nothing more than the boy next door, suddenly had become a glow upon the horizon, then a tropical dawn, then a forest fire. In a single moment, as she was playing hop-sotch with Genevieve Stacey, she had caught sight of Denis staring at her from the horse-block and ever since she had looked with a breathless surprise upon Ferry Road and the wide lawns which flanked it. Even now, as she put one foot in front of the other, there was a queer storm-in-the-tropics light over everything. Even Malvina, whose arm she could feel across her back, did not seem quite real.

SHE went dreamily up to her room, having interviewed Selma, the ice-box and a chocolate cake on the way. She opened the bottom drawer in the dresser and took out her entire family, laying them in a row on the bed. Lou Grey had almost outgrown playing with dolls but she did love to make clothes for them still. At present she was making a green chiffon dancing frock for Ingobar. Ingobar was a small bisque doll with very charming dimpled knees and elbows, and bright golden hair of the kind that comes only in tales about fairies and mermaids. She was Lou Grey's favorite child. Lou Grey kissed her fervently and then stood her up against the pillow to be fitted. She threw back her head and studied Ingobar.

"My dear," she said as she pinned and folded, "I hear that the Duchess of Granard's ball is going to be the most pe-erfectly be-oo-tiful—the most be-oo-tiful." At this word she came to a dead stop. Her hands dropped in her lap. She rose and went over to the glass, considering closely the tawny-haired little figure in the smock sprigged with red and green which looked straight back at her from its topaz eyes. She went into her mother's room and returned with some wire hairpins, a box of talcum powder for her nose, and her mother's new summer hat. She tried it with and then without a veil. Ingobar stared at her. If things went on like this, that young lady's prospects for the ducal ball were dark.

Lou Grey took back the hat and other things, and began languidly to sew on beads. But it was no use. She had no appetite for family life. It did not seem the thing to play dolls when you were in love. You read a good deal, she thought, and she felt that you probably thought a great deal, too. She sat for some time thinking and looking at her children. Something more final had befallen Lou Grey in the past two weeks than happens in all those fateful seven years when every cell in one's body is said to change.

After five minutes of reflection she took out the box her summer coat had come in. She wrapped each child carefully in tissue-paper and put them side by side in the box. She did not feel sentimental as she thus ended her childhood. In fact she hurried a little at the end. A shrill whistle came to her ear as she pushed in the drawer of the dresser with her foot. She went quickly to the window. Yes, it was. Denis Fitz Hugh, swinging his books around his legs, was disappearing through the back door. She caught up her sweater and cap hastily and tripped down-stairs.

PINK was beating the fence back of the yard, for Denis' serve, when she came around the corner.

"What's the score?" said Denis. "I guess I won't finish. I always beat you anyways. Let's play with the girls."

Lou Grey sent up a delicate poppy flame. It was managed that Plum and Genevieve should play doubles against Pink and Malvina. Lou Grey and Denis Fitz Hugh were left on the bench under the oak. Lou Grey crossed her slim feet one over the other. Denis threw himself down on the grass and looked up at her with a poet's bewildered joy. A silence followed—a silence thick as pound-cake.

"My!—Lou Grey, you've got an—awful pretty throat," stammered the boy at last, staring up at her through the golden shadow. "It's—it's like—sugar"—said Denis doing his best.

Lou Grey quivered. Her voice rang on the quiet spring air like a little chiming bell.

"Oh, I think my neck's just horrid," she replied honestly. "It's so thin."

"I like 'em thin," returned the young connoisseur reassuringly.

"D'ju get your Latin prose last night?" inquired Lou Grey. It seemed right to change the subject.

Gloom fell upon Denis. "I got some of it," he sighed. "But Cropsy called me into the office and made a whale of a row. He says I've gotta get up in it this summer or he's going to drop me."

He began to chuck his knife, glancing up in the sunlight at a robin which was running along the branch, and tried to forget the fourth declension.

"D'ju see that fight between Chuthers and that dog behind the motor-cycle this morning?" he inquired.

Lou Grey had not seen it, she returned politely.

"Malvina's got beautiful hair, hasn't she?" said Lou Grey, lifting her eyes to the game and in her great happiness doing the generous thing.

"I guess. It's long anyway," replied Denis without enthusiasm. He rolled over on his back and gave his attention momentarily to the game also. "Good watch-dog, Malvina. Down around his feet now," he shouted languidly from this indolent position.

Malvina swung around and made a gracious bow. She was very easy with boys. Lou Grey envied her.

"Oh, Denis, I think she's the dearest girl," said Lou Grey. "She's all right," Denis assented absently. "Plum says when you're her brother, she rags you a good deal sometimes."

"D'ju like *Thaddeus of Warsaw*?" he asked after another interval of silence.

"No, I tried the first chapter once and I didn't think I'd like it," Lou Grey was obliged to confess. Lou Grey preferred above everything stories of young ladies who married from duty and learned to love afterward.

"You never got into it enough," Denis warned her warmly.

She sat looking down, her hands clasped in her lap, very grave. Lou Grey was always grave.

SAY, Lou Grey," said Denis, suddenly, in the panting voice of one who has determined to put a matter through if it takes a lung, "y-you know tha-that tree in front of your house with the hole in the trunk? Well, I—I left a pome—in there for you today." He gripped his knife hard and stared at her, his face rather gray.

Lou Grey raised her eyes to him.

"Oh, Denis!" she breathed. There was nothing in all the range of possible things he could have done which would have pleased her so much. Rosalind and the green stockings! A poem in a hole in a tree!

"I put a nail in the trunk at the back that you could step on to reach up to it," he added less thickly.

"Will you go out and get it tonight?" he persisted, fixing his eyes on her.

"Yes; I'll write you an answer," responded Lou Grey, in a low voice.

"Plum's going to try to get captain of the team this fall. All the fellows want him," Denis offered after a long silence.

Lou Grey was going to be a dangerous woman. "I shouldn't think you'd tell 'em you wouldn't be it when everybody wants you," she breathed.

"Oh, I wouldn't be any good for captain," objected Denis Fitz Hugh, half-heartedly. "I can't do anything 'cept play half-back. I wouldn't do for a captain," he concluded, considering how equipped in point of fact he was for this peculiar rôle above any other he had ever contemplated for himself.

When the set was over, the players threw themselves down about the tree. That world in which lovers exist broke like an iridescent bubble somewhere about ten feet away from Lou Grey. Denis, ignoring his alluring dinner-bell, walked with her slowly across to the Morton's side door. The Honorable Miss Chuthers attended them, wagging her plumed tail sedately. She entered fully into the situation. If there was any one thing she understood more than another, it was love. In the dusk, the girl and boy yearned toward each other with a first pale spring joy, quivering at each other's nearness.

[Continued on page 36]



One by one she unpacked her family

# THE PARLOR CAR TRAMP



And how she learned, that never yet was a soul in trouble,  
that there wasn't somebody nearby who wanted to help—

by JENNETTE LEE

Illustrations by  
Thomas Fogarty

THE woman stepped from the train into the driving storm. The blast of sleet that whirled about her as she turned toward the small station came with the full force of the storm; and, when she moved blindly toward it out of the lee of the train, the blast caught her and drove her, breathless and gasping, against the lighted door.

She fumbled for the knob and fell half stumbling into the small room. The wind roared through the opened door. A blast of heat from the red-hot stove in the middle of the room gave back an answering flare. She pushed the door, forcing it back against the wind, and stood pressing against it and peering through its smudgy glass into the storm.

Over the dark line of the station a swirl of steam and smoke rioted in the wind. Through the snow that drove between her and the train, figures moved dimly—men with hats drawn down and shoulders hunched up, facing the storm. Then a deeper swirl of snow drove between and shut them out. They were the men passengers from the train she had just left, who were making their way to the boarding-house half a mile down the road.

She had heard the conductor telling them where to go when he announced that the train could get no farther that night. The road was blocked ahead, he said; the snow-plow could not get through that morning; they must make a night of it at Steubenville. She watched the conductor's lantern flicker against the train. It moved a little distance and swung high once or twice in a signal and disappeared. He had told her to wait in the station and he would see what could be done to make her comfortable.

She turned to the red-hot stove with a little shiver of gratitude that she was not facing the storm out there, with the line of men battling against its fury with their grim, down-bent heads.

The door opened on a quick blast. She turned. The station-master came in with red face and snow-covered shoulders. He stamped his feet a little as he nodded to her and came across to the stove.

"Cold night!" he said. He attacked the stove with the shaker and poker until it roared afresh.

"Sam's going to put you up." He peered into the stove and slammed the door on its fierce heat. She looked her inquiry.

"Tower-man—up the track," responded the man. "Conductor saw him. Said it's all right." She glanced about the room and at the window where the sleet drove past.

"I could stay here, couldn't I?" she asked half doubtfully.

"Better go to Sam's. Only a step. Here he is now—" He turned to the opening door.

The man who came in was small and quiet, and the woman, looking at him, had a quick sense of power held in control. Something stronger than the storm seemed to have entered the room. His hand on the door closed it with no hint of the force of wind driving behind, and he seemed only to touch the knob to turn it in place. She watched him a little curiously as he came forward, and his eyes returned the look with gentle intentness.

THIS is the lady, Sam," said the station-master. "Think you can put her up?"

"Sure!" said the man and he smiled a little. "Anybody would have to be put up—a night like this."

He spoke with a quiet directness that seemed to ignore her and yet take her into its care. She felt suddenly that the little station was a homelike protected place in the midst of the storm. The man moved to the window and looked out and motioned across the road.

"Our house is over there," he said. "Can you make it, do you think?" She came obediently to his side, peering out through the swirling snow at the glimmer of light. She buttoned her coat more closely about her throat.

"I am ready," she said.

He nodded to the station-master and they stepped out into the storm and she bent her head instinctively to the roar of the wind. But as they moved forward toward the glimmering light she was conscious that the figure beside her was keeping always a little between her and the force that drove at her. She had thought in the station he was small, and the workman's cap pulled forward over his eyes gave him a grotesque look now, as she glanced quickly up. Yet she felt that a presence went beside her. She looked up with a little gasp as they reached the door. The wind with a sudden swirl had caught her in the face. He smiled.

"Too quick for us, wasn't it?" he said quietly.

He opened the door and she stepped into a half-lighted room. There was a fire on the hearth and there were shadows of growing plants flickering on the wall, and on the close-drawn shades that shut out the frosty windows and the cold night. He moved across the room to an inner door.

"I will call Myra," he said. She stood where he left her looking contentedly into the fire-lit room.

The woman who came from the next room held a great lamp in both hands. She placed it carefully on the table in the center of the room before she turned to the woman standing by the door.

"We are glad to have you stay," she said. She took her hands and drew her toward the fire. "You couldn't think of going to the boarding-house, a night like this. When you are warm I will take you up-stairs and then we will have supper. It is all ready now."

WHEN she came down the table was set for three, and the woman who had welcomed her served the meal, going to and from the kitchen to have things hot. Only after they began to eat did she bring a plate for herself and sit down with them.

"Sam is tired when he comes home," she explained quietly. "I try to make it a rest time for him."

"Your work must be hard," said the woman, turning to the man at her left. He nodded. "Train-dispatching! Yes—it's hard. But it's the kind of life I like. I should not be happy away from it."

"He tried it once," said his wife. "Just after we were married he gave it up—but he went back to it again."

"You have your hand on things," he explained. "You say to one train, 'go' and it goeth, and to another 'come'—"

"And it cometh," said the woman quickly. "I can understand that! But the nervous strain—"

"Any life is hard, I guess—any life that counts," said the man.

The woman, watching his face, wondered a little at its quiet and its strength; and she wondered at the feeling of security he gave her—a man she had not seen before, and would not see again when the snow-plow unblocked her path. They talked desultorily. There were two children, it seemed, a boy and a girl—both away from home. The man had been a train-dispatcher all his life. He had come to Steubenville a few months earlier from a more important post.

When he led the way to the sitting-room after supper and sat leaning back in his chair watching the fire, she saw that he was very tired. They could



He looked up. His wife stood in the doorway



"She prayed all the way to New York—well, all the way to Hawleyville, anyhow"

hear the clink of china through the door and the drive of sleet against the windows.

He turned to her with a smile. "Fire does you good!" he said. "It rests you!"

"Yes. You do not need to talk. Your wife said you were tired."

"It is not hard to talk," he responded slowly, "not when folks understand. Sometimes it's a rest to talk—like that. It's the same as having pleasant thoughts—they seem to come to you natural."

"You do not have much time for thought in your kind of work, I suppose?"

He looked musingly at the fire.

NO, I don't suppose I do—not for thought. But there is something down underneath that keeps following what you do—same as if you could see the train you're sending off. . . . No. 10 is a through express and when you give the order and clear the track for her—send her scooting ahead—you seem to see things. . . . the folks in her, some going home and some going away, never coming back likely, and the children getting sleepy, and being tucked in the upper berths, and the train going safe all night. . . . Yes, they are like thoughts—pleasant thoughts," he said.

"You see all sorts of things from your tower—tramps on freights?" she suggested idly. She was curious to hear the man talk—to learn how life looked from his tower and what it was that gave the serene look of power to the quiet face.

"There are tramps now and then," he assented slowly. "But more often I seem to see them the way I see other things—in my mind like. I shunt No. 6—and I know maybe there's a man underneath her hanging to her rods, kind of cold and miserable—in a hurry to get on. . . ."

He sat looking at the flames as if he saw the long lines of trains following the touch of his hand. Then he roused himself with a quick smile.

"I saw a tramp once—beat the road—from here to New York!" He laughed quietly. "I'd like to tell you about that." He turned to her.

"The tramp was some like you—in a way of speaking," he said smiling. She stared at him and he nodded.

"I mean she was a lady, a real lady—not just her clothes!"

"Oh—thank you!"

"She took the train here at Steubenville, just where you got off. It was along about five years back. I was rail-roading then, same as now—only I didn't have any regular berth. I'd go anywhere they were short of help and do what wanted doing."

"One morning (I was working up the road at a place called Jackson) the Superintendent spoke to me and said they wanted me to go to New York to pick up some new men. We were running short and he seemed to think I could size 'em up for him and bring 'em back. Anyway, he told me to start right off—I'd been on duty all night and he said, 'You might as well go comfortable. You stop at the office and tell Blake to give you a Pullman pass.'

HED heard the Superintendent talking and had it all made out for me when I got there. I was pretty glad to have a chance to stretch my legs a little, and a comfortable place to lean back, and maybe get a wink or two of sleep." He chuckled and a little glint of amusement came to his face as it watched the flames.

"I didn't get any sleep—on account of that tramp!"

"Down as far as Steubenville I was pretty much the only one in the Pullman. It was about this time of year and travel was light."

"But when we got there, a delegation from some convention up-country got in, and about half of them took chairs. So there we were, pretty near full up. There were only two chairs left, I remember—one right in front of me and the other,

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# YOUTH FOR YOUTH

In which a double romance puts an end to story-telling

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

For Synopsis, see page 61

**R**USHING off to find Letty that way, because I had just lost Jane, was an act I couldn't account for. The only conscious thoughts I had had about Arthur's mother since getting his note in New York, had been anticipations of a painful, though of course necessary, scene. Certainly I had no idea when I jumped into that taxi, that Letty would be able to furnish the clue to Jane's disappearance. Or an explanation of the cause of it. Oddly enough though, that is just what she did.

She stopped in the doorway to the room where I was waiting for her, and, as I sprang up and came toward her, arrested me with a gesture—gentle, like everything she did, yet somehow imperious.

"I've been thinking ever since Arthur went away that you would not come," she said. "But that if you did, I wouldn't see you."

"Wouldn't see me, Letty!" I exclaimed. "What in the world . . . !"

"And yet," she went on, "when Tora came up and said you were here, I couldn't somehow say 'not at home' as I had meant to."

That left me speechless.

"The cruel thing you did to Arthur—"

"Letty!" I ejaculated.

"What you did to Arthur"—her voice was monotonous with the effort she had to keep it steady—"was crueller than I had thought anyone, anyone I knew, could be to anybody." Then the tears welled up into her eyes, and a sob clutched at her throat. "But you *aren't* cruel, Hubert. You've never done an unkind thing in all these years. You're the only friend I've got in the world. So I had to give you a chance to explain it. That's what you've come to do, I suppose."

"There's a ghastly misunderstanding somewhere," I said. "I simply don't know what you're talking about. I've done nothing cruel to Arthur, unless . . . I've done nothing my conscience reproaches me for."

"Your conscience!" Letty echoed in a whisper. "No, I suppose not."

"That's all I have to go by," I told her. "When Arthur came to me and said he'd been accepted by the Draft Board, I told him that if he wanted me to, I'd see if there was anything I could do to get him off. Any honorable way, of course. But I didn't see any . . ."

**T**HAT'S not what I mean," Letty interrupted. "Oh, you *know* it's not what I mean. He didn't want to get off. He was glad to go. He told me I must be glad to have him go. He said if I really loved him and wanted him to be happy, I would be glad and proud to have him go. I told him I was. I didn't cry when he went away—not till the train was out of the station. I'm glad, now, about that." But a sob choked her there.

I went over to her and took her by the shoulders. She tried to resist; tried, I suppose, to go on seeing me as the monster of cruelty that had figured in her thoughts for the past ten days or so. But the habit of twenty years is strong. And she went soft all at once and put her head down on my chest.

"Come," I said, leading her over to a sofa, "sit down here and tell me all about it." She obeyed.

They had their first talk, it seemed, up in Jane's cottage in the small hours of that Sunday night. He had awakened after a refreshing sleep to find Letty sitting beside his bed; professed himself none the worse for his experience of the afternoon, and insisted on talking with her, over her protest; said there was something on his mind that he couldn't be easy about until he had told her.

What he did tell her then was that the Draft Board had accepted him; had found his heart absolutely sound, his eyes plenty good enough, his general physical condition excellent, considering the softness of his muscles, which three months in camp would do wonders for.

"He told me," she went on, "that he was happier than he'd ever thought that it would be possible for him to be. Because it was possible, now, for him to be somebody's dead father could be proud of. The thing that had been driving him nearly mad, he said, was the fear that he couldn't be; that he wouldn't do for a soldier—'wasn't fit to be one,' is exactly what he said. But now he knew that he was fit."

"I had never seen him like that. He wasn't my little boy any more. He was a man—my man. It was—it was like having his father back. He gave me my orders, just the way Woody did when he went away—that last time."

She stopped there for a while and I, fearing to break the spell, was silent, too. But the spell was already broken; when she went on, it was in a different, a harder voice.

They went to High Forest for their little honeymoon



"We talked like that for an hour," she said. "And for just that hour he was mine. More mine than he had ever been before—closer to me. So that I was happy, even though I was going to lose him so soon. And then, suddenly, I saw I had lost him already; that he wasn't mine at all. He began talking about—Jane. How wonderful and beautiful she was. And she is beautiful. I can't deny that. He said he loved her and that he'd told her so, but that there wasn't any promise between them. He had asked her for one, but that morning—that very morning before we came up to lunch—he had told her that he didn't want any promise from her at all. He wouldn't ask for one, nor accept one, until he had shown himself worthy of it. 'Worthy of it.' He told me she had already given him more than he thought existed in the world. He told me he wanted me to love her, too. He said he was sure I would when I knew how—kind—she was. He said she was Faith, Hope and Charity, all three. I asked him how well he knew her—how long he had known her. He said he had known her always, and that he never should know her, and that some hours could be longer than most people's lifetimes."

"And then—Hubert, I couldn't help it! No mother could have helped it! I really didn't understand and I thought perhaps he could explain it to me. If he couldn't—"

well, I thought he ought to know that there was something he couldn't explain. I'm glad even now, after all, that I did. I think I'm glad—even though it has hurt him so horribly."

She moved away from my side and turned to face me.

**T**HAT'S one of the things I can't forgive you for, Hubert," she said. "That I should have been the one to hurt him. That it should have come to him through me. And if you could have seen his face, the way all color faded out of it slowly, and the look that came into his eyes—slowly, too, as he realized what it meant—if you could have seen that, you wouldn't forgive yourself, either."

"I give you my word of honor, Letty," I told her, "that I don't know yet—I am completely in the dark, what you're talking about. What was it you asked him to explain?"

"Why, you *know*," she cried. "You were standing there. It was you she said it to as he lay there on the grass—dead, for anything that either of you knew. Dead from saving your life and hers. You won't have forgotten that."

No, I had not forgotten that. It was Jane's cry, with a half-hysterical laugh in it, "You see he isn't a coward, Hubert."

"You repeated that to him? Asked him what it meant? Jane's saying that about his not being a coward—the thing she gasped out when she was half-hysterical? You shouldn't accuse me of cruelty, Letty."

She went very white under that, but did not break down. "Had you told her that he was a coward? Or had she told you? Not that it makes much difference."

"The assumption from what Jane said, if one is going to take an outcry like that literally, would be that I had told it to her. As a matter of fact I did not." (I thought that was a lie when I told it, but thinking it over afterward, I perceived it was the truth. What I had told Jane, the night she and I had dinner together, before Arthur came in, was that he had told me he was a coward.) "Anyhow," I went on, "if he saw anything in the remark to hurt him, as you say he did, it's due to a gross misunderstanding—a thing that Jane herself could explain to him, no doubt, in five minutes."

SHE didn't," said Letty. "That was what I told him. He had been lying there an eternal while without speaking, his face as white as the pillow, and a look in his eyes that terrified me. Finally he turned to me with a smile. Such a smile, Hubert! I hope you may never see a look like that on anybody's face that you love."

"He said it was all right. I wasn't to worry. He said you two had done him a service. That's when I begged him to go to her and set it right—the misunderstanding I was sure there was. I told him that if he loved her like that, why I'd love her, too. I made him promise to see her the next day and ask her about it. He hadn't meant to. He was all for getting away without a word."

"He kept his promise. He did see her. And he came back and told me that what he'd guessed the night before had been the truth."

"Specifically, just what was it that he'd guessed?" I thought that question might pierce the fog a little. But this was the answer it produced from Letty.

"I don't know exactly. Not—specifically, as you say. I asked him that and he wouldn't tell me, except that he gave me permission to ask you. He said you'd know and no doubt you'd be willing to tell."

"I don't know," I protested. "I give you my word I don't." This was true when I said it, and it won from Letty, by virtue of its sincerity, a troubled half-belief, so that she softened to me again and tried to make me some little amends for her accusations.

Also she gave me some news of Arthur from the camp. She had had three or four letters from him; the merest notes they were—not informative at all. He hadn't time, he said, and was too tired when he had, to write more—a state of things which Letty professed to understand perfectly.

He assured her that he was well, was sleeping like a top, and that his appetite and the food were both good, and he adjured her not to worry. That was about all.

Her real news about him had come from Cyrus, who had called upon her on Sunday, during his week-end leave. By a stroke of quite wonderful luck—so Letty thought in her innocence—

Arthur had been assigned to his cousin Cyrus' company. And from him she had sought and received details which satisfied her. He'd make a capital soldier, Cyrus said, as soon as they'd hardened him up a bit; and be sure to be recommended, he thought, for the next officers' training camp.

I listened with one ear, at least, for I was busy with my own thoughts, and made the appropriate responses.

But I didn't stay very long. Because the truth was beginning to come through to me—a truth I couldn't betray to Letty. So I fled while it was still safe. The only thing I could not figure out in our little comedy of errors—and I spent a good many sleepless hours that night, hazarding wild guesses about it—was the part Jane had played. And this was cleared up the next morning at seven o'clock, when they waked me to sign for a special delivery letter, postmarked New York.

This was it:

HUBERT, DARLING—I missed you here in New York by minutes, they said. And, of course, just when I needed you the worst. Because I do. Not to do anything for me or give me good advice—I'm past that—but just to go on being fond of me, and make me feel a little less like the most despicable rag of a thing in the world. You see, you've no illusions about me—never did have—so whatever it is you love me for is what I am. And I'll never have to tell you I'm nothing but an actress making up plays for myself as I go along and trying to fit honest people with real feelings into the parts. How many million times have you told me that yourself? Or stopped me right in the middle of something just with that grin of yours? Oh, my dear, you don't know how that would comfort me right now. Make me forget the unbearable sick look in that boy's eyes when I told him—the truth. It was—and about the only time I ever did, I guess, except to you. I had to, somehow. And yet I can't help wondering, down inside, if I wasn't acting then, really enjoying my misery—it was so tragic—and *his!* Oh, you're right, I oughtn't to be at large. You told me so once—do you remember?

Hubert, could you come back here? Just for a day? I'd come anywhere in the world to you—only not back to Chicago.

I've never played fair with anybody—not even with you. I realized that, that Saturday morning in your office. I've wanted all take and no give. You ought to detest me—but the blessed truth is that you don't. I do want to play fair now—with *somebody* anyhow, and nobody deserves it more than you. I'll do anything, anything, Hubert, that you want me to. But come anyway.

With love—I do love you, that's something I'm sure of—

JANE.

P. S.—You were worried, though, for a few minutes that Sunday morning, about Sindbad. Silly! But I don't wonder.

J.

WELL, Arthur's mystery was a mystery no longer. I saw much too plainly what had happened. That sensitive womanish intuition of his—one of his inheritances from his mother it was—had put the whole situation together from that one quoted remark of Jane's. "You see he isn't a coward, Hubert!" Jane and I deep in each other's confidence about him. I betraying to her the sacredly confidential confession he had made me, that he was a coward. And then Jane, either at my desire or upon her own initiative, taking a hand in the game; trying to buck him up by making love to him. And, daily, reporting progress to me! It was not, even, quite unthinkable that he believed Sindbad no more mad than Jane in love with him; took the whole episode for a carefully elaborated stage trick that we had all rehearsed, Cyrus and his friends as well as the others. Ghastly, that would be! Yet my mind, turned loose to wander in the wake of his, came out to that. It was all nothing but a maneuver undertaken in his interest, to be sure, and for his best good; for the purpose of making a man of him. The glory and wonder of love that had been flooding his soul was nothing but a stage spot-light!

Oh, I understood now, well enough. I could imagine the look in his face that Letty had talked about. I knew why she had called me cruel. I knew why Arthur had written to me that he was more grateful for the "service" I had done him than he could now feel.

Urged by his mother he had gone to Jane, told her his nightmare and asked her if she could deliver him from it—instead of which she had told him it was true.

Why, in the name of feminine unaccountability, had she done that?

Well, of course, a lot of it *was true*. And it isn't easy to split hairs in moments of emotional stress, not even to establish an honest distinction if it happen to be a fine one. No, when I tried to frame true explanations for her in actual terms, I saw how impossible they were. She might (in the interest of the so-called higher truth) have denied his uncannily close guess root and branch; have told him she had loved him from the first, without doubt or reservation. And that when he had made his confession of supposed cowardice to her, she had been, as she had pretended, without a pre-existing suspicion of it. Unable to take that line (it would have left me, of course, under the imputation of a deliberate betrayal of him later, for my own jealous advantage) she had gone, naturally enough, to the opposite extreme; had told him, desperately, that it was all true. She was nothing but an ac-

cess—had seen his tragedy as nothing but a play, with a good part in it for herself. Let him go away and never waste another thought upon her. She wasn't worth it. Yes, I could see it all as if I had been there.

My imagination went on to picture him now in his private soldier's khaki; he with his skin like a girl's and all that silken fastidiousness of his—eating out of a tin plate the food that had been so carelessly ladled into it. Peeling potatoes, policing the company street for burnt matches and cigarette ends, going with aching muscles through the rigors of squad drill, bawled at by fiery young non-coms—he who had never received a direct command or rebuke in his whole life before; springing to an awkward salute whenever a young shave-tail went by, his arrogant young cousin Cyrus among the rest.

AND all without bitterness and without complaint. He said we had done him a service—Jane and I. And, in a sense, it was true we had. But the loneliness there must be in his heart!

I got up and shook myself. There was no good in mooning about the boy, letting myself get maudlin over him. There were ten thousand lonely boys out in that camp. But, being boys, young, resilient, adaptable, they'd all get over it, Arthur with the rest.

And that salad love affair of his with Jane, it was absurd to take seriously. He was only twenty-two years old; younger even in bare years, a little, than Jane. And in real maturity, experience of life, half her age. The disillusionment she had dealt out to him had hurt cruelly, of course. But wasn't it like good surgery, merciful in the long run? Anyhow, it was done. Finished.

And here, under my hand, was Jane's letter to me. I read it again. The implication of it was unmistakable. She "oughtn't to be at large," she said, pretending to quote me to that effect. She'd do anything—*anything* I wanted her to.

Well, she knew what I wanted. She'd seen it in my face that Saturday morning when she came to my office. And that was the precise occasion she made reference to in her letter. I knew as well as if she'd said it in so many words, that if I took the fast train back to New York and said to her: "Come along Jane. We'll settle this thing for good and all. We'll go down to the City Hall this morning and get a license and be married in the Little Church this afternoon," she'd make no more demur than a "You're sure you want me, Hubert? You aren't doing it just because I asked you to?" I'd tell her I was sure and—

But was I? I could see the look in her face. Affection, boundless. Confidence, complete. But of the real thing—the essential thing, the thing I had seen twenty odd years ago in Letty Wells' face when she stood up in the parlor of a New England parsonage marrying Woody Baldwin; the look I had seen in Jane's own face—the look that had made me feel old and avuncular the night we had dined together at the restaurant—of that I would see nothing but the echo of its absence.

Letty would have married me the better part of a score of years ago, if I had asked her to, seeing me just as Jane did now, as port after storm; something trustworthy and dependable—a door of egress from perplexities. Wasn't it just this that Jane unconsciously proposed?

The man who had kindled the look I wanted in Letty's eyes was dead. But the boy who could kindle it in Jane's was alive, eating his heart out for her. What sort of look would there be in *his* eyes when he learned the news that I had married her? What sort of memories would that news leave him of the Arcadian week he had spent with her? A mordant poison, that's what those memories would be. No, I shouldn't be able to convince Jane that I wanted her.

WELL then, back to the office! To the deuce with the whole affair! I had meddled enough. If this sudden young romance was the genuine thing, they'd manage in time to find it out and be none the worse for a little heart-searching. I'd write some day, when I could manage the mood, a letter of sensible fatherly advice to Jane. And if I could contrive, without seeming to make too much of a point of it, a little talk alone with Arthur sometime when he was up in town on leave, I'd set him right about such of his misconceptions as concerned myself. Beyond that, I was done with the business. Time, the natural course of things, could attend to the rest. My motto should be the immortal lines of advice to little Bo-peep: "Leave them alone and they'll come home."

But they don't come home, all of them. Not in these tragic days.

I dropped back in my chair again and shut my eyes. And, sitting so, I saw pictures; constructed a romance. My eyes opened again, rested upon a pad of telegraph blanks.

"The reason you have never really done anything romantic," I told myself, "is because you always stop to think." Certainly the project of using a lady's proposal of marriage as a negotiable instrument is not one a man would embark upon deliberately.

I reached for the pad forthwith and wrote a telegram to Jane like this: "Come back to Chicago at once. Your presence indispensable at a marriage which is to take place on Saturday. You should be here by Friday noon at the latest for necessary preliminaries. Wire answer. Immediate." I looked at it reflectively for a moment, then added, "Explanations forthcoming upon your arrival. Wire yes or no." Then I put my name on the bottom of it and rang for a messenger boy.

Letty was next. But she'd have to wait until I heard from Jane, just as Cyrus would have to wait until I had dealt with Letty. One thing at a time. That was sound strategy, even though time was short.

But Jane didn't keep me waiting long. I got her answer at four o'clock that afternoon. Two words, exclusive of address and signature. Thus: "Yes. Brute."

Armed with that, I called Letty on the telephone and told her I was coming down to have dinner with her. I decided not to try any high-handed methods with her, for I confess that Jane's wire—when I thought of it—gave me moments of vertigo. She'd taken me a little too completely at my word. Suppose she hadn't understood! But when I got back to my apartment at eleven o'clock that night (it had taken time to bring Letty around but she'd come at last just as I'd been sure she would) I found another yellow envelope waiting for me. These were its contents: "Add to former message love always just the same. Jane."

Well, bless her heart! She did understand. Had from the first, of course. Had meant to make me sweat, as I'd deserved to, and then had relented. So that was all right. I faced the prospect of Cyrus the next day with a light heart.

He would come through with the thing required of him I was sure, since he was—or had fancied himself—Arthur's

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She seated herself, facing the fire, on a big rug-covered cushion at my feet

# Buck Taylor, Wanted

He went to France. But Jim Norton, whom nobody wanted, came back—and that is the story

By M. G. Roberts

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

WELL, Jim, what's the next move? Tough luck not to find your girl." The tall, well-dressed man clapped him on the back and laughed heartily, "Your first night home, too! Still—you never can tell. May run across her yet."

"Maybe."

"Have you sounded all your friends?"

The lean, shabby boy shook his head. "Not—yet," he answered and flushed. His friends! Why, he hadn't any! At least none that he might rightfully call his, outside of the gang and he hadn't wanted to return to the gang.

For another minute the two wavered apart uncertainly, then the first speaker turned slowly and entered the car chugging at the curb.

"Well, cheer-o, old chap. Sorry I can't stop, but the family's waiting. Good luck, and welcome home!" The car rolled off and he was gone.

Buck Taylor drew a deep breath. There was a welcome for you! The only man he'd met since landing—one of his trench-mates—and that was all! Somehow or other, that bond which men had thought to be so strong, seemed already weakening in the few months following victory. The war was past, and he was no longer a small hero in a great and glorious regiment, but a former crook back in his old place, with the cunning of his limbs gone, his girl lost, and all his new-born resolutions to start afresh slipping away under the ache of loneliness.

And he was home. Limping haltingly down the almost deserted avenue, soft, wet snow sifting down his neck and penetrating the worn leather of his boots, he took inventory of the future and found it far from pleasant.

For nearly five years—all through the horrors and suffering of war he'd dreamed of this home-coming; sometimes fearfully, more often longingly, but never, in his most morbid imaginings had he conceived such soul-searing loneliness as that of the past twelve hours. He had never been lonely abroad; he hadn't had to be. No one knew the good-humored, quick-witted Jim Norton was Buck Taylor, Wanted, who had joined the first Canadian army and had thus been lost from the searching eyes of one Detective Wade. They only knew he was generous and unafraid; quick to help a pal, and courteous to the little pasty-faced grissettes. They had accorded him his just tribute and their unstinting friendship.

Years of that, and now—! His first night home, and not a face to welcome him or a door to enter freely, and it was Saturday night.

Shivering slightly he caught the flapping sleeve of his thin overcoat and slid his numbed right hand up its unfilled depth. He was cold as well as lonely, and there was not a place to go. He didn't want to go back to Tim Moran's Café, fearing the call of old memories, and so, a shambling, solitary figure on the great promenade, he stumbled unseeing ahead.

"Hey, you!" A loud voice, sharp with anger, halted him abruptly. Startled, the boy glanced up at the approaching policeman and his muscles tautened. In the joy of home-coming, he'd forgotten he was once more an outcast—that his uniform no longer protected him—that, from the moment of his discharge, he was again "wanted" and open to that dreaded tap on the shoulder. What a fool he had been ever to have hoped to escape detection—to begin anew in his homeland! With eyes dilated, thin face flushed, he waited miserably, and then he became aware that the other was speaking and his voice though gruff, was kind.

"Hey, you! What the devil do you mean by not looking where you're going? Don't you see the sign to stop? You nearly got yours a minute ago if I hadn't yelled at you."

"Yes, sir. Sorry, but I've just got back and the signs—" he hesitated, vaguely wondering at his own voice, "somehow I'd forgotten about them," he finished lamely and grinned sheepishly.

THAT so? Well, well, glad to see you back. White lights look pretty good to you I guess. Here, come on across with me." Officially, the policeman stopped the before-dinner onrush of twinkling cars and walked beside him to the safety zone. "Well, pal, here's luck, and welcome home!" He saluted whimsically, and returned whistling to his post.

"There was a good fellow for you!" The boy limped on, curiously warmed by the recent encounter. Then the meaning of that constantly reiterated slogan and his own desolation came surging back.

Imperceptibly his pace slackened and the faint frown between his black brows deepened. After all, what was the use? Just because one cop failed to recognize him didn't mean that the next wouldn't. And then there was Wade—Wade who could see through the cleverest disguises! No, he might just as well go to Tim's anyway, where he was sure of that welcome for which he hungered. Perhaps, too, they'd be able to tell him where Molly, his girl, of the vivid smile and little, little hands, had gone.

With this sudden determination spurring him, he quickened his steps, noting the loss of old landmarks with a sharp ache, turned down a narrow side street, and halted before a doorway jammed below the elevated's trestles. "Tim Moran" was stenciled above in faded, dirty gilt letters, half hidden by snow; the walls were covered by ciphers, and its windows were blank with grime; overhead, the trains rounding the curve, screamed horribly, yet somehow or other, for the first time Buck Taylor felt a welcoming thrill.

It was early for the gang, as he had prophesied, for the interior was filled with bright lights and the loud-voiced laughter of those dallying on the way home to warm themselves. So, for a long time he stood there shivering, just

drinking in the surrounding excitement; the lights, the rumble of heavy-laden carts; the shrill voices of women calling home their children from the swarming street, and the bleary-eyed beggars lolling at the corner where the overcrowded cars transferred. Gradually his brown eyes filled.

"Gee!" he murmured huskily, "it's a hell of a dump, but it certainly looks good to me." Then unconsciously aping the habit of those eight bed-ridden months in France, his fingers went straying to that now unseen ridge where his newly grafted chin and nose joined his face, and suddenly his mouth sagged: "Gee!" he repeated, "supposin' they don't know me neither." And so, longing for that welcome, yet still with an undefined hope to pass unknown, Buck Taylor

swung open the door and found himself staring into the close-set eyes of Detective Wade!

For a moment everything whirled, but, as once before that evening, a friendly, almost pitying tone of voice surprised him.

"Easy on there, sport." The detective's thick fingers steadied him from the impact. "Didn't mean to knock you down. Come on and have a drink on me just to show there's no hard feeling." He was leading him gently toward the bar. "What'll it be? Your shout."

WONDERINGLY, Buck Taylor heard his own voice proclaiming the old, automatic order of "two and one," but his mind was still dazed; what had seemed but a vain hope only a few minutes before, was now an actuality. Wade had not recognized him! It was not a bit of bluff acting as he had at first feared, for he was chatting carelessly.

"Been over, I guess?"

"Yes. Just got back this morning. Lying up when peace came."

"You sure missed one grand welcome. What was your regiment?"

"Canadian. Then I hitched onto a Western unit—swellest bunch I ever met—that's how I got sent back here."

The stocky man heaved a sigh, "Say, what I wouldn't give to've been in it—" he shook his head mournfully, then added, looking Buck straight in the eye, "but take a tip from me, sport; if you're green to this burg, don't stick around this joint too long; it ain't healthy."

"Right-o, pal." With a touch of his swagger the boy essayed a knowing laugh, but somehow it fell curiously flat: "Have one on me and then I'll beat it."

Wade emptied his glass expertly; "Sorry, but I've got to be leggin' it, so here's how and welcome home!"

A few minutes later, Buck Taylor was once more alone, idly twisting his half-filled glass and taking cautious inventory of his surroundings. Twice he started forward as old friends entered, Fade-away Charlie and Yellow Joe, but as their cold, unrecognizing eyes met his, that new unaccountable self checked his tongue from uttering the password which would proclaim his identity. He continued to lounge there, an unwelcome stranger in a chattering throng. Gradually, however, he became aware that he was under scrutiny—eyes were shifting furtively his way, and the loiterers were slowly filtering out. He was nonplused, until he caught Tim passing the "beat it" tip to Ruddy Mack as he appeared, and understood. Why—the darned fool had taken him for a pal of Wade's! Unconsciously he uttered a short laugh and the man beside him edged farther along. How he'd like to see their faces if he went up and disclosed himself! For a few minutes he played with the idea, finding it harder and harder to withstand.

"Still," he argued, squaring his shoulders, "I ain't going to be no quitter and lay down just when the chance to make good comes—at least, not yet," he added and limped hurriedly away from temptation.

Nevertheless, out in the icy street again, swaying in the snow and wind, his determination waned. What a fool he'd been! Mentally, even audibly cursing himself, he struggled back to the Soldiers' Club.



"Oh, how can you!" she began angrily

It was dinner-time now; the storm had settled down for the evening and he passed few cars and fewer pedestrians. From the distance the windows of the club gleamed brightly, but the great lobby loomed dreary and deserted, filled only by a suffocating, sticky warmth. Dutifully obeying the printed placard, he cleaned his boots on the mat, shook the snow from his hat and coat, and toiled painfully up the resounding stone stairs. On the half-way landing, he paused to peer down into the long dining-room, deserted also, save for a one-time mess cook and a puffy-faced ex-bugler, eating at a table near the heater. They hailed him, but the boy kept on his way.

Door after door was closed and darkened; not a sound behind them. Apparently everyone was out; all had some relative or friend with whom to dine tonight, save himself and those two forlorn men below. He turned on both lights in his room in the vain hope of producing a semblance of comfort, but it was useless. The illumination only seemed to emphasize his intense loneliness. Memories of the past crept back to taunt him; evenings spent with the gang, shooting dice, while Mollie and Lulu sewed on frilly blouses; sunny holidays, lounging on the beach with Mollie, adorable in a bathing-suit; times when, after a lucky haul, he would stop at the shop for which she sewed and they'd celebrate at the best restaurant in town. Everywhere, in everything, he was the pivot around which all his actions revolved; the gang was merely the setting. And the gang was still here, but he was broken—and Mollie was gone.

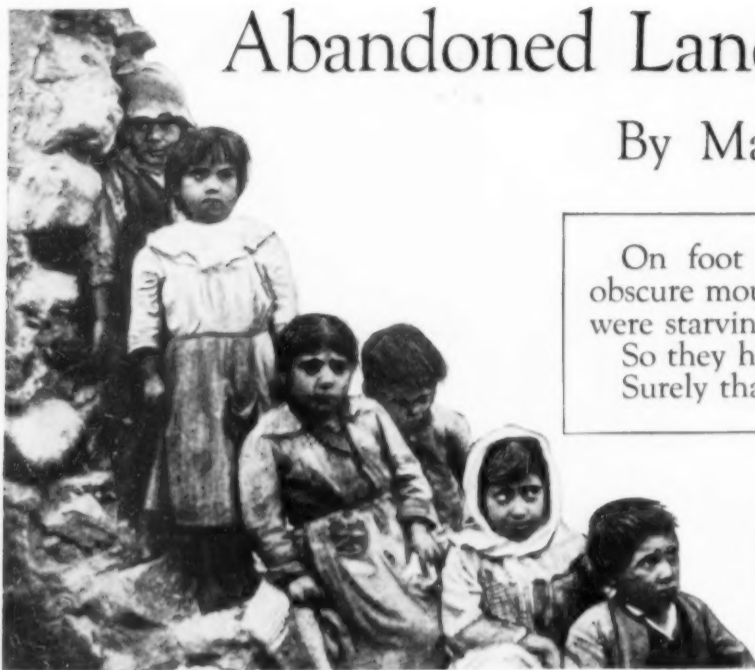
GOSH! he exclaimed aloud, "this is a hell of a home-coming for a fellow! Wonder what I've done to be picked on like this." Thoughtlessly he thrust his stiffened hand under the steaming hot-water tap, and the shock steadied him somewhat. With the further hope of banishing his depression, he essayed to whistle a tune, but long before he had manipulated the wet laces of his boots, it had returned stronger than ever. Then, suddenly it came—the idea that stirred him to instant action. With a wet lace still clasped, he jerked upward abruptly, half laughing with excitement, and reached for his coat.

"Why the deuce didn't I think of that before?" he cried, and pulled a packet of letters from an inside pocket. "What's the use of writing to these here 'godmothers' if it's not to go and see them when you get back!" He was fumbling, one-handed, with the elastic binding them, "Maybe that's where those other guys have gone tonight. Now let's see what I've got here." Slowly he sorted out the grimy heap, stacking them according to their writing—five potential piles. Two groups boasted only a letter apiece; the third packet contained three stilted epistles from an old lady in Virginia, but the remaining two had achieved immense proportions. He picked up the smaller; the writer was a young widow whose husband had been in his unit; she had sent him a photograph of herself on her favorite horse, and been most pressing in extending her hospitality, but he had always felt a curious lack of interest in her as a person and now, for the first time he studied the name and address with that definite object in view. He whistled, then he grinned. "Gee! the last time I was at that number I went out the back window! Some swell haul, too—" he

[Continued on page 75]

# Abandoned Lands and Patchwork Quilts

By Mary Heaton Vorse



On foot they had come, on a five days' journey, from an obscure mountain town, hauling the cart by hand. Their people were starving and they had heard that America gave away food. So they harnessed themselves to their cart and came. Surely that five days' journey was an act of pure faith.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS did a good job when he discovered America! It was Luigi who said it. Luigi of Torre di Mosta. But I am getting ahead of my story. It is the story of patchwork quilts and warm knitted afghans—your quilts and your afghans. The story of little houses and hamlets where you, all unknown to yourselves, are bringing back life to the wretched women and children of devastated Veneto.

A glass of water doesn't seem like much unless one happens to be dying of thirst. Soup-kitchens and milk-dispensaries aren't romantic things to people living in a normal world. But to the prostrate men and women and children of the invaded districts of Italy, these unromantic things mean life. It is to those who made it possible for Italy's heart to beat again, to the American women and children, that I am writing this article. It especially concerns you women—you who went, day in and day out, week by week, month by month to the workrooms of the Red Cross to make clothes and surgical dressings, to put together the quilts you had been patching.

It concerns you, little girl, who knitted a square for an afghan. It relates to every penny, nickel, dime or dollar that you gave.

How often, as you did this work must you have wondered who would wear the clothes—who would sleep under the quilts or afghans—how the dollars would be spent. This is the story of where they went, some of them—and prayers are going up in all Italy for every hand that helped.

It seems to me as if some homely alchemy of love had been accomplished. As if, between you women at home and the thousands of women in Italy, a current of love and understanding had been set in motion. You have been instrumental in bringing into the world one of the great quiet forces for good which, in the end, must undermine the forces of hate, if civilization is to survive at all.

The afghans and patchwork quilts have gone like banners of hope into empty homes. They meant the first comfort and the first bright, cheerful thing on which the eyes of these people have rested for a year.

From Padua, on into those districts beyond the Piave, at Treviso, at San Dona, at Torre di Mosta, there lies what might be called the country of the abandoned. It was through these towns of the province of Veneto that we moved, taking the special supplies that had been called for—such things as combs, needles and thread, the significance of which I did not realize. The entire province is in the hands of the Italian army. It seems as though war had only paused to draw breath. Strings of camions file along the roads. The soldiers overflow the towns. Everywhere, they swarm out on the streets, encumber the railway stations, and block the traffic. They are, like ourselves, *civilian* soldiers, removed from the fruitful occupations of normal life.

At Treviso, we stopped at the big Red Cross warehouse. Once it was a monastery, now its refectory is crowded with stores. Food supplies are there. Lard, meat, sacks of beans and peas, barrels of flour and beef, and cans of milk. There, too, marked with the name of your town, are the boxes which you filled, week by week, with whatever was asked for, the boxes which you, yourself, helped to pack.

Beyond Treviso is the territory which has seen no normal life since that terrible moment of Caporetto, when the Austrian armies overflowed the plains of Veneto. Here, there was nothing but untenanted and silent fields, and

deserted roads—a long, sinister, disoccupied territory swept bare of life and those activities that go with it. Farther along the road, we found the vines broken, the fruit-trees ruined and the fertile land trampled and torn. Finally, barbed wire entanglements cast their rust-colored web across the fields, and trenches zigzagged through the vines. We had reached the

Piave River, its banks like twisted serpents, pitted with dug-outs and scarred by artillery fire. It was here that the opposing forces lived for a year; the Italians along the lower banks; on the opposite side, the Austrians.

We crossed the Piave on a bridge of boats—heavy Venetian scows, painted black and ornamented with bright rims. Once across the bridge we passed the Austrian defenses. Beyond these fortifications the road swept sharply to the left, and San Dona stood before us. Before the war it was a town of some pretense. Now it is a town of shards. The pink and salmon-colored walls are crumbled. War has not been ruthless here as in those towns of northern France where it would be impossible for a human being to find any dwelling. But its devastation is almost complete. Here and there in San Dona is a house with a room that will give shelter after some patching, or even a lower floor that can be occupied. The hospital, once the pride of the town, lost its top story in shell fire, its wings were wrecked, its façade shattered, but people are already living there.

It has been furnished with beds and supplies by the Red Cross—the only medical aid the people of San Dona have had for a year. Here, the Red Cross women live.

Proudly they showed us into the room where they work, sleep and eat. There were two beds made bright by the afghans knitted by the children at home.

"Look at our table," they said, "a soldier made it for us from a packing-case. When we came here, there was a hole in the wall. The soldiers patched it up. And no roof." I looked up—the roof was of tar paper. "And no window-frames or doors." Their home was an achievement, for they had made it, in Robinson Crusoe fashion, from wreckage.

Life here has been reduced to its first elements. Here you no longer think in terms of less or more—you think in the elementary terms of existence; first, of shelter, then of food and covering, and next of beds and things to cook with. Any casual conversation will show how true this is. When the officer asked:

"What do you need most for your district?"

"Tar paper for roofs," Miss F— replied promptly. "The people are coming back. They're living, whole families, in a single room, and the roofs are all gone. Did you bring the needles and thread?" she asked. "The people have nothing left to sew with—they haven't combs or hairpins."

Throughout this district, milk-dispensaries and soup-kitchens have been established in the midst of the ruins.

The work is done by the people themselves, who are paid for their labor. They are shown how to make the soup, and to keep the records. Life is starting again for them.

At Torre di Mosta we stopped before the town hall, which houses the Red Cross workers for this district. Before the door was a group of women waiting for clothing. One woman, swinging a brace of wild ducks in her hand, was going in to trade them for clothes. Things, you see, have been reduced to a trading basis—women bring in fish, eggs and some vegetables, in exchange for extra milk and lard or other household necessities which they have not known since the war.

I looked at the little crowd before me. The women's dresses were made of blankets. So were the clothes of the men and the children. Every scrap of old blanket left on Austrian dump heaps had been salvaged and used.

Everywhere in Europe there is lack of the elementary necessities of life—but in this invaded land nothing is left. The houses were stripped of everything, even the windows and doors are gone—the Austrians took them. Every stick of furniture is gone—beds, tables, chairs. The Austrians looted at leisure, and they left nothing behind.

They took the Italian woman's treasure—her linen. From the time a girl begins to grow up in Italy, she accumulates her trousseau, piece by piece—linen, sheets and towels, knitted counterpanes, her personal linen. Indeed, there are few families so poor they will not have a supply of linen sheets. The Austrians requisitioned these. There is no linen left in the whole province of Veneto. They even took the layettes of the new babies. They left, in the whole district, neither pig nor cow nor ox. This last act of depredation struck a mortal blow at next year's food supply, as the cows and oxen are used for plowing. Even the cooking utensils were not spared.

When they went, they left desolation behind them. The heart of life had stopped beating. People no longer bought or sold since there was nothing to buy or to sell. Nothing was being made, neither clothes nor shoes, nor any of the things in the world people need—for there was nothing from which to make anything.

The people lived more miserably than the Belgians. The Austrian army was poor and lived, in part, on the land. The food of all the people was requisitioned. They could not use the grain which they raised on their own farms, and the rations allowed them consisted of a small amount of cornmeal each day. So people went out at night and stole food from their own fields. In Torre di Mosta the priest had the great church lanterns, large enough to hold, between them, half a quintal, filled secretly with grain for his people. And when he said mass, his eyes were ever on the lanterns for fear that they might fall upon the praying congregation. The people suffered slow starvation; everyone was hungry, the invaders and the invaded alike.

The people had to buy their rations and were often robbed of them by the Austrian soldiers. There is a story of a woman who came into town to buy her cornmeal for herself and her children. On the way back some Austrian

soldiers took the food. She returned to the town and sold her wedding-ring to buy more meal. As she passed a bridge she was again waylaid by two soldiers who stole her food. She said to them:

"I cannot go back and see my children starve." She waited a moment while they stared uncomprehendingly at her. And then, deliberately, she turned and walked to the middle of the bridge and threw herself into the swiftly running river. There are many stories like this to be heard in Veneto.

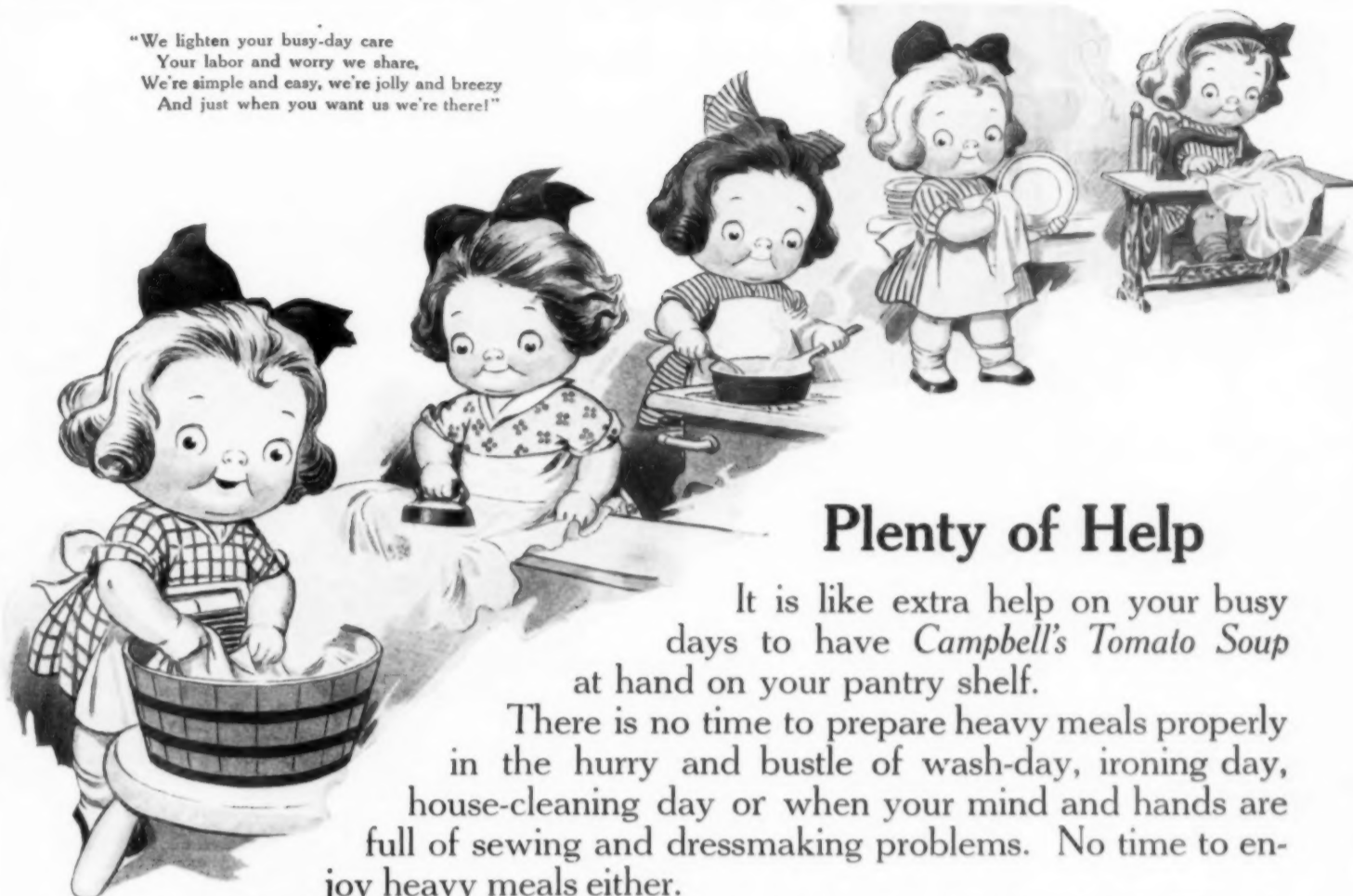
Then the war stopped. The enemy withdrew. But life could not begin again. Hunger and despair and sickness had robbed the people of any initiative. This is the story of how help came to Torre di Mosta, as the maid in the Municipio told it to me.

"Signora," she said, "we had lost hope. We had no food. The fever had eaten us. We had had no medicine for a year. We had nothing. We walked about or sat in our empty

[Continued on page 78]



"We lighten your busy-day care  
Your labor and worry we share,  
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And just when you want us we're there!"



## Plenty of Help

It is like extra help on your busy days to have *Campbell's Tomato Soup* at hand on your pantry shelf.

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*You can also add boiled rice* or noodles

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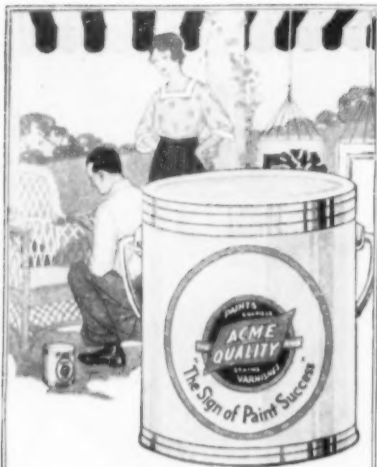
Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
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For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnish, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.



# The House the Girls Built

By Mary Gordon Page



**G**IRLS and problems have gone together since there were any of either—and problems always need solving.

Mary Gordon Page is still building her House of Life. In the construction, she has bruised an inspirational thumb and tumbled from a dream-made ladder, as you are doing. Come into the warm circle of her firelight. I am happy to invite you to The House the Girls Built.

The Editor.

It has meant even more to us than we dreamed in that June sunset when we planned it—

between tracking fresh paint and swinging out of a window was one of frequent recurrence. Mashed thumbs and lost nails are not worth mentioning in this chronicle of building, though at first even they seemed important.

The work was far along when The House the Girls Built left off being merely a cabin that was a problem, and became an achievement, a refuge and a joy. It has remained all that, and has become something besides; for nothing, I think, is ever just what it started out to be.

It either becomes a great deal more, or a great deal less. Our cabin has become to us a symbol. It is to us a thing apart from the world of petty frictions. Here we may forget the past annoyances that hinder, the struggles and the worries—the pebbles that hurt but do not injure our feet as we trudge or skip along life's road.

All this sounds very personal. It is personal. The reason for telling it here, is because it is to this very house, built by a group of girls who, hammering away at a cabin high on a hill, were at the same time building their House of Life, that the problems of the girls who go to McCall's Magazine for advice will be taken. There are many of these girls, more than anyone who has not seen the editor's mail would dream. For a while she answered the letters personally, but when the pile became too high, she decided to have them answered in the magazine, and asked me to do it. I think I can do no wiser thing than to take these problems, as I have so many of my own, to The House the Girls Built, to be considered by the builders who still gather there. One of them, I may not tell you which, is the editor of McCall's Magazine. Two are writers. The group is completed with an artist, a social worker, and a business girl who now comes from her own happy fire-side to be with us. Each has her feet firmly set on some steep up-trail that to her means life. We shall discuss the questions, little and big, practical and ideal, which come to this department just as though they were our own. Indeed they are our own, or have been, or will be, for there is not much in life that touches one person and not another. It is largely a matter of the place on the road one happens to be.

When I go to my porch-bed after one of these discussions with the firelight playing on the rafters—the rafters we had so hard a time in placing and making fast, or the moonbeams streaming through the window, which magically at the last minute came square with the house, I lie thinking of the wonderful hour we have had, dragging from the corners of our minds the little hidden thoughts and dreams, or the dreams that seemed too filmy ever to get into words, to say nothing of the possibility of trying to make them come true. Surely there is no better thing for any of us than to submit our problems to Margaret's practical idealism, and Olga's subtlety, to Jane's superb talent for impartial investigation, to Helen's insight, to the vivid colorful light that Anne has a way of flashing, and to the beauty of mind and spirit that is Wilma's. Sometimes, too, there is a wise guest who interposes a word, and sets us thinking afresh, for The House the Girls Built has always an open door.

**I**T is not a large house—just a spacious cabin high on the hillside, with a tangle of ferns and bushes and trees behind it, but cleared away in front that the view of the road, and the river and the village, and the lights of the city across the bay may not be lost.

In the village two miles away our cabin is called The House the Girls Built. By this name, we are told, it is pointed out from train windows to tourists and vacationists whizzing past to the fashionable resorts further up in the hills. Even among ourselves, the name has clung since we first heard it, and came to know the way the cabin was regarded among our neighbors. That Saturday morning, Anne and I, our suit-cases too heavy with shingles for long carrying—we had planned to mend the leak in the roof that day—had taken the short cut from the station instead of following our usual custom of going by the road which winds in a gradual grade until it branches into the steep, almost straight-up path that leads to the front door.

Further up the trail were two men whose voices floated back to us. "Yes, that's a good location. Fine view. Best around here. But I know you couldn't get that place, not even for the week or so you'll want to stay over here. It's The House the Girls Built, you know. Guess they'll never get it done. A real carpenter could have built a town and forgotten it in the time they've been at that—"

Which is true, of course. But if a real carpenter had built our cabin it could never be to us what it is. I wish that I could make you see it; not that it is anything really to see, but just because we did it. Outside it is as I have told you, a spacious, weather-browned cabin. Within, the chief part of the house is a large room of many windows, and huge fireplace around which we gather very often during the year. The house was begun five years ago. Since that first summer when we spent not only our vacations but every other available hour as well, cleaning, sawing, hammering and nailing, it has been a livable cabin. That we still work on it is, I think, a matter of course. We were all too busy at other things to get the definite, technical instruction that would have hurried the work along in the first place. Then, too, it is a house to which things happen. The wind that carried away the canvas on the sleeping porch almost as soon as it was done, took also, a part of the supporting framework. An uncounted-on sinking threw the door frames out of plumb, and the remedying took time. And accident and calamity aside, the place means too much to us ever to be a completed thing. There will always be something to be added—a new need to be met. Wasn't the unfinished window in Aladdin's palace the making of the place from the human interest standpoint?

The way our cabin came to be is this: Anne and Margaret and Helen and Olga and Jane and Wilma and I were spending

a June Sunday in the hills. We made camp for lunch beside the river, and in the afternoon explored the woods until we came to the spot, which satisfied us all, to sit and talk out the problem that was uppermost in our minds. How were we to spend our vacations in order to get from them the greatest amount of joy and inspiration?

"If I might stay right here, I wouldn't ask for anything better," Wilma said.

"Wouldn't it be delightful to have a place like the one we passed down the road, only different, as ours would be; have it to come to whenever we wished, and to know that it was here when we needed it?" I was castle-building.

"Why couldn't we?" Jane asked in the tone of an impartial investigator.

"Just the all-round impossibility," Wilma said wistfully. "Money, chiefly. Don't you hate it?"

Impossibility is a word that always puts Margaret on her mettle. She sat up. "It isn't impossible at all. A house is just the idea, and then a bit of ground to build on, and lumber and hammers and nails, and effort and time—"

"We can do all the work ourselves," Anne clinched the matter.

**A**ND we have done the work ourselves, except a few crucial things which required expert knowledge and skill. For instance, our best efforts failed to secure a dry house, until we called in professional aid, and learned that Jane's method of setting shingles was wrong.

During the years that we have had our cabin, going to it singly for a bit of peace-bringing solitude, or in couples for confidence, or in groups for gaiety and companionship, it has meant even more to us than we dreamed in that June sunset when we planned it and the thing was done all but the doing. Something that was all our own, and that we achieved out of ourselves, it has been to us an all-year-round vacation place. There we have rested and worked and played, and there we have threshed out many problems.

The building of the house was the first of these. We pooled the money we had meant to spend on vacations, and bought the necessary bit of ground, and the lumber. That, at the time, seemed the accomplishing of a huge part of our enterprise; but in backward look and in the light of the things that came after it, diminishes into microscopic proportions. The clearing of the ground, the laying of joists, the setting up of studding, the placing of door and window frames, the getting them square with themselves and with the house, which notwithstanding long days of work and mathematical calculation they had a baffling way of proving not to be at the last minute—all these things tested our brains and muscles and enthusiasm. Times without number we built ourselves in, and had to tear away a part of the work in order to get out. When the floor-painting stage arrived, the choice





THERE'S fun in getting the little hands dirty sometimes; and there's a lot of fun in getting them clean with

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# Every Mother—Every Baby

Making Ready for the New Member

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City



**T**O be well born is the right of every baby. It is conceivable that there might be some reason for a baby's becoming sick after birth but there is no excuse for a mother who has failed to give her child a fair chance at the start.

Of every hundred babies who die under one year of age, forty die in the first month from conditions which are dependent upon the health of the mother before the birth of the baby. All baby-saving methods are simple. Given half a chance, any baby will live. The road to success lies midway between overcare and neglect.

There are certain items which every mother must consider regarding the care of her own health before the baby comes. Clothing is always an important question. The main things to remember are that it should be warm and loose and hung from the shoulders. There are many types of charming maternity gowns. Most of them are made in one piece, shirred around the waist with a very flexible elastic band. These keep their shape well, the skirt remains at the same level from the ground and they can be made in so many different styles that beauty need not be sacrificed. A well-fitted corset is perfectly permissible during the early months, and even later, if it is especially made. Comfortable shoes with broad toes and low heels are necessary and valuable.

Just at this time, when one is building for two, the appetite must receive careful consideration. One must remember that nothing that is known to be indigestible should be eaten. Otherwise, food should be about the same kind the mother is normally accustomed to. It would be well not to eat meat more than once a day, with plenty of fresh vegetables, eggs and simple desserts. Coffee and tea are all right in moderation, which means not more than one cup of coffee or two cups of tea a day. In order to satisfy the appetite, it is well to have five or six smaller meals during the course of the day rather than three large ones. Milk should be taken freely and plenty of water is absolutely essential—not less than six to eight glasses a day. See that the bowels are kept open and pay especial attention to the condition of the teeth. They are particularly liable to decay during this period.

It is better to take the daily bath in the morning, in the form of a tepid sponge, followed by cooler water. Very hot tub baths or prolonged tub baths are not advised although there should be a warm tub bath a week, preferably at night.

Common sense has to be used in the matter of exercise. For every person there is no better form than walking. Take a short walk at least twice a day, always stopping before getting tired. The distance can be gradually increased until the walks are from twenty minutes to half an hour long. It is not wise to extend them beyond that period. The free movement of ordinary light housework is excellent for all-around development but there should be no lifting, no straining or use of the sewing-machine. Horseback riding, tennis, ocean bathing or violent exercise of that nature should be strictly prohibited. In the later months,

even such mild exercise as walking is difficult, but the fresh air is needed just as much as ever. Sewing or a book may be taken on the porch, where the mother may sit in an easy chair for the greater part of pleasant days.

Fresh air is the cheapest health-giver we have and one of the most neglected. There cannot be too much of it. If one has not been accustomed to sleeping with windows open, the habit should be commenced as soon as the expectant mother finds that she is to be responsible for a new human being.

The new mother must understand the necessity of mental poise. The old idea that babies could be marked if the mother was subjected to sudden fright has long since been relegated to the class of fairy-tales. When it occurs it is only a coincidence. There is another way, however, that a mother may mark her baby just as seriously, if not so apparently—when she endows the new little son or daughter with an undernourished body or an unstable nervous system.

**W**ORRY causes a lowering of all the vital forces and a consequent inability to properly nourish the body. Many babies' nervous systems are almost beyond repair when they are born, and the hundreds of babies who succumb to what is called "inanition" or lack of vitality soon after birth are simply the victims of fretting mothers. Here that much neglected person—the father—can

surrounds it and its mother should be equally normal and calm and free from everything but joy in the new life to come.

Babyhood is the one time of life when the best is none too good. Select the best room in the house for him—the one that has the most fresh air and sunshine and is easiest to keep clean. The keynote of baby care is always simplicity—simplicity in surroundings, in clothing and in care. The nursery which is painted and furnished in hospital white is fortunately going out of style, for nothing could be much worse. Babies need soft, subdued colors, such as tans or dull greens, and there should be no glittering surface to reflect the light and injure the child's eyesight. A simple room with plain board floor, the crib, a table, two shelves for the nursery accessories, a low chair without arms, a screen with washable panels, two or three small cotton rugs, and muslin curtains at the windows, all in soft tones, with dark as well as light window-shades, will make a nursery that is not only proper from a sanitary point of view but one which will also furnish the best surroundings for the baby when it begins to notice that it is living in a real world.

**T**HE temperature of the nursery should be kept at from sixty-six to sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit in the daytime and from fifty-eight to sixty degrees at night. A good way to determine this is to have the thermometer hung over the head of the baby's crib. The best system of heating is by an open fireplace and the next the steam radiator. Gas stoves should never be used.

All the clothing that is prepared for the baby should be made as simple as possible, without trimming. Overdressing, both from the point of view of adornment and amount, is far more unhealthful than underdressing. The baby needs very few clothes, and these should be easily put on and off.

The bassinet should be made for the baby's ease, not for the mother's desire for beauty. It may be a clothesbasket or a box lined with some soft, well padded material around the edges, with yielding folds of padding or a well-made hair mattress for the basis. Then, with soft cotton sheets and light-weight blankets, the comfort and safety of the baby may be assured.

Just as mental calm and freedom from worry are important for the mother, so absence of nervous shock

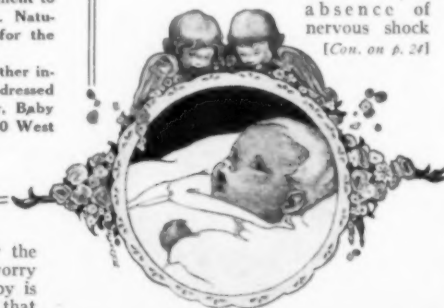
[Con. on p. 24]

**DR. BAKER** has anticipated some of your wants for your son- or daughter-to-be. She knew you would wish for only the right kind of clothing and the very simplest and best equipment for the nursery, so she has prepared complete lists which every mother may have for the asking.

Dr. Baker will also answer questions pertinent to hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease. Naturally, she cannot diagnose or prescribe for the individual.

When you write for either the lists or other information be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

help. He can see to it that not only the physical care is provided but that all worry is banished, for the coming of the baby is a very normal process and everything that





# Bon Ami

re-news  
white shoes—

**I** FIND that my white shoes will stay new-looking if I always clean them with Bon Ami.

Bon Ami doesn't paint over the dirt on white shoes and fill up the seams—it *removes* the grime and the stains, and uncovers the *original* whiteness so that the shoes look like new.

When the original whiteness finally does wear off, the regular white dressing will improve them. But even then they should always be cleaned first with Bon Ami. For white canvas, cloth, and all white leathers except kid.

Made in both cake and  
powder form

"Hasn't scratched yet!"





## Don't "borrow or steal" because your prettiest things are soiled!

You can have your favorite things fresh again at an hour's notice

"GOOD gracious, Barbara," cried Eloise, hanging up the receiver. "Bob wants to motor us to the club for tea and you absolutely haven't a thing to put on."

"Don't worry, my dear," said Barbara; "I'll be ready!"

Within an hour, before the other girls had finished prinking, in walked Barbara looking the most spic and span of any of them—with the freshest of dainty blouses, the most gleaming of pale silk stockings and the snowiest of silk gloves.

"For goodness sake, Barbara! How did you do it?" asked the girls.

"Lux," replied Barbara. "Lux and foresight".

"Foresight! you!"

"Yes," said Barbara solemnly, "I have true foresight. I always keep a box of Lux on the bathroom shelf. Then if my very prettiest

blouse or collar or camisole happens to be soiled when I get a bid to go somewhere, I don't just borrow something any more. I toss it into a bowlful of Lux suds and make it fresh in a minute. Also, angel children, Lux makes your things *stay pretty*. They don't get all yellow and faded the way such things do in the laundry."

### Delicate, transparent flakes

Lux is as delicate as the things it launders. It comes in white transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whip up into the purest cleansing lather.

Anything that water won't injure, you can trust to the rich Lux suds.

After you once use Lux, you'll never be without it on your bathroom shelf. Lux will enable you to freshen up collars and cuffs, gloves, a thousand little things, even blouses, at a moment's notice.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### To wash silk blouses

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very *hot* water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip your blouse through the foamy lather many times. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Georgette crêpe blouses should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as they are ironed.

### LUX LAUNDERS ALL OF THESE IN A TRICE:

Lace Collars  
Lace Jabots  
Washable Satin  
Collars and Cuffs  
Organdy Collars  
and Cuffs

Sweaters  
Silk Underwear  
Silk Stockings  
Washable Gloves  
Washable Satin Skirts  
and Petticoats

Georgette Blouses  
Washable Satin Blouses  
Organdy Blouses  
Crêpe de Chine Blouses  
Corsets  
Spats



There is nothing for fine laundering like Lux



# The Charm of Magicus

By Sidney Baldwin

DECORATION BY BARBARA HALE

**SCENE:** A grassy woodland clearing, encircled with bushes and trees. Birds are singing; crickets are chirping; squirrels are chattering.

A little elf comes in with a hippety-hop. He examines the bark of the trees; he kicks the fallen leaves about; he runs his fingers through the grass; finally he kneels down and begins to dig with a stick. He does not notice Knob-o'-green, another elf, who has been hiding behind a bush.

Knob-o'-green.—Hello! (no answer). Hello! What are you doing?

Ring-o'-rose (looking over his shoulder).—Digging!

Knob.—What for?

Ring.—For an herb!

Knob.—What herb?

Ring.—The herb for the queen, of course!

What other herb is needed in fairy-land now?

Knob.—What herb for the queen?

Ring-o'-rose goes on digging without answering. Knob-o'-green tries to get in his way to make him stop.

Ring.—Go away!

Knob-o'-green sits down, facing Ring-o'-rose, and hugs his knees.

Knob.—What herb?

Ring-o'-rose sits on his heels, angry, then sees that Knob is in earnest.

Ring.—Don't you really know?

Knob.—Know what? I have been gone from elf-land ever since—ever since—well, it was full moon when I left. I've been taking charge of the spiders. They were making a mess of things, and so the queen—

Ring.—The queen! Was that before—?

Knob.—Before what? What is the matter with you? What has happened to the queen? What? What?

Ring.—Full moon! Yes, it has happened since that.

Knob.—What has happened, and what is the herb for? What? What?

Ring.—Our beloved queen is enchanted!

Knob.—Enchanted! Our queen?

Ring.—Since old moon she has not eaten nor drunk nor sung nor danced, and all the affairs of elf-land are at sixes and sevens. Nobody has any work to do any more, and all the elves are growing so careless and untidy—it is dreadful to see! Scruntious is trying to rule, but he is no good at all! The wisest magicians in elf-land have all been studying the case; at last, we sent a message to the master of them all!

Knob.—Not Magicus himself!

Ring (nodding).—The answer came back in a snail shell:

Elves of elf-land, list to me—  
Here is thy queen's remedy:  
White as snow, new fallen, lies;  
Soft as fairy lullabies;  
Sweet as rose-leaf perfume, rare;  
Light as thistle-down in air.  
Elves of elf-land, list to me—  
This will be her remedy.

Knob.—But what can it be?

Ring.—That is just what none of us know! I think it must be an herb, and that is what I am looking for. White and soft and sweet and light—(goes on digging).

Knob.—I must hurry back and report to the queen.

Ring.—Much good your reporting will do you! She will only lie there too weak even to lift her head. If something is not done soon I don't know what will happen to us!

Knob-o'-green skips away. Ring-o'-rose goes on digging. He hears something strange, so runs and crouches behind a bush. From the distance comes the sound of children's voices. Five little girls soon appear, singing.

MABEL.—Isn't this just a perfect fairy place? Let's finish our garlands here!

The girls sit down, and weave garlands out of the flowers they carry in their baskets.

NORA.—This is the loveliest wood in the world! I know there are fairies here.

DOROTHY.—Did you ever see a fairy?

MABEL.—I never saw one but—

DOROTHY (interrupting).—Neither did I; I don't believe there are any!

The other girls are shocked. Ring-o'-rose is very angry.

ELISE.—How can you say such an awful thing, right here where they live?

NORA.—If there aren't fairies, who paints the flowers?

MABEL.—Or who opens the chestnuts?

Ring-o'-rose feels better; he grins and rubs his hands together.

ELISE.—Oh, the elves take care of the nuts!

DOROTHY.—What is the difference between elves and fairies?

ELISE.—The work they do. Fairies are the flower gardeners; they paint the sunset and wash the trees with rain drops and all that sort of work; but elves do the ground work like nuts and berries, and thawing out the frozen brooks, and things like that!

MABEL.—You know a lot about them.

ELISE.—My father told me. They tell him what to put in books!

DOROTHY.—Well, of course, I know there are fairies as well as you do! My garland is finished!

THE OTHERS.—So is mine; and mine; and mine.

MABEL.—I can almost hear fairy music! What a lovely place to dance!

Music begins. Mabel dances, at first alone, then with Dorothy; the others join them. Ring-o'-rose enjoys it. The dance finishes.

KATHERINE.—If we don't go now, we'll be late.

ELISE.—All right. Come on girls!

Mabel runs across the clearing to get a long vine hanging from one of the trees. The other girls leave, unnoticed by her. When she finds herself alone she calls, Oh, wait for me, and runs after them, leaving her basket. Ring-o'-rose combs out and capers in great glee, chanting:

White as snow,  
Soft as lullabies,  
Sweet as rose-leaves,  
Light as thistle-down.

Herbs indeed! Herbs! I know the magic charm. But how can I get her?

(He runs to a near-by tree and knocks on the bark.) Dryad, Dryad, come out! (The trunk of the tree opens and a dryad appears.)

DYAD.—What can I do for you, elf?

Ring.—Sing me a song that will coax one of those mortals back again!

DYAD.—Why do you want her?

Ring.—For no harm. I think perhaps she will help me cure our queen. Oh hurry—before she goes too far to hear!

DYAD.—To help your queen I will sing gladly! (She runs to the other trees.) Sisters, sisters, come out! (The trunks open and dryads appear.) Let's sing for the elf!

The dryads dance slowly and sing to the music of Schubert's Serenade:

From the forests dryads murmur,  
Murmur 'mong the trees,  
And the zephyrs gently blowing  
Drift it on the breeze.  
Where the brooklet's shimmering water  
Ripples soft along,  
Come and sleep, in dreamless slumber,  
Listening to our song.

They disappear as Mabel enters.

MABEL.—I have forgotten my basket. How lovely and quiet it is here. I am going to sit down a minute. I can easily catch the others. I—am—so sleepy. (She slowly falls asleep. The dryads nod to each other happily. Ring-o'-rose capers about.)

Ring.—Thank you, dryads. I'll do as much for you, some day. Now we'll see if I have guessed right. But she mustn't be seen, yet. One more favor, gentle dryads! (He takes boughs from their trees and covers Mabel.)

Ring.—When they hold revel here tonight, I'll wake her up!

The dryads hide behind bushes and trees as music sounds in the distance; it grows louder. Ring runs away. A procession enters, led by tiny elves who form a circle and sit down hugging their knees. Larger elves enter, marching two by two; they form a line on each side of the clearing. Six very large elves appear, carrying a sedan-throne on which the queen reclines. She is listless and inattentive. Her attendants follow, carrying a bowl, a white bearskin rug, silken cushions, and baskets of fruit. Some frolicsome elves appear. Last of all stalks a very pompous elf—Scruntious. The throne is put down in the center—back of the clearing. Ring-o'-rose and Knob-o'-green come in on tiptoe.

Scruntious advances to the throne. He hems and haws and finally stammers—I think—well—it seems to me—that is—perhaps—the revels had better begin!

All elves straighten up. The bowl-bearer approaches the throne and kneels.

ELF.—Will your majesty partake of this mead and honey?

The elves bend forward with their hands behind their ears to catch the queen's response; all sigh when she refuses.

SCRUNTIOUS.—It seems to me—I think—after all—you had better take it away.

The elf retires with his bowl; another approaches with a basket of fruit.

ELF.—Will your majesty taste this fruit which was sent you from your garden?

As before, the elves listen eagerly and sigh at her refusal.

SCRUNTIOUS (to elf).—You had better—that is—if you can offer—oh, go away!

The elf goes back to his place.

SCRUNTIOUS.—Would your majesty like her rug—or her perfume—or anything else? (The queen shakes her head, listlessly.) Then perhaps the revels had better begin.

The elves forming the circle give a brisk little dance, then sit down again. There is a stupid pause. The frolicsome elves giggle or yawn.

SCRUNTIOUS.—Perhaps we had better sing!

All the elves begin very solemnly to sing a song in a monotone. The queen stops them with a gesture at the end of the second line.

Knob-o'-green.—Well, this isn't my idea of a revel!

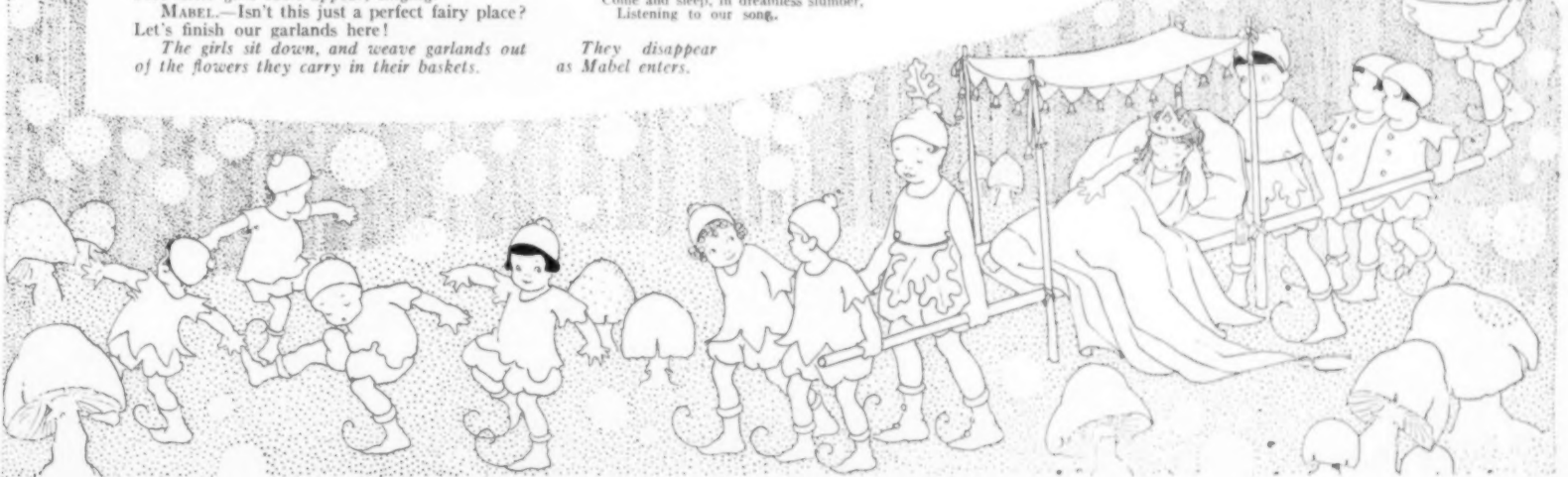
SCRUNTIOUS.—Who said that? (The elves point him out.) Come forth!

Knob-o'-green advances and kneels before the throne.

SCRUNTIOUS.—All that has been done—has been done. How dare you! Have—have you a charm to offer?

Knob.—I have just returned from a task set me

[Continued on page 50]





## Make Your Hair Beautiful

Many women do not realize how easy it is to have pretty hair. Soft, lustrous, thick hair means so much to a woman's beauty.

It is seldom a matter of chance—simply the result of careful treatment, though it takes so little time and pays so richly in increased beauty.

Give your hair a good, refreshing, stimulating bath every week with

**Q-ban**  
TRADE MARK  
Liquid Shampoo

a well-balanced, daintily perfumed shampoo which leaves just enough natural oil in the hair to give it that exquisite gloss so suggestive of complete cleanliness and health.

### Q-ban Hair Tonic

nourishes the scalp like rich milk nourishes the body—preserves the soft lustre and prevents the hair from falling out. Stops all itching and irritation of the scalp—absolutely cures dandruff.

### For Hair Health and Beauty

Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap - \$.25  
Q-ban Liquid Shampoo - .50  
Q-ban Hair Tonic - \$.50—1.00  
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For sale at all drug stores and wherever toilet goods are sold.

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There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Our booklet will show you how to get the best results. Comes in every Q-ban package—or we will gladly send you a copy if you'll write.



Study your silhouette



WITH the return of our army from overseas, thousands of little war-brides are setting out to buy their linens. And housewives everywhere, who have been waiting until "after the war" to replenish their linen closets, are wondering how much longer they must wait until prices go back to somewhere near their old mark. However, when you stop to think that for four years the factories in the war-stricken countries from which most of our linens came have been either lying idle for lack of workers, or used by their governments for war work, you will realize how long it will take to build up this tremendous industry. It will be a question of years at best, and many men in the business seem loath to admit the possibility of prices being lowered even then.

So if you need linens, the best thing to do is buy them now. To be sure, prices are high, but so are the prices of clothing, food, and most everything else. Linens last for such a long time that it always pays to buy the best you can afford.

Most girls start out to purchase their linens with carefully made up lists of what they need, think they need, or would like to have, which lists naturally differ according to the size of the purse and scale of living. Even experienced housekeepers who live on much the same plane have different ideas of what a linen closet should contain. But it is necessary to have a working basis, and the list given below represents a conservative yet complete supply of linens for the average girl starting to keep house.

- 1 Dozen Face Towels
- 1 Dozen Bath Towels
- 1 Dozen Guest Towels
- 1 Dozen Wash Cloths
- 1 Bath Mat
- 8 Sheets
- 8 Pillow Cases
- 3 Tablecloths 2 yards by 2 yards
- 1 Tablecloth 2 yards by 2½ yards
- 2 Tea Cloths 36 inches square
- 3 Luncheon Sets
- 1 Dozen Dinner Napkins
- 1 Dozen Tea Napkins
- 1 Dozen Hemstitched Breakfast Napkins
- 3 Tray Cloths
- 1 Dozen Dish Towels
- 1 Dozen Glass Towels

One can always count on gifts of odd doilies and perhaps a boudoir pillow or two to add to these essentials.

HEMSTITCHED face towels in a good quality of linen cost anywhere from twelve to eighteen dollars a dozen. However, a fine cotton huckaback is a satisfactory substitute, for it wears well and costs only one-half as much. The addition of a simple monogram in white, rose or blue will add an individual touch.

First of all, decide upon one color for your bathroom and then stick to it consistently, thus avoiding the painful combination of pink-edged wash cloths hanging beside blue monogrammed face towels and yellow-bordered bath towels!

The most exclusive shops in New York favor plain white bath towels, counting on the monogram to supply the note of color. Be sure to get a large enough size, for is there anything more uncomfortable than trying to find a "dry spot" on a small bath towel that is saturated with water?

is extremely important for the baby. Because he has no way of making his wants known, we have all frequently assumed that the baby did not mind loud talking or excitement or unusual noise, but the nervous system of a baby is an extremely delicate and frail thing and the constant receiving of impressions of this kind is apt to mean the beginning of an unstable nervous system which will be a burden all through life. Quiet, next to fresh air, is

## Linen Lore

By Lillian Clarin

Illustrations by Ruth Clement Farrell

Excellent bath towels can be obtained for twelve dollars a dozen. Cross-stitch designs are most satisfactory for monograms, as it is difficult to do solid work on rough bath towels.

If your taste runs to fancy linens, the guest towels offer attractive possibilities. Little hand-scalloped edges and a spray or two of embroidery give a dainty touch to the bathroom. However, do not make them too elaborate, for guests may not care to dry their faces on garlands of roses, or flocks of butterflies.

For wash cloths, buy plain white ones, and crochet picot edges around them. A pleasing way to mark them is with tiny cross-stitch initials in the corners.

A bath mat is an item which is sometimes overlooked, but it costs little and adds greatly to one's personal comfort. They come in a large variety of colors and cost about two dollars. See that they are light-weight enough to launder easily, yet heavy enough to prevent slipping.

IT takes all the courage that can be summoned to buy sheets these days, when the best cotton ones cost as much as we paid for linen ones a few years ago. Only the other day a salesman showed me imported cotton sheets at nine and a half dollars a pair! They were very handsome and looked exactly like linen, but I fear that most of us will have to be content with less expensive ones. Of course linen sheets are prohibitive at eighteen to twenty-two dollars a pair. One way for the fastidious woman to economize is to buy two pairs of fine hemstitched sheets for three dollars each, and two plain pairs for two dollars each, using the latter as the bottom sheets. Be sure to measure your bed before buying sheets for it, and get them long enough to tuck in. Remember that the size marked on a sheet usually represents the size "before hemming."

Linen pillow cases are not nearly as high in proportion as linen sheets, so it is possible for most anyone to have at least one pair. Two good ones can be bought for three dollars. Cotton cases cost about one dollar and thirty-five cents. Like sheets, they come in several sizes, and the pillows should always be measured.

Three tablecloths for daily use may not seem sufficient, but since luncheon sets are so popular for breakfast and home dinners as well, the careful housewife will not need more than three—at five or six dollars each. A larger cloth is needed on occasions when leaves are put in the table to accommodate guests. Here is an idea from one of my engaged friends which seems to be worth passing on. She bought two cloths (one small one and her "company" one) and a dozen napkins, all in the same pattern, so that her napkins match both cloths. A rich-looking pattern that is very popular now is a circular damask band four inches wide on a plain linen cloth. For a round or square table, the monogram is usually placed half-way between the center of the cloth and the edge of the table. This rule is elastic, however, as the pattern of a cloth frequently makes it desirable to place it differently. Two monograms are used for oblong or oval tables.

The twenty-seven-inch dinner napkins, so long considered correct, have been supplanted by the more practical twenty-four-inch ones, and are marked in the exact center rather than in the corner. This necessitates folding the napkin in thirds, to bring the monogram on top. A pretty panel effect is given by again folding the napkins lengthwise in



thirds. Nine dollars is a fair price for dinner napkins.

Every girl likes to picture herself gracefully presiding over a tea table, and the knowledge that all the appointments are flawless will help to develop this poise. A handsome tea cloth and napkins need not be beyond the range of anyone's purse, for a square of fine linen and some time spent crocheting filet lace corners will do wonders. The little napkins may also be used with luncheon sets, thus serving a double purpose. The whole set can be made for three dollars.

A most serviceable addition to your linens will be a hemstitched damask cloth a yard square, which costs about two dollars and a half. As occasion demands, this can serve as a tea cloth, a breakfast cloth, or a supper cloth for the after-theater spread. Napkins of this kind of material, fifteen inches square, are equally useful, as they, too, are adaptable. They range in price from four to six dollars.

Luncheon sets come in so many charming styles that it is hard to limit oneself to three sets. Aside from the popular Madeira and Cluny lace sets, anyone with imagination can originate an endless variety of more unusual modes, to match the china or decorations. Square or oblong doilies of gray linen edged with fine lavender crocheted lace are beautiful and distinctive. Other combinations are equally effective. Yellow denim edged with rickrack braid makes a cheerful appearance on the dining table. The braid should be feather-stitched on the denim with blue or black silk, and a French knot placed in the center of each inside scallop.

FOR the girl whose means are too limited to buy good table linen, and who can not for some reason make the little sets suggested above, Japanese toweling solves the problem. Nothing could be daintier than table runners and napkins of this delightful fabric, which comes in a large range of colors and patterns, and costs only twenty-five cents a yard.

A few embroidered tray cloths in different sizes for serving-trays, bread trays and cake plates will come in handy.

Of course we must not overlook the kitchen towels! The dish towels should be heavy enough to absorb moisture readily, and it is cheaper to buy the toweling by the yard than already hemmed. You will have to pay forty cents a yard for both dish towels and cross-bar glass towels in a good quality of linen. Cotton ones are fifteen cents cheaper.

The possibilities of cretonnes, damasks and other decorative fabrics are being recognized more and more, for scarfs, table coverings and bedspreads. Not only do they require less laundering than the conventional white ones, but they have more character.

Be sure always to place your newly laundered linens at the bottom of the pile, so they will all be used in rotation. You will be rewarded by having them last twice as long as when stacked the usual way.



## Every Mother—Every Baby

[Continued from page 20]

essential for the new baby. The softly-darkened, well-ventilated room should also be a room to which no one but the mother or nurse and other members of the family are admitted. Little babies are not meant to receive visitors, except on rare occasions, and they never should be considered as a source of amusement, to be "shown off." The wise mother will realize there is a happy medium between over- and under-handling. The grave fault of over-handling

is often miscalled by many people by the wonderful name of "mothering."

Mothers almost always recognize their responsibility toward their babies. They must know that as well, they have an equal responsibility to their unborn babies and it is a simple thing to give a baby the right start in life. The directions which have just been given, if followed, may mean the difference between life and death for the new baby.



## *First impressions make lasting memories*

Most of us are apt to form opinions very quickly. On being introduced we unconsciously begin to measure up our likes and dislikes of the person before us. As a general rule it is not the voice, nor the hair, nor even the clothes that attract first attention,—it is the face. A faulty complexion therefore seldom creates favorable impressions,—yet many suffer severe injustices because their otherwise admirable personality is disfigured by a face that is subject to blemishes.

The soothing and healing ingredients of Resinol Soap are of the utmost value for reducing such disfigurements. Not only does it remove dust, dirt, and waste matter from the skin, but at the same time it benefits the skin cells, soothes irritation, and exerts a healing, tonic action which has in addition preventive powers that tend to keep the skin clear, soft and healthy. Hence for general toilet purposes Resinol Soap is most agreeable and beneficial.

Quicker results are generally obtained by first bathing the face with warm water and Resinol Soap, then rinsing with cold,—as cold as possible.

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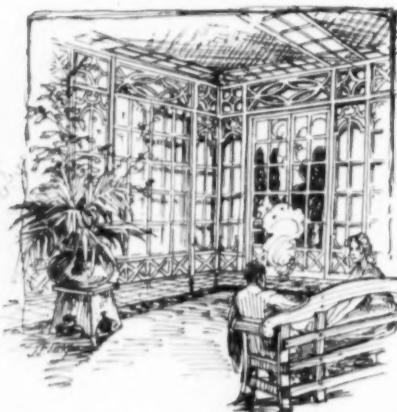
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## Cozy Corners in Your Own Back Yard

Where You May Lounge  
and Read or Do the  
Family Mending

By  
Corinne Updegraff Wells  
and  
John F. Jackson



A tempting spot in which to loiter

UNLESS some portion of your premises possesses that beauty and distinction which entitles it to the name of "garden," the grounds about your home have not been made to fulfil their possibilities. Because they are not pretentious is no argument against making the utmost of whatever space is available.

One of the simplest and most successful ways to lift an ordinary yard above the commonplace is to install a few appropriate pieces of picturesque garden furniture, grouping it un conventionally about some central decorative feature such as a tea-house, rose-arbor or pergola. Since garden furniture demands a suitable horticultural background, its introduction into the garden will stimulate interest in creating those charming settings which contribute so richly to the general effect of the landscape. Frequently a single settle, well placed, or a bench and chair or even an arbor or decorative trellis, properly situated and garnished, will make even a small plot with no claim to unusual beauty, most attractive and individual.

The whole art of arranging furniture out of doors lies in the ability to visualize the right thing in the right spot and to so place it among the trees and shrubs and flowers that it will appear to have grown up naturally amid its surroundings. When the grounds are spacious enough to permit of flower-bordered walks, garden furniture provides an obvious reason for their graceful rambling as they curve from pergola to settle and from settle to tea-house and so on through the garden, which may be laid out formally or informally. Whatever the arrangement, the furniture must be kept proportionate to the size of the plot; in keeping with the general surroundings and harmonious with the architectural style of the house.

THE tea-house and garden furniture illustrated in the accompanying drawings, can be easily made at home by anyone who is familiar with the use of hammer and saw. Even in these days of exorbitantly priced building materials, these models and others suggested by them can be made at comparatively trifling expense. Since much of the charm of this type of furniture depends upon its unconventionality, the amateur builder, after mastering the fundamentals of construction, will be able to individualize his garden by working out original and unique designs to meet its practical and esthetic requirements.

Whenever possible, it is advisable from an artistic standpoint, to strike some decorative key-note that will harmonize house and garden. If there is a porch opening from one into the other, this unity can be achieved by an interior trellis such as that shown in the drawing. Lattice will transform the most uninviting porch into a delightful summer living-room where house and garden merge.

While the interior trellis illustrated appears at first sight richly elaborate, it is not difficult to construct. The lumber used is white pine, since it takes paint well and does not show the grain. The main lines are of strips 7/8 inch by 1 1/2 inches. Where they cross at right angles they must be halved and bradded together. The ornamental strips at the top are to be sawn from 1/2-inch by 5-inch boards; 5 inches being just half of the pattern. In sawing, the best plan is to place the two boards together



Nestling back into a vine-covered pergola, a settle like this one lures on a drowsy Summer afternoon

and brad them through in places which are not to be sawn out. After drawing the design on heavy paper, cut it out and outline it in pencil on the boards. Use a good thin keyhole saw. The frame around the ornament must be sawn with the ornament itself so the entire panel can be placed within the rectangular spaces formed by the main frames. The same general directions apply to the vertical panels with the ornamental top and bottom. If one is not familiar with the use of tools, it is always possible to have the sawing done at a local mill.

The lattice work shown on the walls of the porch is made of 1/4-inch by 7/8-inch planed lath nailed together, one on top of the other. It is better to nail the vertical pieces on first and the horizontal pieces across over the top of them. The same directions cover the crisscross work at the bottom. The beam effect on the ceiling is made of 7/8-inch by 1 1/2-inch stuff for the outside lines of the frame and 3/4 inch by 3/4 inch for the inner lines. The diagonal lattice on the ceiling is made of 1/4-inch by 7/8-inch lath.

Under the pergola, the settle shown is of a type suggesting comfort and dignity. Being of ample dimensions, it requires a rather massive background and is more effective if the surroundings are of a semi-formal character. This piece is six feet long. The seat itself, is 14 inches above the floor. The back stands 30 inches high, and the ends are alike, 27 inches high. The



With this bench for a beginning an al fresco supper follows as the night the day



Made for roses and a tête-a-tête

top piece of the back is sawn from a board 12 inches wide by 1 3/8 inches thick and in one piece. The ends are sawn from a board of the same thickness but 10 inches wide. The slats at the back are 7/8 inch thick and 4 inches wide, as are the stringer pieces upon which the seat is placed. It will be noticed that the stringer pieces at the ends are carried through the arm ends and pegged with wooden pegs on both sides. The front stringer pieces are fastened to the back of the arm and nailed through from the end stringer pieces.

The slats forming the settle arms at the ends are made of 1 1/2-inch by 1 1/2-inch strips and are fastened through the ends by hardwood dowels. These dowels may be purchased ready-made at hardware stores. For this purpose 3/8-inch dowels are most satisfactory. The seat of the settle should be of lumber 1 1/2 inches thick and 2 feet wide. Fasten this to the stringer pieces at the ends and sides and run a stringer piece across the middle under the seat for nailing purposes and to stiffen the whole settle.

THE bench here illustrated stands 14 inches high. The top is made of two boards 10 inches wide and 1 3/4 inches thick. These should be doweled together with hard-wood dowels. The ornamental ends should be sawn from one piece if possible, the most practical size being 14 inches wide by 1 3/4 inches thick. Since this is a difficult piece of sawing, it might be more satisfactory to draw the pattern on a sheet of heavy paper and have the sawing done at the nearest mill. The stringer or truss under the bench is made of 1 1/2-inch by 4-inch stock. It is carried through the end pieces and pinned with wooden pins. If the bench is made of cypress or pine, paint it; if of oak or chestnut, finish with boiled linseed oil.

While the tea-house or rose-arbor is distinctly decorative, its construction is so simple that almost any boy can build it. The wood best adapted to the purpose is cypress or white pine, although any other soft wood which stands the weather well may be used. The foundation may be either flat stones upon which the vertical pieces rest, or a floor for the entire house made by laying hard red bricks on edge in a bed of sand or cinders. The vertical pieces are of 3-inch by 4-inch dressed lumber tied at the top of the door line by 7/8-inch by 4-inch boards. These boards also run across the ends. The sawn ends protrude beyond the front and back. The rafters require 5-inch by 7/8-inch boards. There must be at least three rafters and more if the garden house is to measure more than five feet in width. The slats on the top are 1/2-inch by 1 1/4-inch strips. These should extend over the rafters three inches both front and back.

The stringers upon which the seats are placed are made of boards 1 1/2 inches thick by 4 inches wide. These must be nailed securely to the 2-inch by 3-inch uprights. The seat board itself is 1 1/2 inches thick by 24 inches wide. Two boards will be required for the width. The boards forming the back of the seats are 7/8 inch by 4 inches wide and are nailed to the back of the 2-inch by 3-inch uprights. The balance of the lattice work is made of 1/2-inch by 1 1/2-inch slats. The horizontal pieces are nailed to the backs of the 2-inch by 3-inch uprights, while the vertical pieces are nailed to the face of the horizontal pieces.



go to heaven, but you can't cook. I hate a conscience like yours."

"French with chopped parsley is nice," said Dorcas, her head in the grain bin.

"It is Aunt Adeline that I am sorry for." He took the currycomb from the wall and waved her out of the way. "Now I will make this old party's toilet, unless it goes against your conscience to let me."

"It doesn't." She sank down on an overturned bucket as though it were good to stop. "You evidently know all about horses," she added admiringly as he struck currycomb and brush together with professional smartness.

"Something; I have worked around race-tracks. And I was once a piano polisher for three months. He will have a fine mahogany grain when I get through with him."

Her rush of laughter was comforting, cheering. "It isn't kind to say 'grain' before him," she objected. "He gets so little, poor dear. Poly really leads a dreadfully dull life. Aunt Adeline won't drive with him any longer, because he stumbles. I often wish I could take the papers out to him, and let him go to church or the movies."

"Youth, youth!" He sighed over her. "Bed and board and nothing to do would seem like heaven to a good many people. I traveled with a circus once—"

"What!"

"Oh, as ticket-chopper, not as performer. And in my youthfulness, I asked the Fat Lady if she didn't get bored, everlastingly sitting on a platform in a red velvet dress. All she said was, 'Gord, kid, you never went out charring!' It taught me a lot. I used to think of it when I was a deck-hand on a New Zealand freighter."

Dorcas studied him for evidence of joking. "Would you mind telling me something you haven't been?"

"I should have to think." He was going down the patient old legs with a sense of pleasure. There was something in the mellow brownness of the barn, the smell of horse, the direct friendliness of the girl, that felt home-like. Not as his own home used to feel, for that had been stupidly austere, but as the vision had presented itself to his lonely eyes in far corners of the earth. "Clergyman, of course—though I have read the burial service more than once. I have been a doctor any number of times. I have never been in jail," he added proudly. "Many of my old friends couldn't say that."

"Oh, you make me want to go, to get out!" she exclaimed. "I never met anyone who had been in jail. I worked in Cousin Stephen's bank one winter—that was the most exciting thing I ever did. I have never seen anything but Brewster."

"Well, if you have really seen Brewster—There was a scientific fellow who took up a square yard of jungle and analyzed it, and he found in it evidence of a thousand forms of life. There's your Brewster."

She was rather scornful. "Oh, I dare say! We have death here, and sin—there is always poor old Uncle Fred Lawlor—and love and babies and work. But I want to see Fujiyama! And the 'arrowy Rhone!' And Piccadilly! A square yard of Brewster will never keep you, Cousin Gideon. Oh, you will go back."

"No. I'm tired. I'm through."

"For the moment. But presently some old friend will telegraph, 'Come and climb the Himalayas with me,' and you will pack up and run. You can't throw over all your past."

That was exactly what Tony would have done—cabled some absurd proposition, and he would have been off by the next boat. Tony had been such good company that Gideon had let other companionship go. And now there was no Tony. The wound never closed.

"I can do without my past," he said shortly.

If she saw that she had hurt him, she gave no sign. She seemed to be thinking over his past, her cheek on her clasped hands.

"I have wondered about you always," she confessed. "You were so nice to me—and little girls adore big boys who make jokes for them. The year after you went, I made you a beautiful Christmas present. It was six brown blotters fastened together by gold ribbon and decorated with gold

## The Glory

[Continued from page 7]

paint. I think you would have admired it very much."

"I should say so. Why didn't you send it?"

"Aunt Adeline wouldn't let me."

"She was quite right." He spoke with amused understanding. "One kind word or a sign of friendliness, and I would probably have come bolting home like an undesirable pup."

Dorcas was not amused. "Ah, I wish I had sent it!" Her brow had darkened.

### A NEW-DEAL CONTEST

**SUPPOSE** you could have a second chance; a chance to live a part of your life over again; a chance to do the things that were left undone, and undo some of the things that were done.

In September, about 650,000 boys and girls will enter high school; 100,000 young men and women will matriculate at universities, colleges and normal schools. Two, five, ten, twenty years ago you were one of them, and, in these years between, haven't you said: "I wish I could live my school life over again; how much more I would get out of it!"

**Why?**

What was out of joint? The curriculum? The attitude of the faculty toward the students, or the students toward the faculty? Your attitude toward your work?

Did you "specialize" too little or too much in a particular line of study? Or in athletics? Society? Student politics?

Were you too great a "mixer?" A recluse? A snob? A loafer? A bluffer? A "grind?" A fashion-plate? An egotist?

Tell us what was wrong, and what you would do to right it.

Let your I-wish-I-had-done-thus-and-so help 750,000 Freshmen say I-will-do-thus-and-so.

#### Conditions of the Contest

You must be a graduate of a high school; if you have had college work, all the better. Your letter must be about 500 words long. The closing date is July 1st, 1919.

Address: Contest Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York.

#### Prizes

First Prize—\$100 Victory Bond.  
Second Prize—\$50 Victory Bond.  
Third Prize—\$50 Victory Bond.

He did not want that. "My dear child, no man is a wanderer on the face of the earth except by his own fault and folly. Don't blame anyone else for it. Perhaps a man can't help being all kinds of a fool, but no one else can help it for him. No; it has been all right."

She clearly did not agree, but she sought comfort for him. "Anyway, your story has a happy ending. Oh, I am so glad about the Glory!"

"Yes; everyone seems glad about that," said Gideon drily. "Stand over, Poly."

"Well, it's natural," she argued. "It is exciting, Arabian-Nightsey. I am always glad to have anyone do my barn work—there are some nice college boys over at the Wentworths' who often help me; but to have it done by a billionaire gold-miner—why, it's thrilling! You don't know! I am so excited, sitting here!"

He had for the moment forgotten his game, and the reminder was depressing. "I am not a billionaire," he said crossly.

"Well, a few millions, more or less—!"

"I haven't a few—"

She checked him with a lifted hand, turning her head to listen. Wheels could be heard on the gravel drive, but that seemed scarcely enough to explain the change in Dorcas. Her face was suddenly white, harassed, and in her fixed eyes there was a shadow that looked like fright. She jumped up and hurried out.

Gideon prolonged his work, bedding down Poly for the night, but she did not come back. When he left the barn, he saw her leaning on the wheel of a buggy at the turn of the drive, talking quickly, eagerly, to someone hidden by its cover. Once or twice he heard her laugh; she seemed to be spending all her vitality, all her good humor, for some surly response, rumbled out at intervals. Gideon had seen enough of trouble to know that it was a battle he was watching, and that with all her bright courage, the girl was barely holding her own. He had been under-dog himself many

a time, spending just that sort of human geniality on some grim creditor who did not want anything but his money, and to watch little Dorcas standing up to the contest so gallantly was a misery. He could not know the nature of the trouble, but it looked like money, and he had to find out. In all his wandering years, he had never passed trouble without at least stopping.

When at last the buggy went out again, Dorcas stood with dropped head, pushing the gravel back and forth with one foot, so intent on her thoughts that she did not hear his noisy shutting of the barn door or his approach.

"I've finished," he said.

She started, and the first look of her lifted eyes was a little sick. It must be money. He had felt that look in his own eyes too often. A wild idea came to him, and he spoke on impulse.

"I've been thinking," he began. "Aunt Adeline doesn't really need this barn, and if ever I buy a car, I shall have to have a garage. Do you think she would sell it to me?"

It was money. The heavens opened just back of Dorcas' good little blue eyes, the color came streaming up into her pale cheeks; her heart visibly broke with relief while she made her nice, decent effort to hide it.

"Why, I think she would." She came back to the barn with a step that was a suppressed run. "You wouldn't need much land with it; just a strip wide enough for a drive. Do you?"—she was breathlessly afraid of seeming to urge him—"would you like me to ask her? Just in case? It wouldn't commit you, of course."

Gideon knew that he was a fool, but there was no stopping now. "Yes; suppose you talk it over with her. The thing is as old as I am, and just about as beautiful, but they built well in those days; we are both sound at the core. I don't suppose she will want very much for it."

Dorcas was getting her courage together for a question. It had to be uttered carelessly, but he saw her hands, and knew that the size of her trouble was coming.

"With the land, do you suppose it would be worth anything like—oh, a thousand dollars?" She pulled down a branch of budding lilac as a screen for her face. "Perhaps that is far too much," she added hurriedly.

The event was out of Gideon's hands; he could only follow. He paced off the land, walked round the barn, thumped its timbers, affected to calculate. "That is just about what I should say—a thousand dollars," he decided. "If she will throw in the use of Poly, I will buy it now. I may not get a car right away."

It was worth doing. He might be a fool, but his folly gave him a reward far above the deeds of wisdom. Dorcas thought she hid the passion of her relief behind the lilacs, but he could see the strangled sob in her throat. He went back to the barn and pretended to be absorbed in plans and measurements. After all, this was only another version of the game, and a far pleasanter one than his mocking offer of the morning. He must play millionaire for Dorcas as well as for the town, and he was vaguely sorry for that; but it was better than letting her be tormented. Of course, a barn and drawing-lessons in the first day was going rather fast.

"At this rate, I sha'n't last a week," he realized, and laughed a little, and did not really care. If Gideon could only have cared consistently about money, his whole life course would have been different.

Dorcas suddenly reappeared. "If you change your mind, of course it is all right," she assured him. "I will tell you what Aunt Adeline says when you come tomorrow. I—I hope you'll enjoy your garage!"

And she was off at a run, taking the glow of the adventure with her, and leaving him to come down rather hard to a bleak earth.

A little late for a seven o'clock dinner, Gideon emerged from his shabby front door in the resplendent evening clothes that he had bought so happily, a few months before. No adventure of his vagabond years had ever seemed to him so distasteful as this home dinner, and he felt a vindictive desire to punish the family soundly for the ordeals that they were forcing on

[Continued on page 37]



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"This is fun!" she cried, "it's something like swimming and something like being up in Gaffer's haymow—"



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WE'LL sit here and rest," said Anne to her doll. So they did. That is to say, they sat; but they really didn't rest, for the strangest thing began to happen.

When the doll sat down she stayed there, but when Anne sat down she kept on going, down, down, down. It seemed to her as though the grass was creeping up about her, first to her waist, then to her shoulders, and then closing over her head!

"Land's sakes! I didn't know this could be done!" she exclaimed, peering about. "Why, it's just like being on a elevator! Only much more interesting."

She could not see very distinctly at first, for the light shone faintly through the earth and everything was dusky. Just below the surface, where it was a bit brighter, she noticed a little field-mouse in his burrow. He was just sitting down to lunch. And he had a tiny pocketbook buried beneath his floor. In it were a couple of sweet acorns. She couldn't see them, but somehow she could tell they were there when she looked at the purse. In very much the same way that, when you see a puffy paper bag with a fat, red elephant printed on the side, you just know that there are peanuts in it.

Down, down, down she sank. "This is fun," she cried, "it's something like swimming, and something like being up in Gaffer's haymow and something like going to—"

SHE stopped abruptly and listened, for she heard a tiny voice, a complaining little voice saying "Musha! Look at that! It's a stranger! The first to fall in for a hundred years. Someone is stupid. Somebody forgot to close the Faerie Ring after last night's dance! It must be fixed."

"Yes, yes, and fixed this very minute," nervously replied another little voice.

"There's no telling who will be diving in next. Let's hurry." The first voice spoke again, something or other about what the Old Man would do if he ever found it out, but Anne could not hear the last of it, as she was sinking softly down all the while and the voices died away above her. All was quiet once more save for the soft swish she made while sliding through the earth. "Who could they have been?" she wondered, "and who is that?" she added quickly, for a bit below her, she spied a comical little creature. A moment later she was close enough to see that he was a dwarf, a little chap half her height, dressed in a gray jacket, brown trousers and floppy, red shoes. And strangest of all was his nose, which was very long and very bright,

shining like a firefly in the gloom. And although he appeared to be as old as old could be, he was as frisky as a cricket, darting about here and there and everywhere. Anne could see by the way he turned his head from side to side that he used his glowing nose to light the way.

SHE called to him, "Oh, little man. Won't you tell me where I'm going? Won't you tell me where I am?" At this, the Deeny Man, who couldn't have noticed her before, stopped in surprise, stared at her for an instant with his mouth wide open, and then dashed away out of sight crying "Mee! mee! mee!" with a kitten-like sound. And down, down, down went Anne, all, all alone. "Now see here," she began, "this is all very lovely and I've a wonderful tale to tell when I get back, but how am I going to get back? I wonder how far I have come? Maybe fifty feet or so! Or maybe fifty miles or so! I don't know I'm sure. There's no way to tell when you just keep going without passing anything. Oh, dear. I'm not afraid. But I'd not mind going home now. I guess I've seen everything. Except those things. I wonder what they can be!" For here and there about her she began to notice softly glowing spots of color, golden and green, white and rose and red. Suddenly to her delight she found one close at hand and saw that it was a beautiful jewel. "O-o-o-o-o!" she whispered. "How pretty! How I'd like to take it home! But perhaps I'd better not touch. It's very shiny. It might be hot," and she went on sinking down, down, down. The precious stones became more and more numerous until at last she reached a point where she was quite surrounded by them. But she gave them little heed, for the Deeny Man had returned, and following him in ones and twos

and threes and fours were many, many others, all alike, darting about and kicking away like so many frogs in a pond. Then from the center of the throng came one who seemed to be their chief. He must have been between six hundred and six hundred and fifty years old, for his nose was not quite as bright as the others, his coat had a long gray beard instead of coat-tails and all the buttons on his vest wore spectacles.

"This must be the Old Man," said Anne to herself. He bowed low before her and as he did, his back squeaked a little; made the sort of a sound your teeth make when you grit them together. "Please, Mum,"

he asked in a faded little voice, "when was you a-wishing to get off?" "Why really," she answered, "I think I'd like to stop right here and now. May I?"

"This way, mum," said he, and there seemed to be a note of relief in his voice. Anne followed as best she could, picking her way in and out among the gleaming jewels, and behind her trailed the whole dwarf troop, all "mee-mee-mee" to one another in the most excited manner. On and on they went, and as they traveled, the shining stones grew fewer and fewer until at last there was not one to be seen. "And I don't hear your little men with their kitty-talk, either!" said Anne to the chief. "Why have they stopped their chatting?" She looked back over her shoulder. Not one was to be seen! Nothing behind but the golden earth fading away into the gloom.

"Gracious! Are we lost?" she asked the Old Man, "or have we lost them?" But he made no reply. He had disappeared completely. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried Anne, beginning to feel a wee bit frightened at last. "Oh, dear!

## Down and Back

By Jo L. G. McMahon

I do wish I'd never come!" and her voice went echoing softly all around her, "Um-um-um-um."

She peered about, puzzled for a moment. Something had changed. She couldn't say what. "Why now I know!" she cried after a thoughtful pause. "I'm standing up! I'm walking! Before I was sort of swimming!"

"Imming-imming-imming," murmured the echo. "And the light is different. Before it was goldy. Now it is green. Where in the world am I now?"

"Ow-ow-ow," whispered the echo.

All this time she was strolling along and she soon realized that she was in a cave. A great big empty cave. All hollow.

She had gone only a short distance when she discovered the source of the greenish light. In the roof above her head she found a larger round opening. And the hole was full of water!

Little wavelets rippled and twinkled across the surface, as they might have done in any little pool, but it was all upside-down! And it didn't spill! (Except for a teeny bit of leak around the edge.) Anne looked up through the water. "Why, now I understand," she said, "that's the bottom of a well. I know, because I can see the bucket away up there. But there's something else. Something big. Something I don't think I ever saw before. I wonder if it's all right?" It was a Nixie, a two-legged Mermaid, the kind that lives in fresh water instead of the sea.

"Good day, Child," she said, thrusting her head down through the bottom of the water, "what are you doing here?" "Oh, Miss, I'm trying to get out," replied Anne in a quivering voice. "I'm afraid I've been gone a long, long time," and she burst into tears. "I can't find my way home."

OME-ome-ome," wailed the echo. The Nixie laughed, a happy little laugh that sounded like the snow-water rippling down the stony brook-beds in the spring. "Silly!" she giggled, "don't cry about it. Hush. And watch."

And then she blew a bubble, a gorgeous shimmering bubble of tremendous size, and passed it down to Anne. "There, Child," she said, "creep into that. It's dry inside, you know. You'll find it perfectly comfortable."

"And then what?" asked Anne.

"You'll see," said the Nixie with another trickling laugh. "You'll see. But hurry. Before it bursts."

"Oh, well," said Anne, and scrambled into the big bubble.

And then what? The Nixie pulled the bubble back into the well, and the instant it touched the water—whis-s-s-s-sh! it flew to the top, where it burst with a soft pop, tossing Anne out onto the grass.

"Land's sakes!" she exclaimed, sitting up, she rubbed her eyes. She ran to the well and peeped over the edge. "Oh, Miss!" she called down. "Oh, Water-Lady! Oh, Water-Lady!" but there was no answer.

She waited a moment and then called out again: "Well, thank you anyhow. Thank you very much," and as she turned away she was quite sure that, very faint and far away, she heard the Nixie's happy little laugh.

"She's a dear," said Anne. She looked about. "As I live!" she went on, "our own well! And there's Dolly where I left her!" She ran to her and caught her up in her arms. "Oh, Honey!" she cried, "I've discovered the most wonderful place to play! You'll never believe it until you see. Come." And she plumped down on the grass with the doll on her lap and waited. Nothing happened. "That's strange!" she said. She stood up and stamped upon the ground. Still nothing happened. She was just about to raise her foot to stamp again, when a sudden thought popped into her head. "Aha-dy!" she remarked. "They've fixed it! It's closed again," and then she smiled. "I wonder if the Old Man gave them a very bad scolding."



"There, child," the Nixie said, "creep into this bubble"

*"I'll tell you when they're done, Mother"*



## BOSS Glass Door OVEN

For your Oil, Gas or Gasoline Stove

IF you're still "getting along" with an old fashioned coal stove or range with a dark solid door oven you should know about the famous Boss Glass Door Oven, and also about the Boss Oil-Air Stove.

With the Boss Glass Door Oven you can always see what you're doing, how fast the things are baking, the exact time to take them out—all without opening the door. This puts an end to uncertain, unsuccessful baking.

The Boss is very economical. You can keep the flame of your Oil, Gas or Gasoline Stove lower than with the ordinary oven. It heats up in a few minutes. All the heat passes directly into the oven and is evenly distributed by the patented heat deflector. Convenient to handle and durable.

Now is the time to get one. Don't put it off because you have an oven. You need a Boss, the oven that will make your baking easier and more economical. The glass in Boss ovens is guaranteed not to break from the heat. If it should be broken by accident, any glass dealer can replace it.

Go to your hardware, stove or housefurnishings store and ask to see the Boss. Remember the name. Insist on the genuine. They are reasonably priced and will last for many years.

THE HUENEFELD COMPANY  
63 Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



"Oh Goodness, Everything burned to a crisp again. If I only had an Oil or Gas Stove and a Boss Glass Door Oven, I wouldn't have to guess when to take things out."

Look for this patented OIL-AIR BURNER



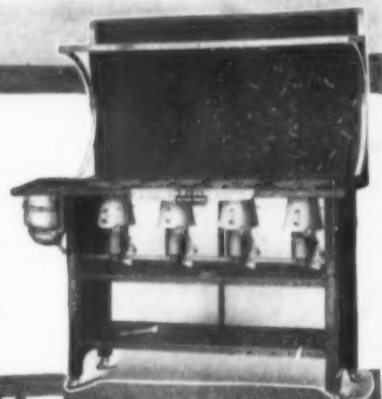
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The Boss Oil-Air Stove means more comfortable cooking in hot weather—better and more economical cooking in any weather. No coal or ashes to carry. No fires to build. Just strike a match.

The Boss Stove is equipped with a patented Oil-Air Burner, which burns a thousand times as much air as oil. The intense

blue flame plays right against the pots and pans. Thus it cooks quickly, saves fuel and does not heat up the kitchen. There is no other stove like the Boss Oil-Air Stove. Made with two to five burners.

See the new models on rollers at your dealers. This makes them easy to move about.



# BOSS OIL-AIR STOVE



## A Woman's School of Economy

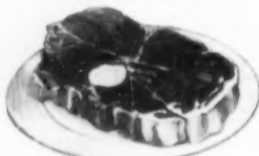
Would Have Lessons Like These

### Lesson No. 1



Quaker Oats  
1810 Calories Per Pound  
5c Per 1000 Calories

### Lesson No. 2



Round Steak  
890 Calories Per Pound  
41c Per 1000 Calories

### Lesson No. 3



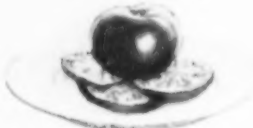
Average Fish  
288 Calories Per Pound  
60c Per 1000 Calories

### Lesson No. 4



Potatoes Parsnips  
Turnips Squash  
Average 186 Calories Per Pound  
One-Tenth Quaker Oats

### Lesson No. 5



Tomatoes String Beans  
Beets Cucumbers  
Cabbage Lettuce  
Celery Spinach  
Average 104 Calories Per Pound

One thing to know in buying food is the cost per calorie unit. That's the energy measure of food value.

Meats and fish on this basis cost at least ten times Quaker Oats. And some foods cost up to twice as much as meat.

Each 30-cent package of Quaker Oats used to displace meat at breakfast saves about \$3.

Another thing to know is the sort of nutriment.

The oat is the food of foods. As a vim-food it has age-old fame. In protein it equals beef, and stands first among the grain foods. It is rich in needed minerals.

Quaker Oats with milk forms almost the ideal food.

One needs a mixed diet. Some costly foods are necessary.

But the supreme breakfast is a dish of Quaker Oats. The cost is one-half cent.

It means a delicious breakfast, an extremely nutritious breakfast. And the trifling cost will average up the costlier meals of the day.

# Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavorly Flakes

Make your oat dishes delightful by using Quaker Oats. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

Get the extra flavor which we bring you in this way.

Prices Reduced to 12c and 30c a Package

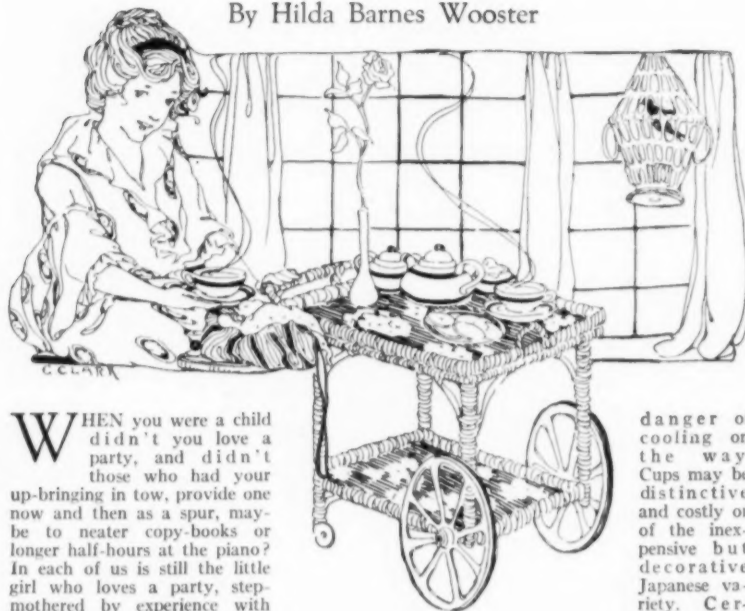
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(5091)

## Let's Have Tea

By Hilda Barnes Wooster



WHEN you were a child didn't you love a party, and didn't those who had your up-bringing in tow, provide one now and then as a spur, maybe to neater copy-books or longer half-hours at the piano? In each of us is still the little girl who loves a party, step-mothered by experience with all the weariness involved in entertaining. Yet the true party spirit by which relaxation and sociability are tied together with a pretty bow, may wax strongest over a cup of tea.

Do you remember the time, not so long ago, when neighbors came and brought their sewing in the afternoon, and we offered them a square of rainbow-hue ice-cream and hard little cakes of colors to match? Is there not something infinitely more friendly about a cup of tea? The woman whose tea table is always awaiting your unexpected visit is a delightful friend, and how easy it is to be that woman, if we merely form the habit. In England, afternoon tea could not be an established institution in home-life and in industry if it were not an affair of marked simplicity.

Any small table will do for a tea table. A tea wagon is convenient and muffin stands and tip-top tables are also useful, but unnecessary. As for what goes on the table, that depends greatly on whether or not we are talking to lovers of china. Of course a silver service leaves nothing to be desired, but lacking one, there is immense compensation in being able to call your cream pitcher and sugar bowl by their first names. Dinners may be served on rare pottery and we maintain a conventional silence; but if, through an amber perspective of tea "without" we discover a little pot of stiff lavender flowers at the bottom of a Wedgwood cup, the world seems a sunnier place.

Fortunate is she who can enthrone upon her tea table a Staffordshire or Royal Worcester pot. The variety of treasures that a tea service may contain cannot begin to be even hinted here, but it has been said of the search for earthly happiness,

"Some seek it with a flaming sword  
And some with old blue plates;"

and the woman in the latter category can express herself most volubly when serving tea.

Accessories may include a "cozy" to fit over the pot, which should be as warm and snugly as it sounds, with, preferably a washable cover; a holder for the teapot handle and that may be shaped like a bird with an accommodating tail sweeping downward to cover the handle; a lemon fork or spear, and if the garden will contribute a flower, by all means accept it for a tiny vase.

THE teapot, surrounded by these few articles, plus a cream pitcher and sugar bowl keeping constant vigil on the table, will reassure the slothful when someone says, "Let's have tea." Napkins and spoons should also be in place along with a small, fancy dish that any brother would characterize, "Useless; what's it good for, anyway?" and which comes into its own when there's a question of where to put sliced lemon.

A tea-ball makes tea easily, and of the exact shade preferred; for those who take theirs weak, it is especially convenient. If you possess a miniature kettle of silver, copper or brass suspended above an alcohol lamp, steps are saved when a fresh cup is in order; but a pot of tea or water can travel from the less-artistic kettle on the kitchen range, with no

danger of cooling on the way. Cups may be distinctive and costly or of the inexpensive but decorative Japanese variety. Certainly for daily use in

a home where Mother leaves on her thimble while she pours, cups need only to be dainty and plentiful.

Simple sandwiches are equally palatable as those with rich fillings; and cakes, if served, should be of one layer, that forks may not be required. And if you want a delightful yet plain little frill with the afternoon cup, pour the amber tea over a few red cinnamon drops (the kind you frequently find gummed with top strings and marbles in Johnnie's pocket) and you'll like the delicate spiciness they lend. Or if a more tart flavor than the cinnamon and a less acid one than the usual lemon is desired, a thin slice of orange will make the pleasing break. A tiny sprig of mint with its lingering freshness, brings cool streams and deep shades right into the cup.

Among dissenting voices do we hear that of the laundress? Not if we use napkins of coarse linen that reassure her skepticism by their simplicity. Nothing more elaborate than a cross-stitch cup or teapot in one corner, need be in evidence.

When someone brews you a cup of tea, you recognize the kind of hospitality that has nothing in common with that starting from an alphabetical list and having for its object, reciprocity. After a tiresome day of work and worry, you stop to see a neighbor because her little boy is ill. She offers you a cup of tea and home-made bread and butter! With a sick baby, she had no time for sandwiches or cake, but her tea things were assembled and she did have bread and butter.

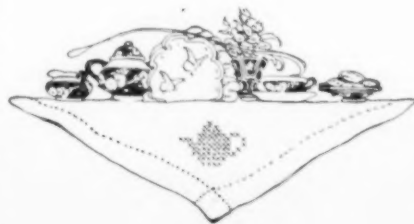
IF bread is not fresh, cut it in tiny oblongs, toast, and sprinkle it with cinnamon and sugar. A woman who bakes can offer no more delectable feast than thinly-cut slices of buttered bread, with the crusts left on! A hasty yet palatable goody for the happen-in-guest who has an uncontrollable sweet-tooth is a jelly cake sandwich. Chop a few nuts, mix with a little jelly and spread lightly between plain sweet cakes.

It is by remembering such things as Kitty's fondness for sweets, and Anne's liking for plain bread and butter that make you the hostess whose tea time becomes a sort of oasis in the desert of every-day happenings.

When Mother or Aunt Emma is upstairs, sewing, and has no inclination to come down, all she need do is to answer when you question, "Cream or lemon?" and up you go with one tray holding all the necessary paraphernalia.

For most of us, to revert to the custom of having tea at an hour warranted not to interfere with dinner, will mean reviving memories of some sweet old lady who "turned" a cup of tea for us with graceful ceremony. Grandmother may not have known William James, but she did know the philosophy of the tea kettle, and hers needed but one invitation to sing. When our nerves or our neighbors, our houses or our husbands failed to suit us,

Grandmother would prescribe "a good strong cup of tea" and whether she meant, instead, a cup of good, strong tea, was unimportant; what mattered was that her cups held a magic potion for ills of heart and mind and body.



# Savory Meat Dishes

## From a Home Kitchen

The introduction of these meats, *home-cooked* and ready-to-eat, solves a big problem for housewives who demand meat dishes prepared the old-fashioned home way.

They come from the famous Baker kitchens, where the best home ideals are maintained. They are simply cuts you, yourself, would buy, cooked as you, yourself, would cook them—in their own juices with all the nourishment and flavor retained.

To command these home-made dishes, ask for *Delicia Package Meats*—choosing whatever the meal and your taste suggest. There are sixteen exquisite meat dishes to choose from—ready to eat cold, or quickly “dressed up” as suggested in the recipes given in this advertisement.

They wait on your pantry shelf until you want them. They make you independent of market, ice man and cook.

### How They Also Help You Save

While economy is secondary in serving a wholesome home table, yet it need not be forgotten in selecting the products you use.

So it is well to remember that Delicia meats will also help you save.

For every package is *all meat*, usable to the last morsel. You are not paying for butcher's waste—bone, extra fat and gristle, which must later be thrown away.

Add to this fuel saving, and the saving of your own time and effort, and order an assortment of Delicia Meats from your dealer—he has them or will get them for you.

### Send for The Delicia Idea Book

This little book of menu ideas helps the housewife provide some wonderfully welcome dishes—old favorites and new.

It helps you set the daily table, suggests combinations of meat and vegetables, and when and how to serve them.

This book was prepared by Domestic Science experts. Each recipe has been approved and tested.

It will be sent free to users of Delicia Meats if you will kindly mention your dealer's name.

THE BAKER FOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY  
CHICAGO



### Veal Croquettes

1 pkg. Delicia Veal Loaf    ½ cup milk  
3 tablespoons fat    3 teaspoons parsley  
4½ tablespoons flour    —chopped  
½ teaspoon salt    2 tablespoons celery  
½ teaspoon paprika    —chopped

Melt fat, add flour, salt and paprika, stirring thoroughly. Add milk, parsley and celery. When thickened, add meat. Cool. Shape into croquettes. Roll in crumbs, then egg, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Garnish with parsley.

### Veal Patties

1 pkg. Delicia Veal Loaf    ½ teaspoon paprika  
3 tablespoons butter    ½ cup mushroom caps  
2½ tablespoons flour    1 egg  
1 cup milk    4 patty shells

Melt 2 tablespoons of butter; add flour, salt and paprika. Add the milk, stirring constantly. Sauté mushroom in 1 tablespoon of butter, add mushroom and veal to the above ingredients just before removing from the fire.

(10)





# The Chef's Secret

## See how he makes use of Nature's Sauce

**I**N scores of recipes prized by famous chefs the flavor-secret is lemon juice. Lemon juice is often the added touch, the final refinement, the sauce that delights the connoisseur.

Note a few of the ways in which the chef uses the "Witching Drop of Lemon Juice."

### In His Salad Dressings

He makes delicious dressings, both French and Mayonnaise, by using healthful lemon juice in place of vinegar.

He seldom serves fish, cold meats, or even tea, without a lemon garnish. Thus he shows his high regard for lemons in these very simple uses.

And he serves lemon with these and other foods for more than flavor alone: for lemons aid him, as they will aid you, in even more valuable ways.

### As An Appetizer

Pleasant digestion of his food-creations, as well as their flavors, is the chef's concern. And so it is every woman's, especially the mother's. Foods must be digestible, otherwise they disappoint.

Lemon juice—Nature's Sauce—is also one of Nature's best *digestive* aids, due to its organic salts and acids. So the dishes with lemon are not only better but are better for you.

We believe you will be glad to remember these facts when you plan your family's meals.

### Send for Alice Bradley's Recipes

Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, is a great believer in the lemon. She has written a book for us in which she has included 126 of her best lemon recipes. Also her garnishing designs.

Try her salad dressings, her sauces for fish, her prize lemon pie and other dainty dishes. The book is important, desirable and thoroughly practical.

*We will gladly send you a copy, free.*

## CALIFORNIA Sunkist Uniformly Good Lemons

In ordering always ask for California's Sunkist Lemons. They are juicy, tart, waxy, clean and bright, and *practically seedless*.

The crisp wrappers, stamped "Sunkist," mark the best lemons grown, yet they cost no more than others.

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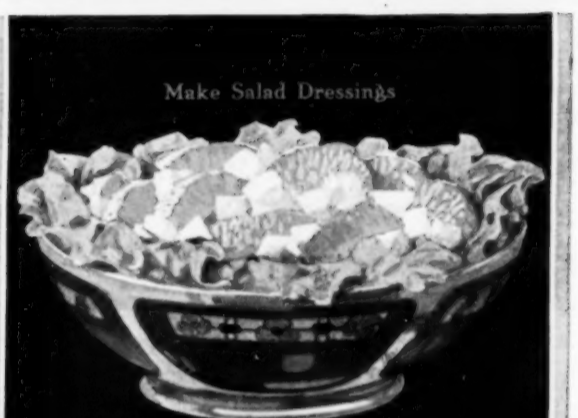
Dept. H-17, Los Angeles, California

*Also producers of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade*



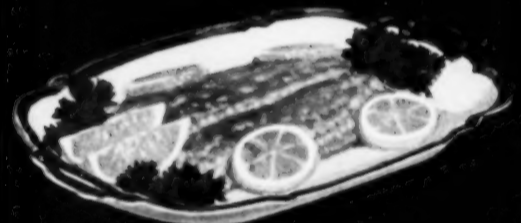
### Sunkist Marmalade

Made with the rich pure juice, the yellow part of the peel (finely shredded) of fresh ripe fruit from the finest orange groves—with a little grapefruit or lemon juice and pure sugar—nothing else. A delicious new sweet marmalade. Ask your grocer for it.

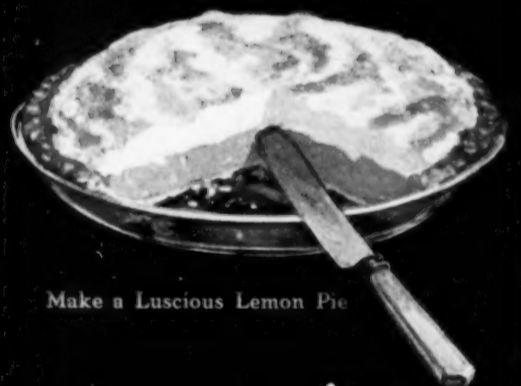


Make Salad Dressings

With Lemon Juice Instead of Vinegar



Always Garnish Fish With Lemons



Make a Luscious Lemon Pie



Makes the Best Tea Better

# Adventures in Kitchen-Making

By Grace Norton Rosé

Illustrations by Jack Manley Rosé

INTO nearly everyone's life comes a time when existing conditions grow strangely irksome. This points directly to a change either in mode of living or in mode of thought. For some of us, the war made this possible; for others, inevitable. Not one of us but experienced a change in mode of thought, and few of us but a change in mode of living. With conservation held sternly before us, women, with their strong tendency toward sacrifice of some sort, let war bring many alterations into their homes.

The combining of households, for instance, introduced the interesting problem of creating space, where there had been no space to spare. In some cases this was solved by an enhancing of the kitchen's possibilities. The kitchenette has not invaded so many homes but what a large percentage of people are still reveling in, or reviling at, the old-fashioned, roomy, space-to-swing-cat-in kind of a kitchen. It is even to be found in some apartments, and if considered in the point of view of an extra room, may prove an asset indeed. Where space is the main factor to be considered, why devote the perfectly good room that is the dining-room to use only three times a day? Why not make that bare kitchen really livable and eat there, using your dining-room as a living-room, and so acquire extra space? Probably this is something of a shock to you, yet it has been done—and most successfully.

Let us consider your kitchen from all points. You may want to keep the swing door connection, or you may prefer to use hangings, to make the approach to the kitchen-dining-room a bit more interesting. Once through the doorway, the whole problem resolves itself quite decisively into one of dividing the room into a working end and a serving end. The working end should contain the stove and the sink if possible, be furthest from the door, and still have sufficient light to make it practicable as a working space. The serving end should also have light, both real and artificial, for is there anything drearier in all the realms of dreariness than breakfast by gaslight? Electric light is hardly a shade better, and though candle-light contains a gleam of hopefulness, let us have sun by all means, if there is sun.

A SCREEN should mark the division—a generous screen, full of character. If this is not sufficient to cut off laundry tubs or sink, use a laundry settle in conjunction. The furniture used should be simple and of a cottage type, painted or stained in accordance with the color scheme selected.

This color scheme is perhaps the next consideration. Two widely different effects present themselves which could be quite easily obtained. One is dainty and light and charming, and the other is rich and glowing and unusual.

For the first arrangement, let us consider the walls and the woodwork. Putty-colored plaster, either painted with oils or else tinted with the commercial water-colors obtainable, makes an excellent beginning. The woodwork should be white, either high gloss or mat finish, the former being more easily cleaned. This should be the treatment for both working end and serving end. The floor, if it is maple, as kitchen floors often are, might be scrubbed white and then shellacked and waxed, or if a bit shabby, deck paint could be used to advantage. This is obtainable in putty-color as well as several shades of gray and gray-green. With a coat or two of spar varnish this becomes an extremely practical floor.

Now, paint the furniture the same neutral putty-color. Lines of dark blue and a bit of old decoration in blue and gold on the chair backs would be excellent. You will need sheer white hangings, and overhangings of unbleached muslin, decorated with broad lemon-yellow bands or applied design. Blue china could be used in this room, and table runners with a bit of a yellow motif, would set it off. Let the rug be a washable one, in yellow or blue.

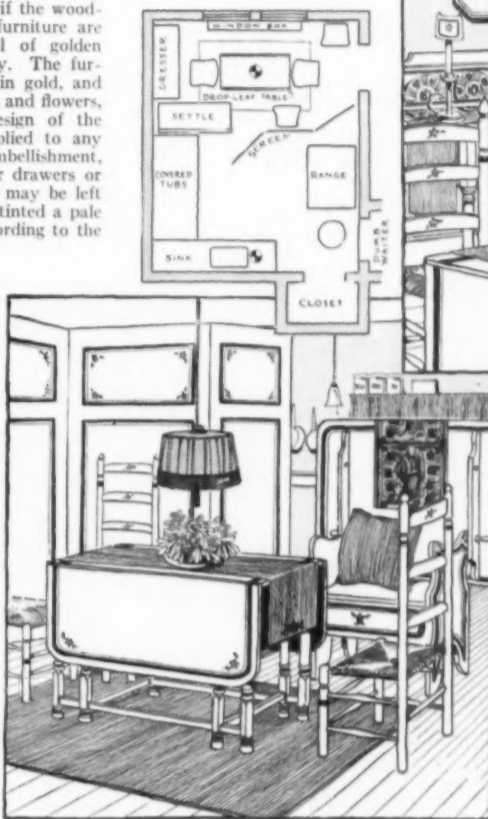
A bowl of white and yellow flowers in the light, candle shades of blue and yellow, and a shade over the electric drop light of the same motif lined with yellow silk, would give the room a strong touch of character. A piece of Chinese embroidery, also in blue and yellow, might be tacked on one wall, or else hung over the back of the painted laundry settle. The screen, covered with putty-colored oilcloth, in panels lined off in gold, would be practical and good. These touches will render the kitchen-dining-room distinctive and delightful, with a direct appeal to the woman who likes, in her surroundings, a certain daintiness of line and color.

The same general plan of converted kitchen may be carried out successfully with a more striking effect if the woodwork, the floor, and the furniture are painted a deep black full of golden lacquer in its glossy quality. The furniture should be lined off in gold, and colorful little motifs of fruit and flowers, repeating a bit of the design of the chintz that is selected, applied to any flat surfaces that need embellishment, such as chair backs, dresser drawers or the settle back. The walls may be left oyster-white or the plaster tinted a pale orange or a sage-green, according to the exposure.

If an effect of sunlight is wanted where the sun is shut out, sheer orange curtains flat against the pane, may be used to advantage, and overhangings of brilliant chintz, which on its black background repeats the color scheme of gold, orange-vermilion, and gray-green. Gray-green linene runners on the table and dresser with the motif stenciled or embroidered, and a plain rug of the same shade of green laid on the floor, will be next in order. After that, little curved shields for the bracket lights, of parchment, hand-colored in the same vivid tones, and a gray-green silken shade, orange lined, and weighted with black bead fringe for the center light. A cushion or two of the chintz and a plain orange one, may be needed on the settle.

The screen in this case may be covered with black oilcloth with gold paneling, and the design applied in each of the upper panels. Hang a gilt-framed mirror opposite the doorway for an effect of spaciousness. A tiny window box of flaunting parrot tulips, marigolds or vermillion geraniums would be as much in character with this room as an alabaster bowl of paper white Chinese lilies, or a crystal vase of Freesias, would be in the other room described. A bread box painted black on the outside and carrying in place of the obvious lettering explaining its mission in life, smart application of the little design used, will be more of an asset than seems at first likely. Flanked by two black candlesticks carrying tall orange candles, it would make an unusual decoration.

In this kitchen-living-room the stove hides behind the screen, and the table-forming back of the settle conceals the tubs



In the smaller plan the kitchen is too limited for the screen and settle to shut the covered tubs from view. They can be disguised by draperies

In both schemes of decoration nothing very costly is required. Plain

kitchen chairs and table with careful painting may be made both attractive and artistic. Unpainted cottage furniture for finishing at home, may be purchased at a low price, or shabby pieces of simple lines be made to assume, with a few coats of paint, an entirely new and sophisticated appearance. Anyone with the merest talent for copying, can successfully apply a bright-colored design to a painted surface. It takes more training to put on carefully the lines required to give finish to the pieces.

A little judicious dyeing, a selection of effective fabrics rather than conventional ones, and the use of flat neutral colors on the big spaces to lend balance to the vivid splashes of broken color, are simple principles to follow. The small quantity of chintz needed, may be obtained at no great cost, but it is wise to pay generously for an effective pattern, rather than choose a mediocre design.

Unbleached muslin is always good. Its warm cream-color, its soft hanging quality, and above all, its reasonable price, recommend it. A quaint effect may be obtained on curtains by applying a design of bits of colored cotton fabric, neatly quilted down, in the manner of the old-fashioned bedspreads. Walls, floors and woodwork, you can do yourself if your energy is equal to the task.

Behind the screen, the kitchen may be made exceedingly attractive also. An interesting working end may either resemble an operating room in its spotless white and nickel, and elimination of all but essentials, or it may be quaint and restful with cupboard and closet holding all culinary articles, crisp curtains at the window, a box of growing parsley catching the sunlight, and decorated boxes and jars holding dry groceries and condiments.

EVEN the black and vivid-colored scheme may be carried into the working end, successfully. Black woodwork furnishes an admirable foil for white enameled ware and porcelain, and with a shining black stove, and black oilcloth on the table tops and over the laundry tubs, a truly decorative start is made. A set of high shelves screened with gathered chintz, orange sash curtains, a pot of daffodils, and a square of the chintz, tape-hemmed, to throw on the table when not in use; all these touches of color lend distinction.

If your kitchen space is far too limited to admit of dividing, study its possibilities and see what may be done with it as it stands. Perhaps a screen could still be used about the stove and sink. A card table with an oilcloth cover, decorated with painted motifs over which a cloth may be thrown, might be utilized for dining, and folded up when the meal is over. With two stools or benches, such as are used in peasant kitchens, that will slip under the work table, and a drop-leaf attached to cupboard, back of door or under the window-sill, it may be possible to have a livable kitchen that will not be impracticable.



If you are fond of bizarre effects, coat your furniture with black enamel, cover your screen with black oilcloth and decorate with stencils in vivid green, yellow and intense blue

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A. S. Hinds

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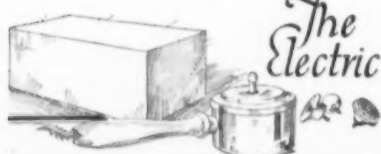


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## Closing the House for Vacation

By Claire Wallis

THE summer home may be nothing more than a two-room shack on the shore of an inland lake, or a humble frame bungalow in a sociable summer colony, but it is an investment that every family of moderate income has long since found to bring large dividends of health and reserve force for the winter drive of school and work. Even to those who live among trees all the year around, a change of home is as necessary as a change of clothes, or friends, or coffee.

Unless one can hire a professional house-closer—yes, there are such persons—or there are plenty of servants, the closing of the winter home is apt to be a hit-and-miss affair with many important details neglected. And the welfare of the winter home depends so much on how it is left in the summer. It defeats the aims of a vacation to leave a house in a condition to be worried over. The old lady who spent sleepless nights picturing the dab of butter she left on her serving table spreading itself over her new Kermanshah in the dining-room must have come home a nervous wreck.

There can be system in house-closing of the most embracing kind. Let it begin with clearing away all small dust-collecting articles so that table tops and bookcases are free. Heavy hangings supposedly have been taken down at spring house-cleaning time. If they are still at the doors and windows remove them by all means and after airing, brushing and shaking them, roll them into moth-proof bags and put them into the big storage trunks or boxes. Rugs are best left flat on the floor with tar balls or camphor spread over them as a precaution against moths—provided that the rugs are clean. The least dust will attract moths. Probably the best plan is to send the rugs to the cleaner's and let him store them for the summer. If the rugs are valuable, however, and are covered by the furniture insurance, do not leave them with the cleaner unless you take out new insurance, as the storage house will not be responsible for them.

BOOKCASES and china closets, indeed all closets, may be made dust-proof by wedging strips of newspaper into the door crack with a thin bladed knife. Store kitchenware in cupboards or slip the utensils into paper bags and place them on shelves. Old pillow cases and pieces of cheese-cloth or muslin slipped over them afford protection for lamps and electric fixtures. Pictures with smooth frames that may be dusted off easily do not require covering. If the locality is dusty, however, it is wise to slip cheese-cloth over them to keep the particles from sifting inside the glass.

Never leave overstuffed furniture uncovered. Perhaps you don't want to go to the expense of having slip-covers made for these pieces. Then save your old sheets! Remove all linen from the beds; wrap the mattress and pillows carefully in a sheet. Never leave furniture scattered over a room if the house has to be visited during the summer exodus. At any rate clear a well-defined path to the first electric light switch.

If the silverware is valuable enough to worry over, by all means take it to a safety vault at the bank. The cost of a safety deposit box is so slight that it would be too bad to let the risk of robbery mar the vacation pleasure.

Clear away all food before the house is closed as it will attract mice and roaches. This holds good for sugar, flour and similar staples. Clean the refrigerator thoroughly, then open up the doors. Leave a lump of charcoal in it to absorb odors that might remain and get stale. Insect powder may be sprinkled around pipes, and a solution of chloride of lime poured into drains. Don't leave a fly in the house!

Never leave matches in the house for mice to nibble at, nor any combustibles like benzine or kerosene. Throw out or wash out oiled cloths and mops so that all danger of combustion or fire is removed.

THE man of the house will do well to board or block up with heavy furniture any fireplace. All windows within reach of a porch or roof are better boarded up. Simple frames that fit the window-frame exactly are a wise investment if the house is to be closed regularly each year, as they can be hooked into place in a few seconds from the inside. If the house is to be closed for a comparatively short time, awnings can be allowed to drop over the windows as protection by removing the screws from the sides of the frames and letting the rods swing to the top of the window.

Drain the water from all heaters and boilers and let fresh water run in. Rub the stove pipes with an oiled cloth to prevent rusting, and place a pan of slacked lime in the bottom of the heater and range for the same purpose. Turn off the water for the whole house. This is a preventative against dripping faucets and leaking pipes. Notify the gas company to turn your gas off at the main near the meter. If the telephone company will do it, have the phone disconnected for the specified months.

And so that there will not be frantic hurrying and scurrying on the last hot day, make a list of things that can be done several days ahead. Plan the meals before hand so that food will not be left over. The gas and water can be turned off almost the very last thing. You will, no doubt, want your personal letters to follow you without delay. In this event, file your change of address at the post-office or sub-station, and there will be no too-long days to live through because of lack of news from the busy outside world of other vacationists and interesting stay-at-homes.

If you are to be in a summer cottage or hotel for a definite period, arrange to have your daily paper forwarded to you so that current topics of broad interest as well as tid-bits from the home-circle will keep you alive to the happenings in other spheres besides your seasonally adopted one.

Don't forget to make some other provision to keep your potted plants watered if a neighbor or a caretaker is not to come in. Two old home methods of supplying enough moisture for them is either to place the plants directly in a tub of water or set a water-filled pan higher than the pots and connect them by cotton cord.

This list of details may sound alarmingly long and tedious, but the system which each housewife will work out for herself will soon reduce it to its smallest possible denominator.



A good fifteen minutes 'til train time, the town house furnishings camphor-balled and sheet-wrapped, the bird happy in his shaded cage, and she's off for the country



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Mullein

## Wonder-Working Weeds

By William Leslie French



Foxglove

ARE you one of the persons who regard all weeds as pests? Some are — there's no denying it — but, too, there are others which, dried in a simple way, will supply our drug market left barren by the shortage of German importations, and fill an empty corner in our pocketbooks.

There isn't enough space in which to give the characteristics of all the weeds illustrated nor even for all those that play important parts, but anyone may get further information on drying medicinal herbs by writing to the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

At the outset, it is necessary to keep a few facts in mind in order to be sure that these drug-plants will secure immediate sale.

Weed roots should never be dug until thoroughly mature, for otherwise, when dried, they will shrink too much and their medicinal value will decrease. Annuals are gathered just before the flowering period, biennials in the fall of the first year after the tops are dry, and perennials are usually collected the autumn of the third year. Roots should be cleansed by scrubbing and washing them in clean running water. This helps to preserve the fresh appearance necessary to dispose of them at a good price. Dry them in a light well-ventilated room on shelves or trays. A clean garret or barn floor will serve the purpose. Spread them out about one inch thick and turn every two or three days. When they snap off easily, they are cured. This will take from four to five weeks. The drying process may be accomplished out of doors, but protection must be given against dew or rain. Moisture-proof always!

When collecting leaves, select only plants that are in good condition during the flowering period. Remove the shriveled or imperfect parts and all discolored specimens. A good plan is to pluck up the entire plant, strip off the leaves and reject the stems. Leaves should never be washed. To hold their bright green color they are always dried in the shade where there is a good circulation of air. Cover your racks and shelves lightly with the leaves, and turn them daily until they are cured. This method applies to all varieties of herbs; only with these, all large stems are thrown out, reserving the leaves and flowering tops. Flowers which are gathered when first opened are also dried in the shade and in the same manner.

The weeds characterized in the following paragraphs are examples of those in greatest demand.

OF the various species of dock the Yellow Dock is most used in the preparation of medicine and is found growing in waste places in all sections of the United States. You can recognize this plant from its erect, angular stem, from 2 to 4 feet high, with branches near the top and long clusters of small flowers. The leaves, sharp and lance-shaped, have very crisp margins. The lower leaves are heart-shaped carried on long stalks about 6 inches in length; those toward the top are narrow and short. This dock blossoms from June to August, but the roots should be collected after the fruit has been formed. To prepare for market, split into quarters and dry. Docks are blood purifiers and are in demand. The price ranges from 3 to 9 cents a pound.



Yellow Dock



Mustard



Couch Grass

The biennial, Foxglove or Digitalis, produces the first year only a group of dense leaves. In the second year a round leafy straight stalk covered with long clusters of white and lavender bell-shaped flowers are produced. On the lower part of the flower there are crimson spots and hair. The leaves at the base are borne on long winged stalks, becoming smaller as they reach the top. These are wrinkled, dark green, while the under side is gray and covered with short soft hairs and many large veins. The leaves are collected in the second year when most of the flowers are in bloom. Dry in the shade and be sure to inclose in tight boxes or barrels. As Digitalis is the well-known heart remedy, its price goes as high as from 10 to 12 cents a pound.

YOU can easily recognize Mullein by its straight stout stem, velvety gray-green appearance of the leaves and stalk and the long spike of golden flowers. A biennial, it blooms the second year, from June until August. The stem and alternate leaves are very hairy. Gather the leaves and flowers when Mullein is in bloom. The leaves are cured as usual; but in order to retain the bright color of the flowers, as soon as they are dried they should be placed in bottles which must be tightly corked. They absorb moisture quickly and will turn black when they become damp. Mullein is used for coughs and will relieve nervousness. The leaves sell from 3 to 5 cents a pound; the flowers bring as high as 75 cents, and even more.

Black Mustard is known in every State in the Union and grows wherever the seed falls and germinates. It grows from 4 to 6 feet, an erect branching stalk, smooth on the lower part and hairy toward the top, with dark green stiff leaves covered with hairs. The leaves are slightly toothed and shaped like an arrow. The bright yellow flowers which appear from June to September grow in clusters on the ends of the branching stems, followed by many straight pods crowded against the stems. The smooth pods are nearly an inch in length, and contain numerous round, dark-brown seeds pitted finely. As the Black Mustard is of value only for its seed, the pods are cut before they have matured far enough to break open. These must be placed on clean shelves or floors until they dry and burst. Then the seeds are readily shaken out. White Mustard is a smaller plant but similar in appearance. Its treatment is the same. Both kinds of seed bring from 4 to 6 cents per pound.

Couch Grass, Blessed Thistle, Canada Fleabane, Boneset, Hoarhound and Dandelion are other commonly known herbs that bring good prices. Other less widely distributed species equally as desirable to collect and as much in demand, though not so profit-bringing, are: Catnip, Jimson Weed, Lobelia, Poison Hemlock, Pokeweed, Scaly Grindelia, Gum Plant, Purple Thorn Apple, Yarrow and Tansy.

To dispose of your dried products, communicate with the nearest druggist, general store or dealer, stating the amount you can furnish and how soon you can supply it. Include a sample of about 4 ounces to show the quality of your drugs. When preparing to ship, place your product in moisture-proof gunny sacks, boxes or barrels and mark your address plainly on one corner of each container.



Thistle



Canada Fleabane



Boneset



Hoarhound



## Piano Pointers

By Virginia Dale

**T**HE piano is the most expensive and the most abused article in the average home. Its neglect is due largely to the fact that it is classified and treated as furniture rather than as a musical instrument of sensitive mechanism. Besides dusting it painstakingly and having it tuned for weddings and parties, the average housekeeper does little toward keeping it off the casualty list. Meanwhile, because of the lack of intelligent care, behind the polished surface of its well-kept case, various enemies are working its destruction.

### Tuning for Tone

**T**HE life and future well-being of a piano, like that of a baby, depends greatly upon proper care during its first year. In order to put it in condition to permanently preserve its tone, it should be tuned six times during the first twelve months, four times the second year, and two or three times a year thereafter. Along the sea-coast, and in other extremely damp localities, four tunings a year are necessary. The strings should be loosened in winter, and tightened in summer. Never allow your piano to become out of tune.

In addition to the fact that a neglected piano is a bad business proposition, there is a still more important reason for keeping it up properly. A piano that is out of tune is a menace to the family musical ear. This is an especially important point where there are young children studying music, or listening to others practicing. A piano that is out of tune will ruin their tone sense and seriously interfere with their technique. Practising upon an instrument at home that is not in tune is frequently responsible for imperfect lessons in the teacher's studio. The music sounds so entirely different there, it causes confusion.

### What Position is Best?

**T**HE welfare of a piano, considering it as both an article of furniture and a valuable musical instrument, depends greatly upon the position it occupies in the room. It should be placed near an inside wall, especially in a brick or stone house, and preferably away from a radiator, stove or window, since sudden changes of temperature are ruinous to both case and mechanism. The ideal temperature for a piano ranges from sixty-five to seventy. When it is necessary to place it near the source of heat, or close to a window, never open the window on cold or damp days and do not heat the room unnecessarily. Damp air rusts strings and tuning pins and loosens the glue of the hammer felts. Too much heat dries out case and sounding-board, causing both to warp and crack.

### When You Go Away

**W**HEN a house is to be closed for several months at a time, the piano should be moved into the sunniest and driest room in the house and covered with an old quilt or comforter to protect it from possible dampness. When the house is reopened, the piano should be aired by raising the lid, and kept in a well ventilated room until all traces of dampness have disappeared. In climates where there is great humidity, or after a succession of damp days, if the strings show signs of rusting, and cannot be dried by airing, suspend an electric light bulb inside the

piano case, without touching frame or mechanism. Keep this lighted, with the lid partly closed, changing the position of the bulb frequently, until the strings are dry. After this, the piano should be kept closed tightly to prevent a recurrence of the danger.

### If the Air is Dry

**S**INCE air that is too dry absorbs the natural moisture from the case and sounding-board of a piano as readily as from other articles of furniture in the room, it behooves the housekeeper to supply the necessary degree of moisture by evaporation. In the summer, jardinières filled with water and placed near or back of the piano will answer the purpose. In the winter, an open vessel of water on the stove or radiator will prevent too much dryness in the atmosphere. In steam-heated rooms, radiator pans are ideal for the purpose of supplying humidity. These are deep, narrow, copper or galvanized iron receptacles, fitted into the space between the wall and radiator, and attached to the coils of the latter by wires. Pans like these, which insure a continuous supply of moisture, are easily made by a tinsmith.

### To Rout Moths

**M**OTHS are exceedingly destructive to pianos, especially after the odor of new varnish has disappeared. Keep the piano closed as much as possible during the moth-miller season, inspecting it frequently. As a precaution, hang bags filled with a mixture of cedar chips and camphor inside the case, and at each end of the instrument out of the way of sounding-board and strings. If, in spite of preventive measures, moths threaten devastation and drastic treatment is necessary to save the felts, put five or ten cents' worth of Paris green in a box or can with a perforated lid, and sift the powder down over the hammers.

### The Care of the Case

**P**IANOS should always be dusted with cheese-cloth rather than chamois. Cheese-cloth, being porous, catches the dust and holds it; chamois, being dense, grinds the small particles into the varnish. When a new piano becomes soiled from fingerprints, or blue and gummy from humidity, after dusting it with cheese-cloth, go over it with chamois wet in lukewarm water and wrung dry. When the polish of your piano begins to dim, give it an occasional rubbing with some good furniture polish. Test its fitness upon a less important piece than the piano. After applying the polish and rubbing off with a dry cloth, place the palm flat against the surface. If the imprint of the hand remains, the polish is not good because it is too oily; if it disappears quickly, the polish may be used on any fine furniture with satisfactory results.

Piano keys should be wiped with a damp cloth once a week. In order to prevent the glue from loosening and the ivory from slipping off the key, each one, as it is washed, should be held in place by pressing the thumb against it firmly. Soap will turn ivory yellow. Since their whiteness depends upon daylight, the lid should never be quite closed over the keys; at least the first section should remain open.

## The Glory

[Continued from page 27]

him. Let them fawn and toady and make thorough betrayal of themselves; then he would—not disappear, no; that would be to miss all the fun—but let them know with surprise the true state of his fortunes. "Why, I always told you I hadn't much of anything!" It would show them what they were, and leave them with their sudden affection on their hands, not knowing what to do with it, or how in decency to change.

Serve them right! He flung back his gate, but his arrested hand stayed its slam,

for across the street a familiar figure was hurrying up the walk of the old Wentworth place. The gown was white now, but the rolling crest was rich auburn. He saw the students on the porch spring up, and heard Dorcas' warm rush of laughter before she went in through the wire door. For the moment, Gideon's resentment was forgotten in an aged, paternal kindness. Nice girl, little Dorcas. So that was why she blushed. He was glad that she had boys to play with.

[Continued in the July McCall's]



## PARFUM MARY GARDEN

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## Forestalling the Freckle

By Suzanne Sheldon



**T**HE first freckles— forerunners of the most critical season for complexions—are already putting in an annoying appearance. Year in and year out, women are bothered by these same troublesome

little visitors, yet, all during the winter and early spring they coddle their faces till they are delicate as hot-house blooms, and then wonder why the freckles come with early June—why the skin burns on the first real outing—and why, at the end of the summer, they find themselves with dry skin, splotted, discolored and ugly.

During the cold months if the face has been washed half a dozen times a day in very hot water—steamed intermittently—and perhaps prevented, by heavy veils from coming in contact with the air, there is danger—dryness—in the first ray of strong summer sunlight. And this dryness of the skin is the one direct route to freckles, burn and tan. Perhaps you have cleansed your face thoroughly every night, before retiring, first with cold-cream to remove the coarser dust, then with tepid water softened with borax, and finally by another light application of cream; have fortified yourself before venturing out into wind and rough weather by a very thin coat of cream, powdered over, and have rubbed cream or a good skin food into your face upon returning. After that, your skin, if it is normal, ought to be quite ready for the coming trials.

**T**HERE is a bit of comfort in the fact that oftentimes sunburned or thoroughly tanned skin has better circulation than the skin which retains its winter pallor; but there is not even this comfort to give in connection with freckles. They just appear to tell you your skin has been too dry, without telling you you have a good circulation! So, if you would avoid them, keep your skin as well oiled as possible. I do not mean keep it greasy; but always rub into the skin as much cream as it will absorb, wiping off the surplus and then covering it with a good rice powder.

If, despite your best efforts, the first week in June finds a fringe of freckles across the bridge of your nose, there is nothing to do but look to earlier and more drastic preventive measures the next year, and set about removing the blemishes that have crept up unawares this year. A preparation which your druggist will make up for you composed of 25 grains of sulphocarbonate of soda, 1 ounce of glycerin, ½ ounce of rose-water, and ½ ounce of alcohol would be exceedingly helpful, and could be used to advantage later in the summer if your face tans. In severe cases of freckle, a simpler formula composed of ½ dram of powdered borax, ½ dram of sugar, and 1 ounce of lemon-juice, applied with a camel's-hair complexion brush, would help. After using any freckle lotion containing acid, rub a good cold-cream into the skin.

By the time your freckles are beginning to fade into insignificance you are

liable to a much more troublesome form of summer skin affliction. And, since in the summer-time it is easiest to do the complexion irreparable injury, it is well to be on the alert. Look out for the too long outing with unprotected skin. Prepare it for that first meeting with the summer sun.

For one thing, I beg of you do not use hot water, for hot water, as I have said, will make the skin sensitive.

Before going out, clean the face with lukewarm water, using almond meal on it afterward, for its very soothing effect. When you have wiped this off with a soft bit of silk or muslin, powder the face over cold-cream. You may rub lanolin or cold-cream into the face instead of the meal, but in massage, do not rub too hard. Too strenuous movements will loosen the skin and cause wrinkles. Remember, too, broad-brimmed hats and parasols were made for summer use!

**T**HERE is every chance that many skins will let the sun's rays play havoc with them regardless of covering or precaution. If this is true of you when you come home from a trip on the river with your face flaming and aching, immediately bathe it in boiling-hot water either by direct application or by means of the hot-cloth method for ten or twenty minutes; then massage gently with vaselin. Repeat this till you find the pain alleviated. If the case is mild, dab on a little rose-water or a solution of bicarbonate of soda two or three times that night. If the sunburn refuses to yield, apply to the skin, with a bit of cotton, a mixture made by squeezing the juice of one lemon into one cupful of sweet milk, allowing it to curdle. A buttermilk bath is soothing, washing the milk off after half an hour. And, for more severe cases, fullers' earth and rose-water ought to effect good results.

If the hands have suffered badly, too, 1 ounce of strained honey, 1 ounce of any perfume (omitted if desired) and 1 ounce of lemon-juice will help them. Aching eyelids are relieved by a gentle massage of the edges with a little cream or vaselin. Many people who are not subject to sunburn are oftentimes victims of the much more disagreeable summer rash. An application, night and morning, of a combination of elderflower-water, glycerin and borax will help greatly.

The greasy, oily skin in summer is probably the most common ailment with many women. Try bathing the face with 5½ ounces of rose-water, ½ ounce of alcohol, and ½ dram of boric acid if this is your difficulty.

Your troubles will be considerably minimized if you will but remember that broad-brimmed hats, parasols, cold-cream, lemon-juice, buttermilk, and plenty of fresh air do much toward forestalling summer complexion disturbances. There's a whole month ahead of you before the sun will be doing its worst; so you've still time to ward off that first freckle and to get ready to let come what will, if you will!





## The delicate nail root is only 1/2 inch below the cuticle

### Don't cut the cuticle

**D**O you know that the delicate, sensitive root of the nail is barely a twelfth of an inch below the cuticle?

Do you realize that the only thing that protects the delicate nail root is this narrow rim at the base of your nails? That is why you should not cut it.

If you could see, magnified, the cuticle that has been cut, you would notice little raw, exposed places where more than the dead scarf skin has been cut away. The live cuticle itself, the real protection of the nail root, has been cut. All these tender cut surfaces grow up more quickly than the uncut parts. They form a ragged-looking, rough, uneven edge which ruins the appearance of your hand.

### You can have lovely nails without cutting the cuticle

Long ago an expert who understood the injurious effects of cuticle cutting, undertook to solve the problem by working out a *harmless* cuticle remover. For years he worked before he perfected the cuticle remover you now know as Cutex.

Now, all need of cutting the cuticle is done away with. Cutex loosens the dry, dead skin. It does away with all risk of exposing or cutting into the live cuticle that protects the delicate nail root. Quickly and safely it removes sur-



Alice Joyce, whose rare charm has brought her tremendous popularity, says: "Cutex made my manicure the work of a moment instead of the irksome duty it was."

plus cuticle, and leaves a smooth, even thin line at the base of your nail.

### The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and a quantity of absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the orange stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. The surplus cuticle is softened, removed! Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

At certain seasons of the year, the cuticle has a tendency to become dry and rough. This is especially noticeable after washing your hands. To overcome this tendency, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to the base of your nails just after washing your hands at night before retiring. This soothing cream will help to keep your cuticle always pliable.

Secure Cutex in any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

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**"Mum" Manufacturing Company**  
1106 Chestnut Street      Philadelphia



## The Bathroom Complete

By  
Helen  
Maxwell



THE door opens on a spotless interior; the floors and walls are white tile, the wood-work white enameled, and the fittings of opal glass.

Yet there is a note of color. The draperies over the plain net curtains are of blue-and-white Japanese toweling, and a deep blue Turkish toweling rug extends from the door to the wash-bowl next to the window.

Above the bowl and screwed to the wall is a white enameled toilet-case in whose door there is set a mirror. At one side of the case is a combination soap-dish and tumbler holder—the latter supporting an opal glass tumbler. On the wall opposite is another toilet-case, and set a little way below it is a glass shelf laden with pretty white and blue embroidered towels and wash-cloths. Just below this glass shelf hangs a short towel rod of opal glass from which depends a guest towel, small bath towel, and two wash-cloths.

This is just a pen sketch of quite the most comfortable and convenient bathroom it has been my lot to look upon.

The porcelain bathtub is of the luxurious kind which rests flat upon the floor without any legs, and so offers no crevices for the lodgment of dirt. Above the tub on a long towel rod, hang the bath towels of various sizes, with borders in blue and white. Above this rod is a glass shelf, six inches wide, resting on opal glass brackets. A protecting rim keeps its contents from being jarred off. An enameled white bath seat whose curved metal ends cased in rubber slip over each side of the tub, and a huge basket-shaped affair of opal glass, slatted, holding an enormous soft sponge and soap, are temptations for one to linger long.

Next to the tub stands what looks like a pretty white chair with cane seat and back, but if one looks closely one discovers it to be a cane chair-seat fastened to the cover of the toilet, with the chair-back hinged on. When the toilet is closed, behold an attractive chair!

On the spotlessly white door, which is immediately in front of and to one side of the toilet, are a couple of opal glass hooks convenient for the use of a syringe. Just beneath the hooks, which are set high, hangs a long, flat case of Japanese toweling, heavily lined and fastened up both sides across the top with large blue button-shaped snappers. On unfastening these snappers, the front drops down to disclose the metal hanger which supports the bag and extends across inside the top, and from which depend several hooks on which hang a hot-water bag, a syringe and a bath spray. When the case is fastened up these articles are kept free from dust and the walls are spared their unsightliness.

A low white stool with a cork top stands against the wall opposite the tub, convenient to sit on while drying the feet, putting on or taking off shoes, or for a thousand other purposes.

Soiled towels were the problems of every bathroom, until white enameled fiber cases were put on the market. A triangular one, twenty-seven inches deep, stands inconspicuously in one corner. With a perforated bottom and three airholes in the top for ventilation, it looks for all the world like a continuation of the woodwork.

A bathroom scale is against one wall; there is a white enameled costumer to hold the bath-towels or other clothing, and between the head of the tub and the wash-bowl is a wedge-shaped affair of white enameled wood, standing upon the floor, its handle inviting one to pick it up and take it away. One side of the wedge is a door,

which, when let down, discloses a complete shoe-brushing outfit; the upper half of the other side turns up and back upon the top of the wedge, disclosing on its under side a proper foot-rest, and converting the whole into an amateur bootblack stand.

If one's bathroom has not one of those deep tiled recesses whose pipe-coiled walls can be converted into encircling showers by the turn of the faucet, select a type which does not require the plumber to attach, but merely slips over the tub water-taps without interfering with their ordinary use. This kind shoots up a long rod furnished with four nozzles like those of a watering-pot. A turn to the mechanism and out of the nozzles come forceful sprays to beyond the center of the tub, providing an invigorating shower without wetting one's hair, or, on the contrary, proving equally as efficacious for the rinsing of hair after a shampoo.

ON opening the family toilet-case, one finds a trim display of square, glass-stoppered bottles, each plainly labeled, standing on glass shelves. Here also are toilet creams, tooth powder and paste, dental floss, court-plaster, adhesive tape, surgical gauze, eye-cup, shaving cream and brush. The guest's toilet-case contains a jar of powder puffs (cotton tied in balls with a bow of pink or baby-blue ribbon), a powder shaker, bottle of toilet water, a dozen tiny cakes of toilet soap, an orange-wood stick, court-plaster and hand lotion.

Not all of us have bathrooms as generous in size or as modern in their combination of tiles and sanitary plumbing as the one described. We must put up with the bathroom which our house contains, but it has no drawback which we can not overcome or mitigate. Even a wooden floor can be made attractive and easy to keep clean by a linoleum covering varnished as soon as

laid. A row of hooks on the bathroom door or woodwork can be substituted for a costumer; the imposing scale may be omitted altogether or one of the small scales installed instead which stand only a few inches from the floor and can be used in an odd niche or place. Instead of the fiber laundry case, if this takes up too much room, there is a most convenient and inexpensive laundry bag, the oval metal rod-frame of which hooks over a knob screwed to the bathroom door. There is a slit in the rod which can be slid into the casing of a washable laundry bag, thus held conveniently open by it to receive discarded towels. The covering can be quickly slipped off for frequent washing.

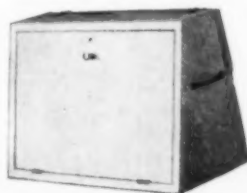
FOR rugs, there is much latitude of choice, from rag rugs to rugs of heavy Turkish toweling in almost solid colors of blue, rose and yellow. Those of pounded goat's hair are creamy white of background and embroidered in elaborate and striking patterns and colors—the effect being very much like the chain-stitch embroidery done by sewing-machines. These rugs are fringed on all four sides with unwoven goat's hair, and are very effective.

Use your ingenuity to make your bathroom individual and so convenient that every guest will experience that little luxurious thrill which comes from a recognition of every convenience provided, as well as the utilitarian considered. Remember it is a sound investment to buy the best goods the market affords.



Its mouth held open by an oval metal rod-frame, discarded towels easily find their way into the bag marked "Laundry."

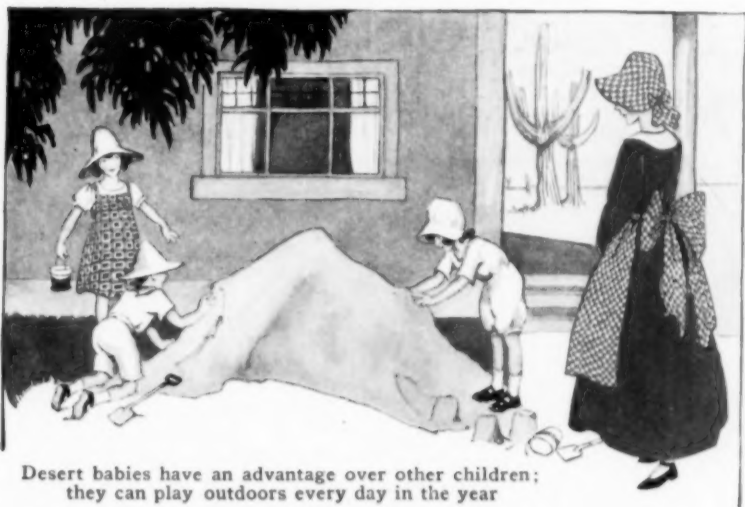
Soiled towels ceased to be a bathroom problem when three-cornered fiber cases came on the market.



With but a slight invitation, the door drops down and reveals a complete shoe-brushing outfit.

# My Home in the Desert

By Cynthia Jane Dillon



Desert babies have an advantage over other children; they can play outdoors every day in the year

NEVER borrow trouble and never worry!" This was the slogan I resolved to adopt for my home-spirit monitor that first year out in the desert. My friends at parting had given me all kinds of advice, from first-aid to the injured to home nursing and the care of children. Had I followed it all, I would have landed in the depths with my burden upon my back.

Those first few months in the desert were a wonderful revelation to me. I can say with emphasis now, that it would be a blessing if more mothers could be placed as I was, and made to sound the depths of their own natures, their own resourcefulness and capabilities. Nowhere else is it as possible to establish devotion and absolute confidence between the members of a family, as it is in an isolated place. If people can accustom themselves, from the start, to the disadvantages and the seeming loneliness of a desert home, later, health, clear perceptions, and happiness will be theirs.

For months at a time, I saw no white woman. There was no one to go to for advice, and with cooking supplies obtainable only at a little dugout store, my household problems, at times, seemed insurmountable. We soon learned to send, about four times a year, to the nearest city for our supplies, and later, of course, we had our own garden, chickens, bees, and one cow.

We used little meat, a chicken occasionally, beef once a week if we would drive seventeen miles for it, rabbits and quail when we had time to hunt them, some canned corned beef and canned fish. The great mistake in serving canned goods is in opening a can and warming and serving the contents immediately. They should be exposed to the air several hours before they are to be used. I usually made a hash of the corned beef and escalloped dishes of the canned fish. Dried fruits were preferable for our use to the canned. I soaked them and then stewed them until tender, adding sugar only after the first was partly cooled.

THE staple dish in the southwest was bacon and beans, preferably the brown variety or "pink" beans, which we soaked overnight, parboiled rapidly for two minutes in soda-water, and cooked thoroughly, with bacon-fat or oil added. My home-made fireless-cooker was invaluable in cooking. Wood was scarce in the desert, and I learned to stretch it out to its utmost efficiency. Often, when it was very cold, I made the cook-stove furnish the heat for the one large general-utility- or living-room. I kept the oven door open when I was not cooking, and it was surprising how little fuel was necessary to give the required warmth.

I paid the strictest attention to the diet of all, not by dictating to them, but by serving only such things as were proper for them to eat. We lived so plainly, that the children were usually allowed almost anything on the table. It has always been a decided notion of mine that meats should not be eaten at the same meal with sweets. I never indulged in such mixtures myself—fruits excepted, of course—and I always discouraged my children from so doing. They were always well, and that was the reason they had such perpetually even dis-

positions. Pickles, hot sticky puddings, pies, and preserves I never served. Honey, fresh or the stewed dried fruits, or dates and cream were the only form of dessert. Fresh fruits with plain cakes; honey, figs, raisins, and dates ground together with nut-meats, and served with milk; the endless number of puddings made by combining fruits with gelatine and fruit salads, all played an important part in our menus.

The ranch breakfast was a hearty meal, usually consisting of a cereal, bacon and eggs, hashed potatoes, and chocolate and toast. Dinner, I always opened with a plain light soup—hot water flavored with a bunch of herbs and a little butter, if nothing more. It cleansed the stomach and whetted the appetite. A salad I considered necessary. If nothing else was at hand, I used pieces of cold canned tomato, salted a trifle. Nuts, cracked and placed in the center of the table in an attractive wooden bowl, frequently formed the main dinner dish.

We slept outdoors the year around. My husband made a "cage" for the children to nap in. About the sides of a strong frame he tacked a wire screen, and across the bottom, strong canvas. This "cage" was swung between the trees, and over the top I threw a generous piece of dark green cloth, weighted at the corners. In the warm weather, the children wore only one small garment fashioned from a romper pattern, loose at the knees and elbows and cut low in the neck. Even so lightly clothed, I have seen their tender skin scarlet from prickly-heat rash.

DESERT babies have an advantage over other children; they can play outdoors every day in the year. A generous sand-pile, with the accompanying spoons, cans, and sticks, made a most interesting playground. Here I found time to relax and teach the children many things. We made little gardens, well-equipped cities and farms and bridges. At the planing mill, I was allowed to fill a grain-sack with clean-cut blocks from the scrap-pile, for twenty-five cents. Another twenty-five cents shipped them to the ranch, and the children had more blocks than could have been bought at the store for three or four times that amount.

We considered books and music a necessity in our home, and with these things and plenty of the right spirit, it mattered little whether the growing-time was in the wilderness or on the sea.

It has often amused me to hear my friends in the city tell their troubles. "The cars run only every forty minutes out here." "The telephone girls are so slow to answer." "Water and electricity cost so much." "Our clothes are out of style before they are half worn out." "The meat is so high, the milk so thin, the eggs so stale." Certainly, desert life teaches one to overlook these petty troubles and to face more squarely all great things. I was always glad to get home after each visit "inside," as we desert dwellers call the other portion of the world, for in the desert the water is as pure as the air; we had unlimited space for real freedom; there were no street-cars to run at any hour; and my little oil lamps were always trimmed, and ready to burn brightly in the old-time home nest.

## BEAUTY HELPS

In response to many eager requests for help on the subject of personal appearance, McCall's expert has prepared two booklets for her readers. "The Care of the Skin and Hands" gives detailed directions and many recipes for lotions and creams; the "Book of Beauty Number Two" contains twenty pages of directions for the care of the hair, teeth, eyes and figure. Both are fully illustrated. The price of each is ten cents. Send for each or both to The Beauty Department, McCall's Magazine, 238 West 37th Street, New York City.

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## Summer-Time Sweaters for Out-of-Door Girls

By Elisabeth May Blondel



Ruffle Sweater and Tam for the Small Lady



A Crochet Tam in White Cotton



Coat Sweater and Cap in Turquoise Blue



The New Filet Slip-On with Sleeves. Crocheted in Rose and White Shetland Floss. Size 36-38



The New Filet Slip-On, Sleeveless. Crocheted in Yellow and White Shetland Floss. Size 36-38



A Filet Sweater for Little Sister, Too

As sweaters will play a leading part in the Summer wardrobe of 1919, one can easily possess several and not have too many. Among the different popular styles, most important of all is the filet crochet slip-on, as this is the very last word in sweaters. In light colors or dark, with sleeves or without, collared or collarless, one can suit one's own particular style or fancy, providing the sweater itself is made in filet crochet. Very charming these sweaters are and surprisingly simple to make when compared with the knitted ones, the filet taking but days where the knitted ones often occupied weeks of one's time. So the maid of this summer, though she start her travels minus a pretty sweater in filet, may be jauntily wearing one before being a week en route, provided she has had a bit of previous experience with a crochet hook. The sweaters shown are made in Shetland floss. The directions for their making include block patterns. See editor's note.

What big sister has, little sister wants too, so here is a small pink filet slip-on gaily decked with a rose design at neck and lower edge. This fits a child four or five years old and requires very little Shetland floss as can easily be imagined.

Knitted in pink and white Shetland floss the little ruffle sweater and tam are very cunning indeed for a child of four years. The puff sleeves, ruffle skirt and roll collar give this little sweater quite a perky style of its own that lends to a demure maiden a decidedly bewitching appearance.

Crocheted in white cotton the pretty tam-o'-shanter will solve the hat problem for summer days. To make it is simple, its cost is very little, and its becomingness is apparent at a glance. For directions see editor's note below.

The coat sweater and cap fit a child from four to six years, and make an extremely dainty set when knitted in light colors. The sweater is shaped in a most practical way and the directions for it are simple ones to follow.

**Editor's Note.**—Directions for knitting and crocheting the five sweaters and three children's hats illustrated above are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 119. To obtain this send 15 cents in stamps or money order. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, McCall Building, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

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**Pompeian BEAUTY Powder**—Adds a lovely clearness to the skin. Stays on unusually long. Its fragrance captivates. Shades: white, brunette, and flesh. All druggists, 50c.

**Pompeian BLOOM**—A rouge that is imperceptible when properly applied. In three shades—light, dark, and medium (the popular shade). All druggists, 50c.

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## Aunt Judy, Door-Mat

(Continued from page 9)

"You are young," said the doctor, "don't get silly ideas into your head." It was the first time in years that anyone had called Aunt Judy young. She was thrilled by it. But she didn't have much time to enjoy the sensation, for the baby claimed her care.

In the days that followed she nursed the baby. Honey-Girl wasn't the least bit of use in the world. She couldn't see him suffer. She simply couldn't. So Aunt Judy saved her.

The small vampire had a hard time of it. Aunt Judy setting herself sternly against loving him found her heart-strings played upon by the weak little hands.

"Such devotion," said Honey-Girl to her friends over the phone. "I don't know what we should do without Aunt Judy." "She simply doesn't eat and drink," said young Nigel, "she adores him—"

After that first night Aunt Judy wore her eiderdown robe. It was gray with lavender ribbons. In the daytime when the doctor came, she wore white skirts and shirt-waists, and she managed to make them look sedate.

But the doctor didn't see much difference. He liked her in anything. He liked the silver coronet and delicate soft skin. In the country district where he had lived, he had not known many such women. He hated Honey-Girl's low-necks and rouge. He was old-fashioned and glad of it. His keen eyes saw many things. Aunt Judy was, he decided, a poor and dependent relation. She was being imposed upon. If somebody didn't intervene, she would waste some lovely years of life in making other people selfish. He didn't know that the house was Aunt Judy's house, and that the small earnings of Honey-Girl's husband were a mere bagatelle in the sum of their expenditures.

The doctor wished that he might intervene. When he went home at night he surveyed his small domain thoughtfully. He came to have a feeling that he could make Aunt Judy happy. Yet he hadn't much to offer except the love which had come to him quite unexpectedly and rapturously as he worked beside her.

So, one morning after the ban was lifted from the house, the doctor asked Aunt Judy to ride with him. It was very cold. The river was frozen as they crossed the long bridge that led them into Virginia.

"I've brought you," said the country doctor, calmly, "to scold you."

"Why?"

"Because you're a door-mat."

"A what?"

"A door-mat for those two young people to wipe their feet on." His earnestness redeemed the words.

Aunt Judy in a grandmotherly hat and matronly furs had been enjoying herself hugely. She had forgotten the baby. She had forgotten Honey-Girl. She was living in the moment as she had not lived for twenty years. Her cares, her loneliness, had dropped from her. It was enough to have this big, comfortable man beside her; to listen to his pleasant voice; to watch his competent hands at the wheel; to catch the twinkle of his brown eyes as he teased her, or the flash as he grew earnest.

He was in earnest now as he spoke of Honey-Girl.

"You are doing things for that baby that his mother ought to do. Sacrificing yourself when she ought to sacrifice. She won't love him as much if she doesn't sacrifice. Look at a lioness with her whelps—she goes hungry for them. And a cat with her kittens—such mothers are mothers. And you make life easy for her and deprive the baby of his birthright."

"But if Honey-Girl won't," Aunt Judy hinted.

"Won't what?"

"Take care of him."

"She'd have to if you didn't. She wouldn't leave him to nurses. There's more to her than that. But the youth in her shirks when somebody can fill her place. And you've let her shirk."

"Oh," said Aunt Judy in a small voice, "what would you advise me to do?"

He knew what he wanted her to do. Marry him. But he was not sure that he ought to tell her, yet.

There was something in the brown eyes as he looked down at Aunt Judy which gave her a shock. Twenty years ago men had looked at her like that.

Under the grandmotherly hat she bloomed and blushed. "What," she said again, "would you advise me to do?"

He hesitated. "I fancy," he said at last, "that because you are dependent they impose upon you."

"Dependent?" a light broke in upon her. "You mean that I'm a poor relation?"

"Yes—you must pardon me if I seemed to put it badly."

She was laughing a little. He couldn't see the joke. He laid his hand over hers. "I haven't much to offer. And my house is small. But I love you—I think we could be very happy, Judy."

The convent chimed were striking twelve when Aunt Judy came home. They might have been a chime of wedding-bells. Aunt Judy pitied the nuns—she pitied all poor women, who must live their lives without love.

She went upstairs to find Honey-Girl reading a letter.

"It's from Nigel's mother," she said, "she wants to make us a visit, Aunt Judy."

"When?"

"Next week, and I telephoned Nigel. And—and it seems such a good time for you to take a rest, Aunt Judy." Honey-Girl tried not to seem embarrassed. "You could go South and have a gay, good time—"

Aunt Judy who had been swimming in a sort of misty sea of happiness came up, as it were, into the cold air of comprehension. Honey-Girl wanted to get rid of her. Nigel's mother had visited them before the baby came. And Aunt Judy had not liked her. The house had seemed too small for the two of them. Honey-Girl knew it; and now Honey-Girl was planning to get her out of her own house, so that Nigel's mother might come.

Aunt Judy had a sudden fierce reaction. She had intended to take Honey-Girl in her arms and tell her of her happiness. To tell her that she and Nigel might live in the house as long as they liked, and that she was going to live in the doctor's house and be happy ever after.

Oh, Honey-Girl was selfish. The doctor had said something about the lioness with her whelps and a cat with her kittens. Honey-Girl was, rather, like that strange bird that lays its eggs in an alien nest, and flies gaily on, leaving its offspring to some foster-mother.

She must not let Honey-Girl fly on. The baby must not be mothered by Nigel's mother, who was shallow and spoiled him, and wasn't careful about his food.

As she unfasted the matronly furs in her own room, she thought it all out. Honey-Girl and Nigel must live in a little house of their own, and take care of the baby. She knew Nigel's mother would never visit them in a little house. She liked Aunt Judy's big rooms, and the two maids, and the excellent meals.

She told Honey-Girl what she had decided—

"Honey-Girl," she said, finally, sitting rather nervously on the edge of a chair, "Honey-Girl, a lioness with her whelps has to sacrifice, or a cat with her kittens."

Honey-Girl was sobbing. "I—I thought you loved to have us, Aunt Judy."

"My darling, I do—" said poor Aunt Judy, and Honey-Girl cried and cried, and had a headache and hysterics, and at last Aunt Judy sent for her doctor.

He kissed her in the hall, and, as she watched him go upstairs, she thought again of the nuns in the convent. Poor things who had no one to love them.

The convent chimed were striking two when the doctor came down. Aunt Judy was waiting for him in the pale drawing-room, whose long mirrors reflected her gray hair and her dark blue silk, and the pink in her cheeks which had not faded since he kissed her.

He stood on the threshold frowning.

"So this is your house?" he said.

"Oh," said Aunt Judy, "did she tell you?"

He ignored that. "I thought," he said, bitterly, "that I might ask you to come to me in my little home. And you are a rich woman."

"I am poor," said Aunt Judy. "For twenty years I have lived without love."

He would not listen. "Your niece tells me that you want her to leave. Did you think I would come here and live? On your money?"

"No," said Aunt Judy, "I wanted Honey-Girl to be a mother—to sacrifice something for her child like a lioness with her whelps, or a cat with her kittens—"

He brushed that away. "What a fool

(Continued on page 45)

# Re-Chickening France!

Campaign Cast-Up Shows Big Results



FOR six long, tedious months we have pleaded for dimes—the dimes that have paved a way for thousands of clucking chickens straight from your pocket to these drear French farms, razed and devoid of life. From the leanness of a thin pocket and the ampleness of a thick purse they have come—a response of the many united in one cause. As each dime stacked on the other, coin by coin, the basis for the work the American Committee for Devastated France has been doing in the ravaged districts, was being built. And these earnest women have not toyed with the task that you helped make possible for them.

Each morning before the sun is up they are in costume, motors chugging, waiting for the word to start. Perhaps one's duty is work with the incubators, perhaps one must be at the wheel of her camion. In those incubators she is to tend, are brooding the eggs your dimes bought; packed skillfully into those camions are crates of live dime-chickens that at French market prices are bringing fifteen francs fifty centimes each! Read this pen-picture sketched by one of the workers in the despoiled regions, and you will see what is actually happening to the particular chick you sent to France.

"Since the incubators have started up here I have visited them nightly at twelve P. M. and eight A. M. Mme. Montez sees them again at five A. M. and eight A. M. Besides driving my camion and tending to the chickens there is loads of work to be done, and this is such a perfectly bully way to really accomplish it. Nothing could be more needed than the work the Committee is doing, and it is all so cheery and personal and yet so concrete and substantial. The task is far from finished—I only hope America will back us up, because without that we can do nothing. Now is the time we are most needed—not Americans necessarily, but the help we are actually delivering. Now that they have the assurance that they won't be uprooted again, the people are beginning their lives anew in the ruins of their old homes with absolutely nothing for the start but courage."

FLAVORED with the characteristic light-heartedness of the French, comes a letter from a certain M. Guerard describing a trip he took with some of your full grown French-American chicks.

MADAME:

On leaving you Wednesday I took the train at 8 in the evening and arrived at Moulin at 5 the next morning, and at Diou at 1:30, where Mme. Vidain, who was to meet me, only came at 3:30. I then had to find a wagon to transport the hens which she had to the station and it was 5:30 o'clock Friday P. M. before I had the 750 hens packed and was ready to return to Moulin—where I arrived at 8.

Saturday A. M. at quarter after 7 I started for Paris where I arrived at midnight. It was impossible to leave for Soissons until 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon and arrived at Villers Cotterets at 2

in the morning of Monday, to again take the train at 9:30 and reached Soissons at 11 o'clock.

I went to the committee rooms and two young ladies came with a motor truck to take the 20 cases of chickens.

So ends this somewhat strenuous trip. Fortunately I thought to put in two boxes of straw and a blanket as the freight cars have been my sleeping quarters since I left you, and I passed my night with my hens—a situation not to be recommended, as its perfume was not delicate.

Accept, Madame, my respects.

CIL GUERARD.

In the following letter to the Editor of McCall's, Miss Elizabeth Perkins has expressed the appreciation to all of you from the American Committee for Devastated France.

MY DEAR MISS BEATTY:

I want to thank you personally, as well as officially as Chairman of the Publicity Committee, for the splendid help you have given us in McCall's Magazine. Not only has your help been appreciated in collecting funds for the restocking of poultry farms of devastated France, but in disseminating news of our work throughout the country.

We realize how much extra trouble this has given your editorial department, and how much extra labor it has involved in the whole office force, and we are very appreciative.

The response to the stories as published in McCall's has interested us greatly, especially we note that the Boy Scouts and schools and institutions have responded so generously.

I want particularly to mention the Batavia Blind School and to thank those children for their donations and sympathy to the children of France who are struggling for existence.

Thank you all—editors and workers, contributors and readers; we feel that what you have done is the most important factor in the reconstruction of Northern France: namely, giving the destitute people the opportunity to become self-supporting.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH PERKINS,  
Chairman Publicity Committee.

NOT once during the long dime-getting months have you failed to respond to our call. Now we think it a part of the cooperative spirit to give you an estimate of the total receipts. Up until now seventy-five thousand two hundred and two purposeful ten-cent pieces have rolled into our office—in all, seven thousand five hundred and twenty-two dollars. A glorious heap of silver—an inspiration to those loyal workers overseas. And even now they must not stop! More must come to fill the expectant incubators already prepared by the Committee. To give some idea of the thoroughness of the Re-Chickening Campaign, the above sketch was drawn after the plans of the chicken farm at Villeneuve-la-Huree, Seine-et-Marne. Similar installations have been made at Bretouville, Eure-et-Loire, and Vic-sur-Aisne, where the output of poultry is to outstrip the two thousand mark every month.

Long after the idea of the campaign to restock these barren barn-yards of the French has lost its freshness, the business of re-chickening will be going on. Your dimes are the fuel. Don't let the flame go out!

## Aunt Judy, Door-Mat

[Continued from page 44]

you must have thought me. A rich woman can do anything. I thought they imposed on you—that you had to submit—because you were poor."

"I had to submit," said poor Aunt Judy, "because I loved Honey-Girl like my own child. I made her selfish—but I didn't know. I was very young—and I had no one to help me."

Her lip trembled, but his heart was hard. Honey-Girl had told him that Aunt Judy's income was five thousand a year. The doctor, in a rapid calculation, had

figured that at a safe four per cent it meant a principal of over a hundred thousand dollars. And he had asked her to marry him—and to take her pleasure with him—simply—

"Of course," he said, "under the circumstances, I release you—"

Aunt Judy didn't want to be released. But she made no move. She simply stood there and watched him go. She felt: "He is as selfish as Honey-Girl. He is thinking of his pride, not of me."

[Continued on page 46]



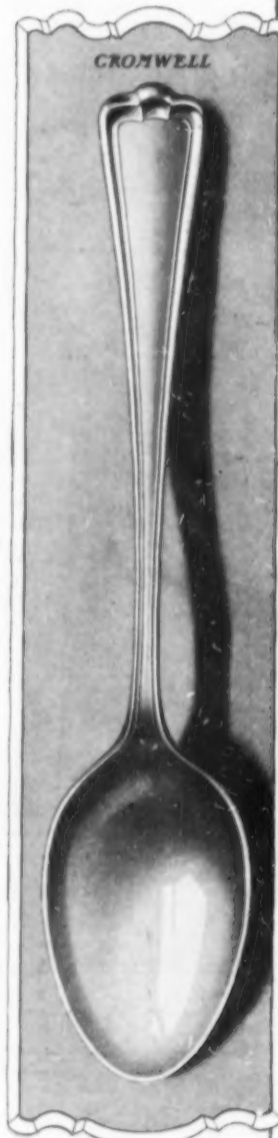
"—and for this silver  
I hoped and hoped!"

Happy is the maiden who can count among her cherished possessions a selection of the fine silverware that is known everywhere by the quality-mark "1847 ROGERS BROS."

When time has dimmed the beauty and lessened the usefulness of other gifts, her silver will still be her daily pride—to be cherished and handed down to the next generation.

In many of the patterns a complete silver service may be had with Tea and Coffee sets, etc., to match the knives, spoons and forks.

1847 Rogers Bros. silverplate is made in one quality only—the best. Teaspoons, \$3.00 a set of six. Other pieces in proportion. Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalog "F-45."



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## No More "Spoiled" Preserves

Never again should home canned fruits or vegetables "spoil" because of defective jar rubbers. The foremost rubber scientists of the greatest rubber manufacturer in the world and expert home economic specialists have combined their talents and produced a jar ring that is positively 100% perfect.

## USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers

remove every possibility of spoilage. They are made of a special quality of rubber, specially prepared for this one special purpose.

Neither the heat, steam, nor pressure of any canning processing can possibly affect them in any way.

Do not risk your canning investment of money, time and labor. Order USCO Kold Pak Jar Rubbers of your grocer and be sure of success.

United States  
Rubber Company



## Tender Gums Lead to Tooth Decay

**H**EALTHY gums should not bleed. When the gums are inflamed and tender—when they bleed at brushing, beware of Pyorrhea. These are the first symptoms of that insidious disease.

Pyorrhea is none the less a dangerous enemy because it works slowly. Slowly but surely the gums recede, the teeth decay, and loosen or fall out. And infecting Pyorrhea—germs often seep through tiny openings in the gum-tissue, are absorbed into the system and undermine bodily health.

Guard your teeth and health. Do not wait for symptoms of Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin.

Start using Forhan's for the Gums today. Ordinary dentifrices can not prevent Pyorrhea. Forhan's will prevent the disease, or check its progress if used in

time and used consistently. Forhan's will keep the gums firm, hard and healthy—the teeth clean and white.

### How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

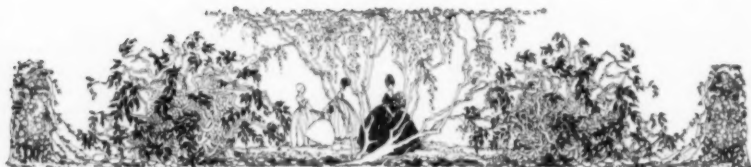
30c and 60c tubes. At all druggists in U. S. or Canada.

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Forhan's, Ltd., 307 St. James St., Montreal

## Forhan's for the Gums



Brush your teeth  
and gums with  
Forhan's



## Aunt Judy, Door-Mat

[Continued from page 45]

The next week she went South. She left the house to Honey-Girl and the baby and to Nigel's mother. She bought a lot of things before she went. They were young things—rose-colored frocks and coats, and broad hats—and evening gowns like Honey-Girl's, except that they were not so low in the neck or so short in the skirt. But they were low enough and short enough to be in very good style.

At Miami, Aunt Judy found Washington and Baltimore friends. She played around with them. She brushed up her golf and tennis. In such a crowd and with such clothes, forty-five is no age at all. One or two men, liking her, and learning her income, showed serious intentions. Yet, somehow, when Aunt Judy went up-stairs after a gay day, she felt older than ever. And she used to cry herself to sleep at night, as she thought of a certain long ride into Virginia, and the look in the doctor's eyes when he had asked her to be his wife, and of the convent chimes when they had struck twelve.

She had been there a month when she got a letter from Honey-Girl. She had had other letters, of course, but this was the first real letter. The baby had been very sick, and Nigel's mother had gone.

"I can't tell you the awful things she did," Honey-Girl wrote, "she let the bottles get sour, and Nigel and I didn't notice, and it was dreadful. And the minute she knew he was really ill, she went away. And I took care of him, Aunt Judy. I sat up nights with hardly a wink of sleep. And it was in the midst of one of those awful nights that I thought of you, and began to understand—How you had taken care of me—and how you had given up your youth—and how you had sat up with baby while I was away having good times—and I thought of what you said about the lioness, and the cat with her kittens. And I knew it was true. Baby is mine now in a way that he never was before. And Nigel and I have decided to take a little house, and be a Father and Mother instead of a pair of butterflies. And we want you to come home, not to take care of Baby, but so that we can show you that we love you and how grateful we are—"

Well, Aunt Judy went home to her empty house. She gave a lot of things to

Honey-Girl, and helped her get settled.

Now and then she saw the doctor's car pass, but he never came to see her. "I wouldn't give that," said Aunt Judy, and snapped her fingers in the empty rooms, "I wouldn't give that for his love."

Then one day his car stopped. "Judy," he said, "I can't live without you. I've tried. I've fought. Yet my pride won't let me marry a rich woman—"

"Your selfishness won't," said Aunt Judy. Her eyes had sparks in them, "I wouldn't give that for your love," and she snapped her fingers at him, as she had snapped them at the empty room.

This was a new Aunt Judy. "I have come to the conclusion," she continued, "that in this world the more you give the less you get. You told me I was making Honey-Girl selfish. That I ought to let her sacrifice herself like a lioness with her whelps."

He held up his hand. "Your niece has quoted that to me *ad nauseum*."

"Well, she believes it now," said Aunt Judy, "and I think she is happier. Life is harder, but she is happier," she faltered, "of course, that trips up my argument—she's giving more and getting more—"

She sat down and waved him to a chair. The chair that she sat in was of rose-colored brocade. Aunt Judy was in pale blue Georgette, with pearls. She didn't look a day over twenty-five, and the doctor couldn't imagine her in his poor little house.

"Judy," he said, wistfully, "I'm making more money; do you think that some day—"

"Some day I'll be an old woman, and the years will be wasted."

"But my pride won't let me—"

"A lion," said Aunt Judy, returning to similes, "knows its mate. Eagles soar together toward the sun—only men weigh and ponder and—break hearts."

She had him then. He took a step forward. "Good God," he said, "is it that way with you, Judy?"

"It is that way with me—"

"A lion and its mate. Two eagles in the air," he caught her up in his arms, "your house or mine—money or no money—Oh, what difference does it make?"

And it made no difference!

## Those Were The Days

[Continued from page 11]

"Would she let me kiss her?" Denis was thinking in the spot-light in which he stood.

"I would like a chance at the man who invented rubber heels," Chuthers thought. "Of all the smells!"

Lou Grey did not think. She felt—"How wonderful he is."

She sat at dinner in a trance. It seemed as if they must see her heart burning there like a little red lamp. She looked dreamily at her father and mother, at Martha going in and out of the circle of light about the table to the butler's pantry, and at the Honorable Miss Chuthers with her nose between her paws on the hearth, all without love in their lives.

"Where is Lou Grey?" asked Hugh Morton suddenly about half past seven, looking up from the French edition of *Arabian Nights* which he had just finished for the twelfth time. "I'll play a game of parcheesi with her."

Nancy Morton looked up from her needlework.

"Why, I do not know where she is," she said. "Up in her room doing her French exercise, I suppose."

Lou Grey was standing on a nail, feeling about in a hole in a tree. Before she went to bed she had written her first letter of love. It said:

DEAR DENIS.—It makes me so glad to get letters from you in the tree. Yours sincerely,  
LOUISE GREY MORTON.

On the way to school the next morning she made a slight detour, and placed this cool little epistle where Denis' offering had been. She stood on tiptoe on the nail and peered in, clutching the trunk. No—yes—Denis had been there before her and left the product of his muse overnight.

Mrs. Morton was very busy through the following two weeks, getting ready to go to the seashore. But in spite of her pre-

occupation, Lou Grey gave her in that important interval several profound starts. Lou Grey began to wash her hands so clean that it was unearthly. She grew critical about her clothes. Nancy Morton was really startled when her young Cinderella made a crisis of whether a new batiste dress should have tucks or gathers in the skirt and whether poppies or primroses on a leghorn hat became her most. Lou Grey's vocabulary, too, underwent a change.

"What'll I wear on the train, Nancy?" inquired Lou Grey, hanging over the cover of the big trunk the morning her mother was packing. In moments of quiet intimacy she sometimes called her mother and father by their first names.

Nancy Morton sank back on her heels and considered.

"Let me see—we've put that orange smock in the suitcase. You may wear any one you like, dear—"

"What'll I wear on my bean?" inquired Lou Grey.

Mrs. Morton opened her mouth, and took in breath. Then, being a wise mother, she thought better of it.

"What hat? The little brown one, I should say. Now it is time for the dolls, dear," she said, smiling at Lou Grey, who was leaning against the top of the trunk still considering what she should wear on her bean.

"I guess I'm not going to take any dolls, mother," said Lou Grey placidly.

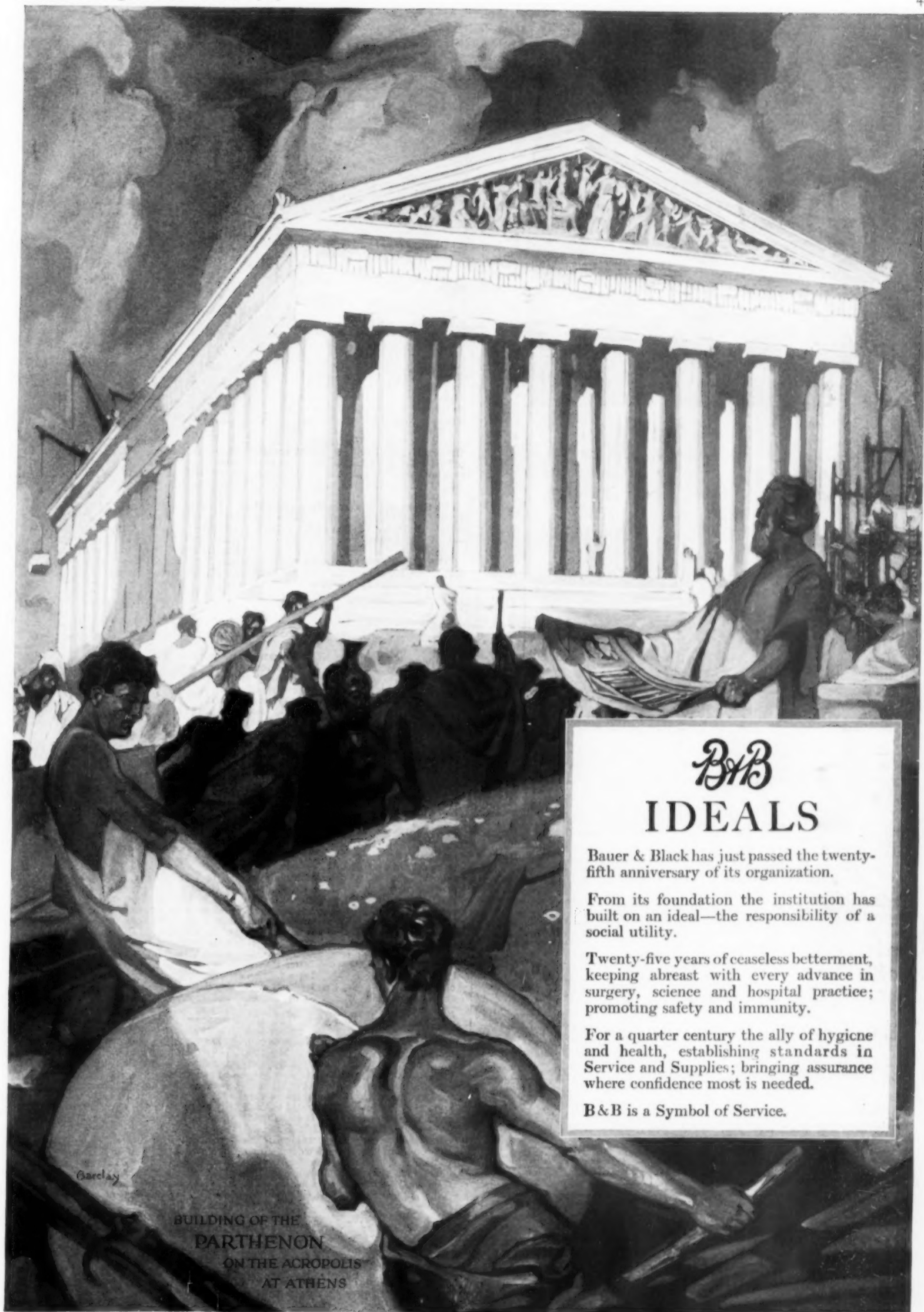
Nancy Morton regarded her child with attention.

"Not take any dolls," she repeated incredulously. "Why—dear, are your doll days over?"

"No'm," said Lou Grey, "but they take up so much room, mother. Mother—how d'you spell eternal?"

Nancy Morton squeezed in rolls of stockings around a pair of tramping shoes

[Continued on page 54]



## B&B IDEALS

Bauer & Black has just passed the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization.

From its foundation the institution has built on an ideal—the responsibility of a social utility.

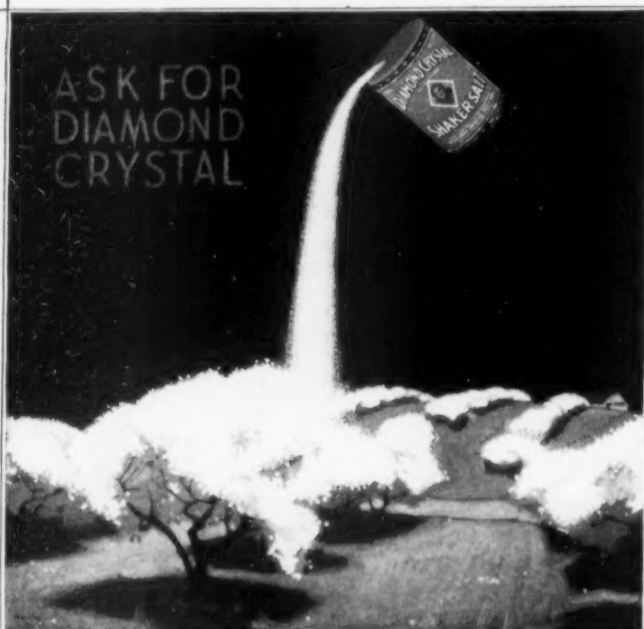
Twenty-five years of ceaseless betterment, keeping abreast with every advance in surgery, science and hospital practice; promoting safety and immunity.

For a quarter century the ally of hygiene and health, establishing standards in Service and Supplies; bringing assurance where confidence most is needed.

B & B is a Symbol of Service.

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**BAUER & BLACK** *Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products* — Chicago, New York, Toronto



Snowy as cherry blossoms. Delicate as their scent in its savor. Pure as the orchard air. Fine-textured and always free-flowing. That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Adds a tempting relish to every taste. Sanitary package; easily opened cap. Ask for—

## Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt" on request. DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT CO., SAINT CLAIR, MICHIGAN. Since 1887 Makers of "The Salt that's all Salt"



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## Here's My *Rapid* Fireless Cooker

### TAKE IT

Have better food with one-quarter of the work. The Rapid transforms cheaper cuts of meat into delicious "treats" for the table. Cut down to less than one-quarter the time you spend over a sizzling-hot range. Have more time for more pleasant home work—for more play time with the children—and still no worry about meals being ready, cooked to perfection, "on time." Over 250,000 Rapids in use prove its superiority. Write me NOW—get a Rapid—Aluminum Lined Throughout, including the top cover—with Full Equipment of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils—

### Use It To Cook Your Meals For 30 Days' FREE TRIAL

—on my personal money back guarantee. See how it cuts down your fuel bill—reduces your grocery bill so that it more than pays for itself in a few months—enables you easily to do without a maid. If your whole family isn't perfectly delighted, send it right back and I will return your money without one word of argument.

Get My Low Direct-From-Factory-To-You Price

and FREE book that gives full details of my plan. Send your name and address on postcard and say, "Send Me Your Big Free Book."

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These disfiguring streaks of gray can be easily combed away with MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer. It is a dye, but a real restorer—a pure colorless fluid, cleans and clears as water, that restores the original color in from 1 to 2 days.

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IF YOU RUN SHORT OF NIGHT LIGHTS try this. Take an ordinary wax candle and some finely powdered salt. Burn the candle to level it, and cover the top with a layer of salt, leaving only the blackened end of the wick exposed. Light the candle and it will burn slowly, giving a faint but steady light.—Mrs. A. M., Runge, Texas.

ALUMINUM COLLAPSIBLE DRINKING-CUPS, when not perfect enough to hold water, can be pulled apart and each part used as a different sized cookie cutter.—L. B., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TO SHORTEN A MACHINE BELT, you will have to bore a new hole. Pierce the rounded belt with a hatpin heated red hot.—M. C. R., Boone, Iowa.

OLD FELT HATS make good lamp wicks. Give them a good dusting and cut them into narrow strips the width of your lamp burners. They give a stronger, clearer light, are smokeless and need less trimming than the woven wicks that are bought in the stores.—Mrs. A. M., Runge, Texas.

FOR BETTER GREENS, gather your favorite greens (wild or garden), wash carefully in weak vinegar (about 1 tablespoonful of vinegar to a gallon of water—this will remove all minute animal life), put on to boil, add salt to taste, then instead of using bacon or equally costly lard for seasoning, take a well-rounded handful of peanuts, crush them, tie up in a cloth (one that has no dye in it) and drop into the boiling greens. When the greens are done, the peanut bag may be removed. It has served its purpose—the oil has been boiled out and has seasoned the greens to perfection. The result is a delightfully flavored dish that really tastes better than if lard or bacon were used—and at a fraction of the cost. This works well with turnips and cabbage, too.—Mrs. J. C. W., Miami, Oklahoma.

WHEN MAKING JELLY use a silver fork with four tines for testing it. When cooked, the jelly will fill all the spaces. The fork must be washed and cooled after each test.—E. C., Hollis, Oklahoma.

THE OLD ADAGE that a stitch in time saves nine, may be well illustrated to one's advantage on ironing day. If a small pin-cushion in which there are threaded needles is attached to the ironing board, small rips and tears can be easily mended at the time of ironing. This will save the necessity of again examining the clothes or of putting them away with small holes in them.—M. S. C., Baltimore, Maryland.

IF POULTRY RAISERS will put four or five moth balls in the nest when they set their hens, the chickens will not be troubled with mites. I have found this a successful remedy.—M. B. B., Roanoke, Virginia.

TO KEEP BUGS FROM INFESTING HOUSE PLANTS, stick burned matches in the loam around the plants. If the burnt part is down, it will serve as a fertilizer.—J. T., Auburn, Rhode Island.

WHENEVER YOU WASH CURTAINS try this plan. Rinse and shake well. Fold through the center lengthwise and hang in the air until nearly dry. Then roll up for a few minutes and iron on both sides.

Conducted by  
Helen Hopkins

If done in this manner, the curtains will hang perfectly even and will look like new ones.—Mrs. J. E. T., North Carolina.

I FIND THAT BEEF SUET will keep fresh for months if treated in this way. First run through a meat chopper, then roll in flour and pack in air-tight jars.—Mrs. J. C. L., Riviere-Qui-Barre, Alta.

IN OUR KITCHEN WINDOW I keep a box in which I grow a little of each of the following: parsley, carrots, radishes and mint. In this way, I always have garnishings for meats, salads and other dishes that look better for a touch of color.—Mrs. E. D. H., Montreal, Canada.

FOR PILLOW STUFFING, ground cork has great value. A quantity of this substance can be obtained for a few cents from any grocer, as it is extensively used in the packing of grapes. The cork is light and it makes pillows that are extremely restful. Pillows stuffed in this way are especially adaptable for outdoor use on the porch or in hammocks. The cork does not draw dampness to it as is the case with so many other kinds of fillings.—S. L. B., Bourne-mouth, England.

WE want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Address Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

IF YOU HAVEN'T THE CONVENIENCE OF A GARBAGE COLLECTOR, have a large hole dug in the back end of the garden, and into it throw all peelings and waste water. Every few days, burn waste paper on top of it. This will kill all germs and odors besides destroying the refuse.—A. L. T., Seymour, Wisconsin.

TO AVOID SCORCHING MILK when scalding it for use in any recipe calling for milk and sugar, add the sugar before heating. The syrup formed in the bottom of the saucepan prevents the milk from sticking on and burning, a condition to be avoided when making cornstarch pudding, cream pie, custard cake filling or when setting bread with a milk sponge. It is also easier to make a smooth custard if the sugar has been added to the milk first.

PLACE POTATOES YOU WISH TO WARM Over in a dry pan, cover and set on back of stove. After an hour they will become like fresh boiled ones.—Mrs. G. G. G., Seattle, Washington.

COVERING THE IRONING BOARD. Someone suggested that a white stocking leg made a fine covering for the sleeve board, which led me to try using discarded union suits for all small ironing boards. I found that the work of covering was reduced to nothing and that the elastic softness of the material made a fine ironing surface. If the man of the house happens to be tall, one of his discarded pairs of underdrawers will cover two quite large ironing boards.—A. C., New York City.

IF YOU CANNOT PROCURE CREAM TO WHIP, the following is a good substitute. Take one ripe banana and mash fine with a silver fork. Add a small cupful of granulated sugar and the white of one egg, beaten stiff. Beat all together until smooth. The banana will be sufficient flavor.—S. R. E., Somerville, Ohio.



## Doesn't This Make Your Mouth Water?

HERE indeed is a treat supreme. An old-fashioned, new-fashioned strawberry short cake combining the glory of a grandmother recipe with an improving touch of modern baking. Another achievement in which

# ROYAL Baking Powder

*Made from Cream of Tartar, derived from grapes*

creates delight beyond the scope of your appetite imagination.

### Old Fashioned Strawberry Short Cake

2 cupsful of flour  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar  
4 teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder  
3 tablespoonfuls of shortening  
1 egg  
1/2 cupful of milk

Sift the dry ingredients; cut in the shortening; add beaten egg to milk and add to dry ingredients to make soft dough. Smooth out lightly and bake in a greased deep layer tin in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Split; butter; and spread with crushed and sweetened berries between layers. Cover top with whipped cream and whole berries. Dust with powdered sugar and serve.

### Two entirely different Royal delights

#### Cocoanut Cookies

*As nourishing as they are good*

1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice or extract  
2 cups cocoanut  
1 1/2 cups flour  
3 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten egg; mix in milk slowly, lemon and flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt; add cocoanut and mix well. The batter should be quite stiff. Drop by small spoonfuls on greased pan; do not smooth over, but allow space for spreading. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

#### Oatmeal Macaroons

*A Royal favor with a new flavor*

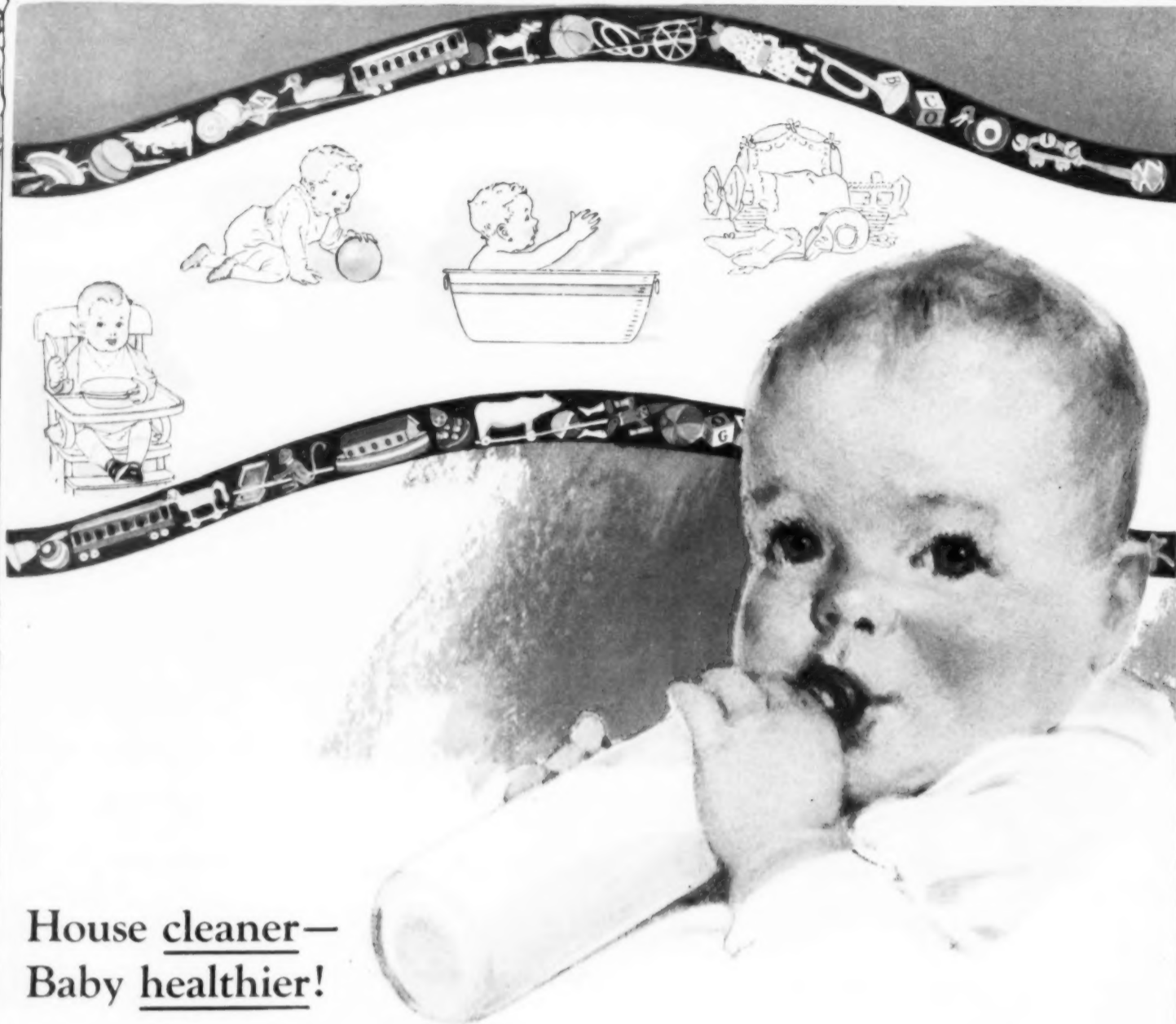
2 1/2 cups rolled oats  
1 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 eggs  
1 tablespoon shortening  
2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder  
1 teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks and whites separately. Cream sugar with melted shortening. Add egg yolks, salt and rolled oats. Then add baking powder, egg whites and lastly vanilla. Mix thoroughly, drop on greased tins about half teaspoon to each macaroon. Allow space for spreading. Bake about ten minutes in moderate oven.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 134 William St., New York, N. Y.





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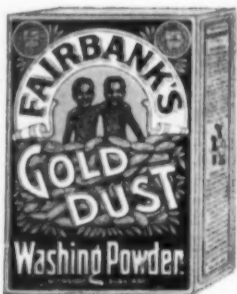
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# GOLD DUST

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# THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

## Bridal Breakfasts and Announcement Luncheons

As surely as June always comes, so with it come brides and entertaining. And for this June there is promise of many more bridal parties and parties for brides than there has been for four gayety-stilled Springs.

For a large reception the buffet style of serving is the only one to use. Let each lady's escort serve her and himself with a plate, and in this way, with the help of the caterer's men, the confusion of getting refreshments to the guests will be lessened. Where the bride has voted for a small post-wedding party, the affair can be made delightfully homelike by having a group of her friends assist.

Table decorations play a large part in the effectiveness of a seated breakfast or supper. Roses and sweet peas are June flowers that decorate as delightfully as any, but if touches of color are not in favor, there remain the correctly conventional ferns for decorations. Place cards and favors, like the rosebud ones shown in the illustration, give delicate color tone to the table.

For the announcement supper or wedding breakfast a few well-chosen, daintily-served foods are better by far than the usual elaborate repast. It may be advisable to call upon your caterer for the ice-creams and for some of the fancy cakes, but the menus here may be prepared at home.

Strawberry Cocktail  
Cold Sliced Tongue  
Parker House Rolls  
Sweet Pickles  
Caramel Bavarian  
Nut Sauce  
Sponge Cakes  
Bonbons  
Coffee  
Bouillon  
Salmon Cutlets with New Peas  
Wafers  
Broiled Squab  
French Fried Potatoes  
Orange and Cherry Salad  
Cheese Straws  
Charlotte Russe  
Sponge Sticks  
Glazed Nuts  
Coffee  
Consommé en Tasse  
Cold Baked Chicken in Aspic Sauce Tartare  
Creamed Asparagus in Patty Shells  
Bread Sticks  
Olive  
Strawberry Ice-Cream  
Bride's Cake  
Macaroons  
Coffee  
Chicken Bouillon  
Finger Rolls  
Halibut Turbans  
New Potatoes with Parsley  
Hollandaise Sauce  
Fillet Mignon  
Mushroom Sauce  
Asparagus Tips  
Crescent Rolls  
Cucumber Salad  
Vanilla and Pistachio Ice-Cream  
White Sponge-Cake  
Butterfly Pastries  
Coffee

VERY SIMPLE MENU  
Strawberries au Naturel  
Cold Sliced Ham and Veal  
Horseradish Sauce  
Buttered Peas  
New Potatoes in Cream  
Coffee  
Cherry Tarts  
Salted Nuts

### ORANGE AND CHERRY SALAD

Choose seedless oranges and peel them carefully. Cut with a sharp knife into slices and lay each slice on a flat surface. Cut out sections of the orange so that the slices may be joined in the center, yet in three distinct parts. (See illustration.) Pit large white cherries and cut in halves. Place one half in the center of each orange

and in the place of the pit, put a candied cherry. Serve on a bed of watercress or salad plant and serve with French dressing.

### STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL

Cut the berries in halves, if large, and dice an equal amount of pineapple. Mix equal amounts of strawberry and pineapple juice and add a very little sugar. Be sure it is not too sweet. Chill until very cold; serve in glasses with two or three whole strawberries on top, and dust with powdered sugar.

### BUTTERFLY PASTRIES

Make either a very rich pastry or puff paste. Chill and roll about  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch thick. Cut the form of a butterfly from stiff paper, and laying it over the pastry, cut with a pastry jagger or sharp knife. Brush with white of egg. Place a piece of candied cherry on the upper part of each wing and a thin slice of pistachio nut on the lower points. Sprinkle the body with finely ground nuts. Bake in a very hot oven.

### BONED CHICKEN IN ASPIC

Remove the skin and cut the chicken into tiny dice; cut celery into small pieces until you have one-half as much celery as chicken. Carefully remove the fat from the stock in which the chicken was cooked and to two cups of chicken and celery, take 1 cupful of stock.

For every cupful of stock take two teaspoonfuls of gelatine and soak in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Heat the stock very hot and pour over the gelatine. Add salt, pepper, paprika and a

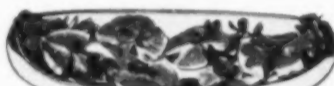
By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

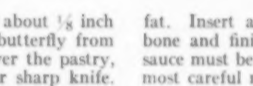
Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates



Strawberry cocktail



Cherry-studded orange disks tempt from a bed of watercress



Boned chicken in aspic

little cayenne until highly seasoned. Cool, add the chicken and celery and pour into an oblong mold. When hard, turn out, cut in slices and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

### SALMON CUTLETS

2 cupfuls cold flaked salmon (or one can)  
1 cupful milk  
1 teaspoonful lemon juice  
3 tablespoonfuls fat  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful pepper  
4 tablespoonfuls flour  
1 teaspoonful salt

Make a white sauce of the milk, flour and fat, add the seasonings, then the salmon and lemon. Chill. Form into the shape of cutlets, egg and crumb and fry in deep fat. Insert a piece of macaroni for the bone and finish with a paper frill. The sauce must be cooked until very thick. Be most careful not to let it burn.

### VANILLA ICE-CREAM

2 cupfuls scalded milk  
1 cupful sugar  
3 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
1 quart thin cream  
2 tablespoonfuls vanilla

Make a custard of the first four ingredients. Strain, cool, add cream and vanilla. Freeze.

### PISTACHIO ICE-CREAM

2 cupfuls scalded milk  
1 tablespoonful flour  
1 cupful sugar  
1 tablespoonful vanilla  
1 egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
1 quart thin cream  
1 teaspoonful almond extract

Mix flour, sugar, and salt, add egg slightly beaten, and milk, gradually. Cook as a soft custard. When cool add cream and flavoring; strain. Color a bright green with vegetable paste; freeze.

### MUSHROOM SAUCE

2 tablespoonfuls butter  
4 tablespoonfuls flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
1 pint stock  
(May use beef extract and  $\frac{1}{3}$  teaspoonful to 1 cupful water, instead of stock)

Heat the butter slowly until it is brown. Add the flour and then the stock gradually. Strain; add the mushrooms. Cook five minutes. Add the Worcestershire sauce and salt to taste.

### BRIDE'S CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cupful butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful milk  
1 teaspoonful almond extract  
2  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls flour  
3 teaspoonfuls baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful cream of tartar  
Whites of 6 eggs

Cream butter; add sugar, gradually, and continue beating. Mix and sift the flour, baking-powder and cream of tartar, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add extract. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and add last. Bake about 45 minutes.

### BOUILLON

5 pounds lean beef from the round  
2 pounds marrow bone  
2 quarts cold water  
1 teaspoonful pepper-corns  
1 tablespoonful salt  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful carrot  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful turnip  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful onion  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful celery

Wipe and cut meat in cubes. Put two-thirds of meat in a soup kettle and soak in water thirty minutes. Brown remainder in hot frying-pan with marrow from marrow bone. Put browned meat and bone in kettle. Heat to boiling point; skim thoroughly, and cook five hours at temperature just below the boiling point. Add seasonings and vegetables, cook one hour, strain and cool. Remove fat and clear with egg white and shells.

### SPONGE STICKS

Whites of 2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful powdered sugar  
Yolks of 2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful flour  
 $\frac{1}{16}$  teaspoonful salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful vanilla

Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and dry, add sugar gradually and continue beating; add the yolks of the eggs beaten until thick and lemon colored, then the vanilla. Fold in the flour which has been sifted with the salt. Put into a pastry bag and shape  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and 1 inch wide on a tin sheet covered with unbuttered paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar; bake 8 minutes in moderate oven.

### HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cupful butter  
Yolks 2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{16}$  tablespoonfuls lemon juice  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt  
Cayenne  
 $\frac{1}{16}$  teaspoonful boiling water

Cream the butter and add the yolks, one at a time. Beat well, then add the lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Do this away from the fire. A short time before serving, add the boiling water. Cook over hot water and stir until like thick custard.

### Maitre d'hôtel butter

is used by chefs to spread over broiled steak or fish, and gives just the needed seasoning to the dish. To prepare this, half a teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and the same amount of minced parsley are added to two tablespoonfuls of butter.

MUSTARD butter, good with grilled or small fried fish, is made by adding a seasoning of mustard to melted butter and flour. French *sauce poivrette* is butter with the beaten yolk of an egg, lemon-juice, vinegar, and salt added.

To sweeten rancid butter, melt the butter, skim it, and then place a piece of light-brown toast in it. In a few minutes the toast will have absorbed the unpleasant taste and odor. The butter may then be used as a foundation for any of these seasoned butters.

BUTTER is butter to the majority of American housewives, who look upon it as a mere everyday necessity to be used in cooking and for table use. French chefs, however, know the value of butter seasoned in different ways. To them, plain creamery butter is the foundation for many other butters that add materially to the diet. Parsley butter, for instance, is much used by them in seasoning vegetables. It is made with three tablespoonfuls butter, unsalted, one tablespoonful each lemon-juice and minced parsley, and half a teaspoonful salt.

Green butter, used with fish, is made with a small amount of boiled spinach, pressed through a cheese-cloth, half a pound of butter beaten to a cream, two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley and the same amount of minced capers.

Gooseberry butter is an English sauce, used with grilled mackerel and other like

## When Butter Is More Than Butter

By Addie Farrar

fish. It is made by adding to a butter sauce, gooseberries cooked, rubbed through a sieve, and sweetened. Preserved gooseberries may be used for this.

CREAMED butter, or hard sauce, for serving with pudding, is made of butter and sugar, creamed together, to which is added a few drops of flavoring. Another butter sauce is made of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two of sifted flour, cooked together, and two cupfuls of boiling water added. Stir to insure smoothness, but do not allow to boil. It may be made richer by adding the yolks of three eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, and a few drops of lemon-juice.

Horseradish butter is good with cold meats and cold-meat sandwiches. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, and add two tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, a tablespoonful of cream, and half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Keep on ice. Sardine butter is delicious for sandwiches. Lettuce, tomatoes, cress, or chicken may be used with it. Pound a sardine to pulp, and cream together with three tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of lemon-juice, and half a teaspoonful of salt.

Date butter, made with dates and butter, is another delicious sandwich filling. Every one now knows the value of peanut butter, and pecan butter, another nutritious commodity now on the market.

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## When Canning Time Comes

By Lilian M. Gunn

BECAUSE in June the early fresh fruits come, it is then that the housewife first contemplates her canning.

A good plan to follow is to secure all the Government booklets on canning and profit by the findings of the Nation. Often the Agricultural Department of your own state can provide much valuable information through bulletins. Usually these suggestions are peculiar to your own section of the country. Careful study of such printed matter will save much time and labor.

Do you wonder what utensils you will need for this season's canning? Perhaps you will require nothing new or different

Put on a layer of berries and one of sugar, using all the berries and half the sugar. Bring very slowly to the boiling point and when beginning to boil, add the rest of the sugar slowly until all is poured in. Do not stop the boiling by adding the sugar too fast. Let the mixture boil seven minutes. Lift from the fire; skim very carefully. Take out the berries with a silver spoon and spread on platters very carefully. Place at once in a cool place. Put the syrup

**RHUBARB AND ORANGES**  
1 quart rhubarb 5 oranges, pulp and  
1½ pounds sugar grated rind

Cook very slowly about one hour.

**RHUBARB CONSERVE**  
3 pounds rhubarb 3 pounds sugar  
3 oranges, sliced fine 1 pound raisins  
½ pound pecans or other nuts cut fine

Cook slowly three-quarters of an hour or until very thick. When the conserve has reached the desired consistency, put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. Store for winter use in a cool, dark closet.



The cold-water method as shown in the illustrations is the simplest way to can rhubarb. Sour gooseberries and cranberries in season may be treated in a similar manner with excellent results



Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

### RHUBARB JUICE

Cook the rhubarb until soft; strain. For every quart of juice use 1 pound sugar and the juice of one lemon. Boil slowly ten minutes and bottle. This is a delightful summer drink.

### SUN COOKED STRAWBERRIES

Take equal weights of berries and sugar. With one part of berry juice cook the sugar until a thick syrup is formed. Put the berries on shallow trays and pour the syrup over them. Place in the hot sun and cover with glass. Keep in the hot sun until the berries are plump and the syrup jellied. If requiring two or three days, take in at night. If rain comes during that time, place the fruit in a very slow oven. In this way the process will not be retarded.

### STRAWBERRY JELLY

1 pint of juice 1½ tablespoonsful gela-  
3½ cupsful sugar tine  
Juice of one lemon 1/3 cupful cold water

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Heat the juice very hot, pour on the gelatine and add the sugar. Stir until dissolved.

Strawberries will not make jelly without either gelatine or pectin, but often a little juice may be made into jelly in this way and used as a dessert if chilled and garnished with whipped cream.

### STRAWBERRY AND PINEAPPLE CONSERVE

2 cupsful strawberries 2 cupsful shredded  
Sugar pineapple

Cook the shredded pineapple in the least possible quantity of water. When tender add the strawberries and cook until they are soft. Measure the fruit and add three-fourths as much sugar as fruit. Cook until it falls in heavy drops from a spoon. Pour into sterilized glasses. Seal with paraffin and cover.

### APRICOT PRESERVE

1 pound apricots 2 pineapples  
1½ quarts water Sugar

Wash the dried apricots and soak them in water. Cook until tender, using the water in which they were soaked. Press through a strainer. Cook the shredded pineapple until tender, using as little water as possible. Combine the fruits. Measure them and add ½ as much sugar. Cook until mixture falls in heavy drops from the spoon. Pour into sterilized glasses; seal and cover.

### SPICED CURRANTS

4 pounds currants 1 tablespoonful allspice  
2 pounds brown sugar 1 tablespoonful cloves  
1 pint vinegar 1 tablespoonful nutmeg

Wash the fruit, then stem it. Prepare a syrup of the sugar, vinegar and spices. When the sugar is dissolved, add the currants; cook the mixture for 30 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars or bottles; seal and cover.

from your last year's equipment, except new rubbers. It is never safe to use left-over ones. Get out your cans; see that each has a top that fits. Be sure the sterilizer does not leak and that the false bottom is in order. Have the paring knives sharp; look up the blanching pan, the jar filler, the duplex fork and the pan lifter, and make certain that you have plenty of cheese-cloth and paraffin.

There is no real reason why you should have special canning days except when you like or when some emergency arises. An equally satisfactory way is to prepare double or treble the quantity of fruit or vegetables when they are gathered for daily use, fill the canning outfit with jars or press the steam cooker into play. Much of the spoiling of the product is due to the fact that it had begun to deteriorate before it was put into the cans. The shorter the time elapsing between the gathering of the product and the closing of the cans, the better. There is an old saying to the effect that the product should be growing the same day it is cooked.

As all soft fruits are canned by the rule for strawberries, it is well to give that one as a model.

Have the berries fresh hulled and washed, and pack into hot sterilized jars. Fill very full but do not crush the fruit. Put on the rubber which has been held for a few seconds in boiling water; have ready the hot syrup and slowly pour the syrup over the fruit until the jar is full. Put on the cover; put up the bail but do not clamp the spring. Lift into the sterilizer. Have the water well over the top of the jars and leave in the sterilizer sixteen minutes, counting the time from when the water in the sterilizer commences to boil. Remove with the duplex fork; place on a cloth which has been rung out in hot water, fasten the clamp, and place upside down for a time to be sure there is no leakage.

The syrup may be of 2 or 3 parts of sugar to 2 parts of boiling water and should be kept hot in a double boiler after making.

Rhubarb, too, is early spring canning material. The following cold-water method is the simplest one to use in its preparation.

Wash thoroughly; do not skin. Cut into 1 inch or longer pieces. Put the rhubarb in a strainer and pour boiling water over it. Pack into sterilized jars (this is to insure perfect cleanliness). Pack closely. Put on the rubber and fill the jar to overflowing with clear, cold water. Seal. The water from the tap or a spring is perfectly good to use. The acid in the fruit will keep it in excellent condition. This method may be used for sour gooseberries and cranberries when in season.

The following recipes cover ways to make delicious preserves from strawberries, rhubarb and other early fruits.

### OLD-FASHIONED PRESERVED STRAWBERRIES

Select the largest, finest berries. Hull and weigh them. Take equal parts of sugar and fruit; divide the sugar into two parts.

back onto the stove, bring to the boiling point. Boil three minutes, skim, and strain.

Put the berries in sterilized cans. Pour the syrup in until the cans are full; seal. Or the berries may be placed in jelly glasses and sealed with paraffin. Do not stir the berries while they are cooking. This is a very old recipe for retaining the shape of the fruit and making a delicious preserve.

### SPICED RHUBARB MARMALADE

Wash the rhubarb and cut up without peeling. Cook in very little water until soft. For each quart of rhubarb add 1 pound of sugar, 1 teaspoonful cassia, ½ teaspoonful cloves. Stir the sugar and spice into the rhubarb and cook very slowly until evaporated one-half its bulk. Put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. If desired, raisins may be used with the rhubarb. Use 1 cupful raisins to one quart of rhubarb.

### RHUBARB JELLY

Wash, cut up and cook the rhubarb with very little water until soft. Drain the juice and add equal parts of sugar and the juice of one lemon to every quart of juice. Cook as any other jelly. This is a very sour jelly for meats.

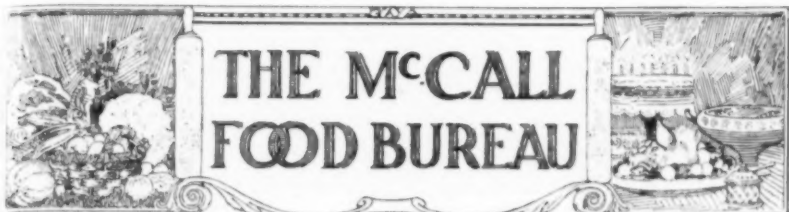
### RHUBARB AND FIGS

5 pounds rhubarb Juice and rind of four  
5 pounds sugar lemons  
1 pound figs

Cut the rhubarb into inch pieces; chop the figs, and cut the lemons in thin slices. Remove the seeds. Add the sugar and cook slowly one hour. When done, put in jelly glasses and seal with paraffin. This combination of rhubarb and figs makes a delicious preserve.



A duplex fork makes the handling of hot jars safe



## The Part that Pennies Play

By Florence M. La Ganke

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

**D**ID you ever have dinner at a restaurant or hotel and say as you paid your check, "That was a good dinner, but if we had had it at home it would have cost us less"? Then your husband, being businesslike, says, "Well, what would it have cost?" You say, "Let's see, it would have taken about three tablespoonfuls of butter in the soup, and three of flour; then there was about a tablespoonful of flour in the gravy, and—oh, dear—I don't know—it's all so complicated, but I know it wouldn't have cost what the hotel charged."

But have you ever stopped to figure in the incidentals that would have made the same dinner cooked at home just as or perhaps even more expensive?

Let's start here, using varying amounts of fuel as the basis for a price measuring gauge. If we know the cost per hour of our fuel we can roughly estimate how much it adds to the total expenditure for a meal. Here are some figures that will give us something upon which to build:

FUEL	RATE	BURNER	COST PER HOUR
Coal	\$9.45 per ton	Stove	2 cents
Oil	.17 per gallon	1 flame	1 1/2 cents
Gas	.80 per 1,000 feet	1 medium top, uses 10 ft. per hr.	2 cents
Electricity	.10 per kilo watt hr.	1 burner uses 250 watts per hr.	2 1/2 cents

Now comes service. How much are you worth in a kitchen in dollars and cents, or how valuable is the cook, or the household assistant? If you pay a cook \$10.00 a week and maintenance (that is if she "lives in") you are actually paying her \$10.00 in wages and approximately \$8.00 for room and board in addition. That makes her services cost you about \$2.60 per day. If she works eight hours a day, then her work is paid at the rate of 32 to 35 cents an hour. Your figures may be entirely different from these given, but you can compute your own total when you know what it costs to have your household assistant live in, and when you know how many hours a day she works.

So much for fuel and for service. Now comes the work of figuring raw food costs. Have you ever tried to make the work of computing costs an easier one? It may be done quickly and with sufficient accuracy if we keep a few weights and measures in mind.

**T**HE business of being a housewife" is a suggestive phrase. Do you remember that quotation from Van Dyke—

"Let me but find it in my heart to say  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray  
This is my work, my blessing not my doom?"

Haven't you had this experience? You are a member of the missionary circle, and you are scheduled to give a talk on "Woman's Life in India," let us say. You are so much enthused over the subject that you can't understand why your audience is so apathetic. Your interest came, you remember, after you had studied the subject. Perhaps the reason you are so bored in your kitchen is because you haven't really studied the possibilities. Suppose, then, we approach that kitchen in a new spirit. It is a place to which we may bring a trained intelligence, and find enjoyment in so doing.

Here are two tables to know. How many items can you check off and say, "Yes, I know that, and that?"

3 teaspoonfuls . . . equal	1 tablespoonful
4 level tablespoonfuls . . .	1 cupful
1 cupful . . .	1/2 pint (this refers to a measuring cup)
2 cupfuls butter . . .	1 pound
2 cupfuls butter-substitute . . .	1 pound

2 cupfuls sugar . . . equal	1 pound
2 cupfuls rice . . .	1 pound (approximately)
4 cupfuls coco . . .	1 pound
4 cupfuls flour . . .	1 pound
5 cupfuls coffee (ground) . . .	1 pound (approximately)
8 cupfuls tea . . .	1 pound
2 cupfuls milk . . .	1 pint
4 cupfuls milk . . .	1 quart
1 loaf bread . . .	16 slices (approximately)
3 average size potatoes . . .	1 pound
4 average size apples . . .	1 pound
60 pounds of potatoes . . .	1 bushel
4 pecks of potatoes . . .	1 bushel
8 quarts of potatoes . . .	1 peck
1 can fruit or vegetables, as purchased in store serves from 4 to 8 people.	
2 tablespoonfuls salad dressing is one serving.	

Recipes in standard cook books are for the average family of 6.

"Yes," you say, "I know those things but how can I compute the salt or the seasoning I use? How am I to know what the gelatine in my desserts or the vinegar in my salad dressings is costing me?" Roughly speaking, we may use this table:

Salt costs 1/25 of one cent for a teaspoonful.
Baking soda costs 1/5 of one cent for a teaspoonful.
Spices cost 1/2 of one cent for a teaspoonful.
Vanilla costs 2 cents for a teaspoonful.
Vinegar costs 1/5 of one cent for a teaspoonful.
Gelatine costs 1 1/3 cents a teaspoonful. (There are 4 teaspoonfuls in a box.)
Oil costing \$2.50 per gallon costs 15 cents a cup.
Flour costing 8 cents a pound equals 2 cents a cup, equals 1/4 of a cent for a tablespoonful.
Butter costing 64 cents a pound equals 32 cents a cup, equals 2 cents for a tablespoonful.
Milk costing 16 cents a quart equals 4 cents a cup, equals 1/4 of a cent for a tablespoonful.

Having those figures in mind and knowing what the meat cost, and the price of a head of lettuce, and the price for any canned goods used, do you think it takes such wonderful brains after all, to figure out the total cost of a meal, or for that matter, the entire expenditure for one day of housekeeping?

**S**OME night soon why don't you surprise your family with a "tinned" dinner?—that is a dinner taken from tin cans. Some of the canned food is your own product from your own garden. Your first thought is, "Yes, I know I can buy prepared soup, but what about meat?" A recent advertisement of canned goods mentioned roast beef, roast beef and mashed potatoes, sausage, corned beef, corned pork, corned-beef hash, chicken, tongue, veal loaf, whole French capon roasted, boned turkey, chile con carne and tamales. Surely there is enough of variety sufficient for our needs.

Vegetables, of course, when canned are an old story to all of us. Salad dressings are available and desserts in canned form are many. Canned fruit served with fruit cake or sweet crackers; fig or plum puddings; crackers, guava jelly and cheese; stuffed dates and prunes are all on the shelves of a well-stocked grocery.

Don't you see how easily possible it is to serve an entire meal of foods prepared outside your own kitchen? We do not get ptomaine poisoning; the food does not taste of tin. We know we should not throw away the liquid in a can of vegetables. These are all superstitions of the past. If the commercial food kitchen is clean—and all good modern ones are—let us give them part of our work. Red Cross needs us, our children need us, the community needs us. If we are wise we will not do as so many brides have done—change our first name to "Martha" encumbered with many cares."

Remember the high cost of living may be due partly to a different mode of living. Isn't it worth something to so plan your work that you may be that ideal of story-book tales—a calm, cool, collected hostess?



## They Spent 4 Years On Baked Beans

This problem of bean baking was not easy to solve. The scientific cooks in the Van Camp kitchens spent four years on this dish, and at least \$100,000.

But millions know what ease of digestion, what zest and savor, what nuttiness and mellowness they gained.



### Zest Is Important

The sauce was another problem. These scientists tested 856 recipes to perfect the Van Camp sauce. But you never have tasted such a savory tang. And they bake that sauce into the beans.

The result is a dish which does not tax digestion. The beans are four times better baked, yet they are not crisped or broken.

The mellow texture and the zestful sauce have changed the whole conception of Baked Beans.

Have you discovered this new-type dish? If not, ask your grocer for it.



### The Scientific Way

None but modern experts, college trained, could create a dish like this. The beans must be selected by analysis. The water used to boil them must be freed from minerals.

The ovens must be heated by live steam. A very high heat must be applied for hours to fit beans for digestion. Ordinary ovens crisp and burst beans before they are one-fourth baked.



## VAN CAMP'S

### Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce — Also Baked Without the Sauce

Other Van Camp Products Include  
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter  
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.  
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Soups  
18 Kinds



Van Camp's Spaghetti



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

These are famous Parisian recipes, perfected here by countless tests in a scientific way.

A famous Italian recipe which these culinary experts gave a multiplied delight.

A new grade, made from blended peanuts, toasted, with every germ and every skin removed.

# June Pictures

Suppose They Hung Before You



## In Berry Time

Suppose this picture hung before you, of Puffed Rice mixed with berries. And you could see these flimsy, flavory globules which add such delightful blend.

Do you think you would ever serve berries without this garnish? It adds more than the sugar.



## At Breakfast

Suppose you saw Puffed Wheat—whole-grain bubbles, toasted, flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Grains so nut-like that they seem like food confections.

With that before you, what other breakfast dainty would seem half so good to you?



## At Bedtime

Children often get a bowl of milk. Suppose this picture stood before them—airy tidbits, crisp and toasted four times as porous as bread.

Do you know anything else which would satisfy, if they had this reminder of how Puffed Wheat tastes?



## At Dinner

Even ice cream loses some delight when children remember what Puffed Rice adds.

Either Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs tastes like nut-meats on ice cream. And they are so fragile that they almost melt away. Use also like nut meats in candy.

**Puffed Wheat      Puffed Rice**  
**and Corn Puffs**

Each 15c Except in Far West

## All Food Cells Exploded

Puffed Grains are steam exploded. They are sealed in guns, then rolled in a fearful heat. When the guns are shot, more than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

Thus every food cell is blasted. This makes digestion easy and complete. Whole wheat and whole rice are made wholly digestible, so that every atom feeds.

So these are more than airy tidbits. They form the best-cooked cereals in existence. And nothing else makes whole grains so inviting.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

(3686)



# Those Were The Days

(Continued from page 46)

and glanced after Lou Grey who was drifting vaguely through the door. She leaned her elbows on the edge of the trunk after a time and her lip began to quiver. Hugh Morton loved that quivering lip.

"My baby beginning that," she thought. In the afternoon Denis Fitz Hugh appeared and the two sat on the steps of the piazza saying good-by.

"You'll correspond with me, Lou Grey, won't you?" asked Denis. Lou Grey already had fourteen correspondents in prospect. But to correspond with a boy—she never had corresponded with a boy—and he, a lover! Lou Grey and Denis had progressed far in these two weeks. They had attained to a sense of what one of our contemporaries calls "a permanent and exclusive relationship." That night, as the car took the turn of the road, a small figure in gray checks was waiting under the lamp-post in front of the Quinn's.

"There's Denis Fitz Hugh under the tree, Lou Grey," cried Hugh Morton the stupid, as he lighted a cigarette. Mrs. Morton said nothing. Lou Grey leaned far out of the car and waved her hand, choking down tears.

The Mortons returned on the fourth of September. Lou Grey had grown an inch. She was the color of a beautiful half-breed. Her feet threatened to be large. She rushed up to her room after she had kissed Martha and Selma and looked about it with one embracing glance of affection. It was the dearest room. A sound not to be mistaken, entered through the dressing-room window. Lou Grey's heart thumped. She was home and he did not know it. She stole into the dressing-room. Denis Fitz Hugh, taller, in long trousers, whistling, was clogging down the walk. He had not been as good a correspondent as one had anticipated. He had been very good in July but in August he had fallen off.

Malvina and Genevieve appeared on the stairs. Lou Grey embraced them with a rush. Malvina was not as fat. She had freckled across the nose. Genevieve had been in England. She had the look of a final sally along Regent Street. Lou Grey regarded Genevieve's hat with attention.

"How're all the boys?" she inquired with infinite carelessness.

Plum had broken his arm just the week before they came home. Pink had put on glasses. Denis had lost his cap on the boat coming back and the deck steward loaned him one.

"And he and Malvina can dance 'The Wave' together simply beautifully," offered Genevieve, never a discreet person. It somehow gave Lou Grey a start. She had never thought of Denis as dancing beautifully with anyone except herself.

She found them standing close beside the net-posts when she went out to the courts. Something about them made her stare. A horrible thought visited her.

"Hello, Lou Grey," said Denis Fitz Hugh, fondling the knot on his tie as he spoke. But his manner was too warm. Lou Grey's heart turned cold. The group in bright sweaters and blazers hailed her. Racquets were twirled for courts.

"I'll play with Lou Grey," said Denis. Lou Grey's spirits rose again. Her service had improved a good deal. She won a love game with it. Denis Fitz Hugh was vociferous in his praise. Lou Grey dropped down on the grass when the set was over and regarded Malvina batting the ball into the air and catching it on the end of her racquet with shrieks of giggles. She watched her friend, thinking that some girls laughed a good deal about nothing. She felt inclined to sniff.

Malvina's cheeks and lips were a satiny crimson. The summer sun had not tanned her. Pink drove her by the braids into the circle under the tree. Denis, lying on his back, fell to unbraiding her hair and was made to braid it up again, with a good deal of chatter. Lou Grey was stung to irony.

"I should think you would have to carry your comb and toothbrush whenever you left home, Malvina," she said cuttingly.

You could not quarrel with Malvina. You could no more quarrel with Malvina than you could quarrel with a sugar-bowl.

"Oh, Den—stop pulling," she shrieked. Malvina was not intuitional. She walked home through the dusk with the stiffest friend who was ever encircled by an arm.

"No, I do not think I can come over

tomorrow. Thank you, very much," replied Lou Grey, very, very coolly.

Many things happened to Lou Grey in the following month. She had to recreate her world. We all accomplish this feat a few times. Propinquity and the rich flame of Malvina's cheeks had been too much for Denis during the summer. Lou Grey could take it well or take it badly, whichever course her judgment dictated. That was between her and her own dignity. She elected the latter alternative. Oh, how she hated that girl! Malvina would have liked to keep her cake and eat Denis too. But Lou Grey tossed her head whenever she passed.

"Malvina knows that I am not speaking to her," her manner proclaimed. Denis was in a quandary. Propinquity had been too much for him, but he was far from decided in his preference. He stroked his hair and looked uncertain.

One October afternoon a troop of girls had just poured out of the assembly room of Miss Spencer's. They had been rehearsing the Thanksgiving cantata for the first time. As they snapped the rubbers of their hats under their braids, and dove into their coats, music was still rippling out of them in a many-throated little brook.

"The baron gazed upon his bride," caroled Malvina at the glass. She was studying from various angles her new winter cap—sealskin, with a cockade; very much a "go," surely.

"Genevieve's is grand, isn't it?" she inquired. Helen Cornelius was commented on. Malvina twirled it in her hand and looked at it from all sides. "Stunning!" she proclaimed.

Lou Grey stood with her little back stiffening and her nose aloft. She had forgotten that she had not yet come into a winter hat. She was remembering that she had seen Malvina looking into a tree. It was unfortunate of Malvina. As has been said, Malvina was the most easy-going soul that ever made a mistake. She just happened to catch sight of Lou Grey's white leghorn above Helen Cornelius' head.

"Lou Grey's the last-rose-of-summer-left-blooming-alone, isn't she?" she remarked impartially, and bit her lip. Lou Grey surveyed the speaker icily with eyebrows lifted; she linked her arm in that of Helen Cornelius, and stalked out.

Helen left her at Beach Avenue. As she walked on home, Lou Grey felt as if she had died. She had never until that morning really made up her mind that it was over. She could have cried her head off but she did not yield a tear. She went straight to the library when she arrived home, and took from the drawer of the desk a sheet of the best Morton stationery with 12 *Ferry Road* engraved at the top of it. Then, with some reflection and much nibbling of the tip of the penholder, she wrote the following:

DEAR MALVINA,—I do not like you any more. Why did you say I looked like the last rose of summer? It is not for any other reason but I do not think you are ladylike and consequently I can not have you for my best friend any more. After this I shall treat you as a mere passing acquaintance.

Yours coldly,

LOUISE GREY MORTON.

The Honorable Miss Chuthers strolled in and welcomed Lou Grey with a shower of licks.

"Come and play," she said over and over in one syllable, charging with her paws.

Lou Grey dropped on her knees when her note was sealed and stamped and, pressing her face into the Honorable Miss Chuthers' coat, gave vent to her feelings in a gust of tears. When she had finished them to the last drop, she went languidly up-stairs, Chuthers licking her heels and hand on every step. But as Lou Grey entered the door, a thought visited her which quickened her pace.

She went into the dressing-room and reappeared with a large box surmounted by a doll's trunk. One by one she unpacked her family. With a sigh of pleasure, Lou Grey returned to her childhood. She heard Denis Fitz Hugh come home, without agitation. She heard him whistling—and sewed on a bead. Mrs. Morton passed the door about half past five. She looked in at the picture—Ingobar, Gwendolen, Aunt Emma, Rose, How Cho, Tomato, Nancy, and Mary Ellen spread out on the bed; Lou Grey bending over a green tunic. And as she went on to her own room, she gave a gasp of relief.



## The Parlor Car Tramp

(Continued from page 12)

two seats forward and across the aisle. That was when we pulled out of Steubenville. Maybe I dozed a little, a wink or two—for the next thing when I looked up somebody was sitting in the chair in front of me, a lady—as nice a looking lady as ever you see! He stopped a minute.

"She didn't look like you—not a mite," he said reflectively. "But there was something about the way she held her head—"

"Thank you!" responded the woman.

He nodded slowly. "Well, the first I began to really suspect anything was when we were pulling out of Hingham. A man got in at Hingham and made straight for that chair. She'd gone forward to the dressing-room just before. So this man he comes in and plumps straight into that chair and makes himself to home. I'd pretty well made up my mind she had left the train. And when I looked up and saw her in that little narrow place at the end of the car, looking down the aisle and coming along quiet like, you could 'a' knocked me down with a feather. I had a kind of awkward moment wondering if I couldn't slip over to the chair across the aisle and take it, and like enough she would take my chair not noticing it wasn't hers—not the one she'd left. I somehow didn't want that man rowing about his chair. I saw he was the kind would stick for his rights—having his green ticket and all. He had a big neck, one of the fat necks that roll over the collar. . . . And I was just thinking I'd slip across the aisle—" He stopped and chuckled and sent her a quiet, amused glance.

"I needn't 'a' worried about her!" he said drily. "She didn't so much as look at that fat man—far as I could see. She just came down the aisle, and took the other empty chair as if she'd sat there all the way down from Steubenville—and more!"

"Well, I guess my mouth fell open perhaps, looking at her! And then it came together quick, and I saw how it was—She was beating the road! She'd been in the dressing-room when the conductor came through—She was beating the road—all the way to New York likely!" He made a little gesture of admiration.

"It was about the slickest thing I ever did see. And I suppose, as a railroad man, I took it in quicker than some would—how she was working it. In a Pullman nobody's looking for tramps! I wasn't!" He chuckled softly.

"You know how it is—the train conductor and the Pullman conductor come through together and look over your ticket and check you up, and then nobody bothers you again. And the conductors don't come through unless a new passenger gets on at some station. She evidently figured it out same as I'm telling you, and she knew as long as nobody got in she was safe. "Well, it got to be a kind of game we were playing—with a bet up at every station we came to." His face was thoughtful. "Only for her it wasn't any game, I reckon. You see, we were full up, and if a Pullman passenger got on it was her chair must 'a' been sold. And it would mean quick work for her somehow! I don't know just what she'd planned to do—"

"But when we drew in to Milton I saw on the platform—same as she did—a woman that was bound to get into the Pullman. You couldn't 'a' mistook her anywhere. She was the kind that travels first-class and has her rights and knows her rights. And quick as I saw that woman I looked across to her. But she wasn't there!"

"I do'n't I ever saw anybody so quick as she must 'a' been. . . . And then I saw—what she couldn't 'a' seen from where she sat, even if she hadn't been so quick—that the man across the aisle from me was getting ready to get out—" He paused and glanced at his listener.

She nodded quietly. "So the new woman might possibly have that chair!" "She did have it." His face was grim. "But you see what a chance it was! Seems as if Providence had an eye out—"

"Well, she just stayed away—till I began to think she'd got off the train for sure. It was much as half an hour, I guess, before I saw her standing in the little narrow passage and she was looking at her empty chair kind of unbelieving. . . . And then she came down the aisle to take it and looked up all of a sudden and saw me watching her—and her face went red as that fire there!" He moved a hand. "Even after she'd set down I could see the red creeping up behind her ears—they were

pretty as shells. I'd noticed 'em before. And the red crept up all around 'em. She didn't look at the scenery much. And it seemed as if she'd lost a kind of quick way with her head that I'd liked to watch." He sat looking into the fire smiling a little ruefully.

"I couldn't seem to stand it. It was like a child that's been found out—when what it's been doing wasn't so very awful after all. And after a minute I got up and stepped over to the man back of her and asked if I might have a look at his paper if he'd finished it—I saw he had finished before I went over. And he handed it out to me polite, saying 'Certainly, certainly.' And I said—I was standing so close to her I could have touched her shoulder—"You're very kind, sir!" And he said, "Not a-tall—not a-tall!" as if he was glad to be rid of me, you know—very polite.

"But I didn't go. I stood with my hand on her chair and I said—"

"It's wonderful what a lot of kindness we meet in traveling, ain't it, sir! I never yet saw a soul in trouble, that there wasn't somebody nearby that wanted to help out." I said it slow, and as close to her as if I'd been speaking right to her.

"I guess the man thought I was pretty near plum crazy—talking like that about a newspaper!"

"He kind of waved me away, and I went back to my seat. I didn't care what he thought. But when I looked I saw she'd understood. The red had left her neck, and she was holding her head pretty."

"So I read the man's paper, and the train ran along to Hawleyville. A little before we got there I noticed she was fussing with her little silver bag and I saw her take out her purse and count her money, the way women do in trains, and I went on reading—And when I looked up she wasn't there."

"We'd stopped at Hawleyville and I looked out and saw her going down the platform walking fast. She had on a fur coat and a little black hat that turned up, kind of, with wing-things on it, and she was stepping along quick, as if she was pretty glad to get out of the train."

"Well, I kind o' laughed to myself thinking how she'd done it and beat the road after all, and when I got to the door there wasn't a soul in sight. I stood there talking with the brakeman, Tom Batson, while they took on express. I remember he was swearing about being ten minutes late and so on and I kind of enjoyed it all, the way you will when you're off duty and don't care whether school keeps or not."

And I jollied him a little. And then when we were all ready to start and a passenger came hurrying out of the station and he had to hold up the engine again, I just laughed right out.

"He was hustling her up the steps and giving the signal together, and the woman went by, breathing quick, into the car ahead, as if she didn't know whether she was on the train or off. I didn't really take her in, I guess, and I don't know as I should have thought of her again, if it hadn't been for a coat she had on—a sort of purple coat with white things on it—not the kind of coat you'd see many women wearing in a train. That coat seemed to stick in my mind. And after I'd stood there a minute staring at nothing I just whistled soft to myself and went into the car ahead. . . . And there she was, sure enough, about half-way down, and she had on a long purplish coat and I see now that it had a little edge of fur sticking out all the way round underneath. There wasn't any wing-thing on her hat and it was turned down all around and had a white veil tied over it."

His kind face smiled good-humoredly. "If it had been vaudeville, she'd 'a' had an encore, sure. Yes, it was a lightning-quick change. And she'd bought her ticket besides. When the conductor came through she handed it out to him careless like, and went on looking out the window, same as if she always traveled with tickets." He chuckled again.

"I figured it all out while I sat there watching her—that she'd run short and hadn't enough to carry her all the way to New York. But from Hawleyville on she saw she could do it and so she bought her ticket. I've known tramps do that before. Beat their way half across country, and then come riding in on velvet."

"When we got to New York, going through the tunnel, I was pretty near the

(Continued on page 56)

WEAR-EVER



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with this practical gift of every-day utility—a gift that will aid the Bride materially in starting her housekeeping right and that she will prize highly because of its convenience, silver-like beauty and permanence. Give her a set of

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THE COCA-COLA CO.  
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Sold Everywhere



## The Parlor Car Tramp

[Continued from page 55]

door and ready to get off the minute the train stopped. And when I came down the platform there she was standing by a post as if she was waiting for someone. When she saw me she stepped right out.

"I want to thank you," she said quick, "and tell you why I did it."

"You don't need to tell me, ma'am," I says. "I know it was all right, whatever it was." He paused and looked about the room, and seemed to listen a minute to the storm that drove past the window.

"Did the woman tell you why she did it?" she asked curiously.

"Yes, she told me the whole thing, pretty much, between there and the gate. It was about the way I'd laid it out—only of course I didn't know the particulars. She said she'd got caught up-country where she'd been boarding through the summer. One dividend after another had fallen through—and she didn't have much money anyway. She'd stayed on, thinking every day something would turn up. Then she got worried about a boy she had—she'd managed to send him to Columbia, and he was most through college. But she'd got worried about him. He was in with a pretty wild set, it seemed, and she'd written finally to a man she knew in New York, asking him to get her some sort of work that she could do and be near the boy, make a kind of home for him, I guess—so's she could steady him, the way mothers do, you know."

"Yes, . . . You believed her of course," said the woman. She spoke drily. He seemed not to resent it.

"You'd 'a' believed her if you'd seen her," he said simply. "The whole thing was queer. One of those things we say 'happens' to folks. . . . She was coming by the station that morning, and the operator'd seen her and run out with the telegram for her from the man in New York saying a position would be held open till four that afternoon. The train had come in right while she stood there reading the telegram and she turned and took it—just like that."

"Yes, she knew she hadn't any money. But she said she felt somehow the Lord was going to see her through. She said she was praying when she got in, and she prayed all the way to New York—well, all the way to Hawleyville, anyhow." He laughed quietly. "There were tears in her eyes while she was telling me. Oh, you'd 'a' believed her, same as I did."

"Well, when we got through the gate she stopped and held out her hand—I go this way now," she says and points to the subway. And I said, "I don't think you do, ma'am. I don't believe the Lord means you to go that way today." And by that time I had a cab and had paid the man and was putting her in. You see, somehow, I couldn't offer her money—being a lady, but I says, "I want to do this for the boy!" And she smiled as if somehow I pleased her. I took out a railroad card I had with me—with my name in one corner. She kind of flushed up when she saw I was a railroad man. She'd told me she was going to pay back the road as soon as she could. And I says, "Don't you trouble to send the T and B any money," I says. "You keep it for the boy. And if there's ever anything I can do for you it will make me proud to do it."

"And when she drove away I could see she had kind of broke down and was crying. It's quite a strain to beat your way pretty near to New York like that."

The room was quiet. In the adjoining room they could hear the soft click of

dishes, and outside the sleet beat on the window, driven by the wind.

The woman in the room beyond came and stood in the doorway.

"A terrible night!" she said.

Her husband looked at her with affectionate eyes. "A terrible night," he repeated. "Aren't you most through, Myra?"

"Yes, in a minute now." She disappeared again and the man's gaze returned to the fire. The woman opposite him watched its kindliness and trust; again the feeling of protection surrounded her.

He roused himself with a smile. "It was along a month or two later I had a letter from her saying she'd remembered what I said to her, and she asked if there was any chance I could get work for her boy where he'd be near me, maybe. She seemed to think I could help him, I guess. Anyway, I put it up to the officials that if they'd give me a helper at nominal pay for a couple of months, I'd train him for the work. They seemed to like the idea. So the boy came on. Nice fellow. Just needed something to keep him busy. Sick of books and book-learning, you know."

"So you trained him?"

"Yes, . . . He got a good place later. High up. And that was a curious thing, too—the way we say things 'happen.' That started the thing I'm doing now."

"Train-dispatching?"

"No. Training young fellows for rail-roading. After that they kept sending 'em to me. I always have a young fellow here with me—sometimes two or three at a time. I run a kind of school for 'em, I guess. Myra, my wife, she looks after 'em. They don't exactly board with us, but they might as well—they're here their off-time mostly. They've sent me some fine stuff to train. I've got the son of the first vice-president with me now. He's on duty to-night. I shall step over by-and-by and see how he's getting on."

They were silent a moment.

"That boy's mother must have been grateful to you," said the woman.

"His mother? Oh, the tramp-lady! Yes. She said so." He looked up. His wife stood in the doorway. She had changed her working dress for a simple house dress. It brought out the lines of her face and figure, and the woman by the fire had a sudden sense of refinement and beauty as she stood there looking in.

The man looked across to her. "Come in, Myra," he said. "I've just been telling this lady how you beat the T and B."

She came forward with a smile and laid her hand on the back of his chair. He got up slowly.

"Is my lantern ready for me?"

"It is on the table, yes. And I put a can of hot coffee by it for Lindsay. Tell him to drink it while it's hot."

"He'll be pretty glad to get it," said the man. "Coffee warms you up a night like this. Clears the head." He moved toward the door. Then he looked back with a smile to the two women sitting by the fire.

"I've told her how you beat the road, Myra. You can tell her how you beat me—if you want to. . . . I suppose that's likely the part you two think is most interesting!" Then with a little twinkle he was gone—out into the storm.

The two women sitting by the fire listened to the wind that drove against the house. Through the roar of the storm and the blinding sleet and snow, they seemed to see the slight figure bent to the wind, battling its way steadily toward the boy up there in his tower shunting trains through the night.

## The Charm of Magicus

[Continued from page 23]

by the queen herself. From the spiders I have brought this scarf to her! (He lays the scarf on the throne.)

SCRUNTIOUS.—That is white and soft and light—but it is not sweet (he sniffs it) and it will not help our queen. Elves, it is no use! We cannot revel properly until we have restored our ruler. Has none found the charm?

RING-O-ROSE (lifting the branches from Mabel). Here is my charm, oh queen:

White as snow, new fallen, lies;  
Soft as fairy lullabies;  
Sweet as rose-leaf perfume, rare;  
Light as thistle-down in air.

SCRUNTIOUS.—I will see for myself. (He strides forward.) She is certainly white. How do you know she is soft?

RING.—Touch her, and see.

SCRUNTIOUS.—She is certainly soft. Sweet? (He sniffs.) Yes, she is sweet. But how about her lightness?

RING.—Oh, wait till you see her dance.

QUEEN.—Dance? Can she dance, too? (She lifts herself on one elbow. The elves are all excited.) Bring her here!

RING.—Little mortal, white as snow,  
Skin as soft as moonbeam glow,

[Continued on page 58]

## FIXALL

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### How Nelle Rode to Independence

BUT I will ride horseback," I declared, upon my arrival home from a visit with my old classmates on the ranch in Wyoming. "I can't give it up. Even though Father's allowance doesn't cover luxuries, I don't want to give up riding."

"Mother was astonished at my outbreak, but calmly suggested—'Well, my dear, if you must ride, why don't you earn the money?'"

"For several hours, I wondered how I'd do it. Suddenly I thought of your story and letters in the last month's McCall's, telling of girls who had become independent through the More-Money Club. You know the rest, and what I have earned, so hereafter it's at least two horseback rides a week for me!"

This is only part of the enthusiastic letter I just received from Nelle B., of New York. Nelle's letter is only one of hundreds from just such independent girls; in fact, "Independent Girls" really should be the name of our Club.

Only two months ago, I had a letter from Rosa R., of Washington, in which she said, "I do so want to earn some money like the other girls do who belong to your club; just to feel that I am independent of my allowance." Only a day or so ago, she wrote, "You have made me so happy. Independence is so sweet, and what a joy it is to have a dollar or two of one's very own without having to ask for it!"

#### What Three Ambitious Girls Did

Anyone can study for the stage, but the girl who has that great desire to study for the stage and really would not have to earn the money herself, but who does it, is surely to be congratulated.

Ruth A., of Chicago, is paying for her stage education with her own money and she does not have to! This is what she writes:—

"I am taking piano and dancing lessons and I am much wrapped up in my music. I go to high school, too, so you see my time is well taken up, but I want to study for the stage, and if I am determined to do a thing, I accomplish it for I am one of those girls who do not know the word 'can't.' As a member of the Club, I know I shall accomplish it. I am not doing this because I need the money, because I generally get what I ask for, but I should like to pay for my stage education all myself and I know I shall be able to do it." Ruth, the same as hundreds of other girls, has a regular allowance, but the independence which girls of today are endowed just must assert itself. I know she will make a success, and shall not be surprised to hear of her achievements.

"How interesting it is to earn my own money instead of always asking 'Dad for it!'"—was what Jane E., of California, wrote; and still another, a new New Jersey member, writes, "I had a war-time job. I did not have to work; but how could I stay at home when everybody else was doing something for the country? But when Peace came, the young man whose place I had, returned. Now, I have tasted the independence which the government salary check brought me, and even with an allowance, I cannot again revert to the sameness of my life before the war. It was so uninteresting, now that I have time to think about it, and I find that my membership in McCall's More-Money Club helps me to realize, not only the dollars I earn, but that my war-time job really did make an independent American girl of me." Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic members prove that the worth-while girl and woman of today is the one with a definite plan and definite work to do.

#### Why Shouldn't Girls Be Independent?

You do not know how happy it makes me to feel that the Club has made so many girls realize the independence that really is theirs by right. It has helped the stay-at-home girl, the schoolgirl, the college girl, the business girl, the school teacher, the wife, mother and grandmother; in fact, it has helped hundreds to have money of their own without having to ask for it.

Wouldn't you like to keep Dad guessing as to where you got that \$5.00 bill? Wouldn't you like to show Mother a beautiful necklace you had not asked for? Wouldn't you like to have, made out in your own name, a bankbook with a tidy little balance? And, when brother George comes in from abroad, you can say, "Of course I'll meet him. I have money in the bank."

The More-Money Club members do all these things. They earn salaries—yes, real McCall salary checks. Now don't I have you guessing? Is it not interesting to know that you, too, may enjoy membership in the club which has helped so many girls?

You will be so proud of the gift which makes you a full-fledged member, and I might add that every member is wild about it. "It is the darlings thing I ever saw, more than I expected, so appropriate and so mysterious!" wrote one new member.

There is no entrance fee, no tuition; in fact, no money to pay—just money to earn. All you need, to know the mysteries of the Club, is spare time—time for which you now receive nothing.

Ask me to tell you about the M. M. C. You will receive a prompt reply without obligation.

Jane Brewster

McCall's More-Money Club,  
236 West 37th Street,  
New York.

# If You Brush Teeth Brush Them Well

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



## Don't Leave the Film

Millions of people who brush teeth daily leave a tooth-destroying film. They find in time that teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, perhaps pyorrhea starts. And they wonder why.

The reason lies in a film—a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. There the tooth brush can't remove it, and the ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," because millions of germs breed in it.

They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Dental science has for years sought a way to end that film. The tooth brush had proved inadequate. Tooth troubles constantly increased. And the reason clearly lay in that film.

A new discovery has now solved this greatest of tooth problems. That film can now be efficiently combated. Able authorities have proved the facts by scientific tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

Now this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to let all people prove it quickly we are offering a free ten-day test.

## See the Difference

Ask us for this trial tube, then see for yourself the difference between old methods and the new. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which opens up this new teeth cleaning era.

Dentists and scientists are now using Pepsodent—many thousands of them. At least a million careful people have adopted it already. It is time that you knew what it means to you and what it means to yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Watch the results for ten days. Read the reasons in the book we send. Then decide for yourself about this new way of teeth cleaning.

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## "ASPIRIN" WAS TALCUM POWDER

Heavy Sentence Imposed on Manufacturer of Tablets.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH)  
NEW YORK, December 31.—Accused of having manufactured and sold to influenza sufferers thousands of boxes of aspirin tablets, principally composed of talcum powder, Joseph M. Turkey, head of the Verandah Chemical company, of Brooklyn, was found guilty yesterday of violation of the sanitary code and sentenced to three years in prison with a fine of \$500. The sentence was the most severe ever imposed in the country for such an offense.

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Look for "Bayer Cross" on Tablets.

20 cent Bayer packages. Also larger Bayer packages.



The Safety "Bayer Cross" on Tablets.

Made and Owned by Americans!

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



## The Charm of Magicus

[Continued from page 56]

Sweet as perfume from the rose,  
Light as down of thistle grows—  
To our rescue, mortal dear,  
Break the bond of elf-queen here.

Mabel rubs her eyes and slowly sits up. As she does so, the queen also sits up. MABEL.—Elf-land! I'm in elf-land! SCRUNTIOUS.—Bow before our majesty! Mabel kneels before the throne. MABEL.—Most gracious queen! QUEEN.—Do not kneel. Bring a seat for her. (The cushion-bearers come.) QUEEN.—Can you dance, child? MABEL.—A little, your majesty. SCRUNTIOUS.—Music, music, there. Let us see how she fulfils the charm!

Music sounds. Mabel dances. The queen becomes so interested that she sits without the support of her cushions. When the dance ends, Mabel returns to her seat.

QUEEN.—Are you thirsty—or hungry? MABEL.—Yes, your majesty, please. SCRUNTIOUS.—Bring food and drink! They all feast.

SCRUNTIOUS (delighted at the queen's recovery).—I think—it seems to me—that is—I should say the charm was broken.

QUEEN.—And now, my little mortal, what can we do for you?

MABEL.—I have always wanted to see the elves dance!

QUEEN.—And so you shall. Sit here by me!

Music sounds. The dance begins. Soon the queen arises and dances for a little while alone. Then the elves join in. Ring-o'-rose and Knob-o'-green leave the others; they creep behind Mabel and wave their wands over her. She begins to nod, and climbs on the throne to lie down. When the dance is over she is fast asleep. The elves tiptoe away, singing. The queen takes the scarf from the throne, saying:

Take this gift from our elf hand,  
Little mortal of the charm—  
Light of foot and soft of hand,  
Sweet as rose-leaves. Naught of harm  
Come to thee or thine, for we  
Always will keep guard o'er thee.

The six bearers lift the throne.

QUEEN.—Carry her home gently, elves, for she has given you back your queen again. When she awakens in the morning in her own little bed, she will think she has been dreaming. Leave the elf-scarf with her; it will bring good fortune. When you return with my throne take up your old tasks! There is much to be done!

The queen watches the throne until it disappears among the trees. As she turns, Knob-o'-green and Ring-o'-rose kneel before her. She takes off a long silver chain and puts it around Ring-o'-rose's neck.

For costume directions, send a stamped return-envelope to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine.

## "Daughters are the thing!"

[Continued from page 10]

daughters and dream-fathers would be true.

Alas, Margaret will not only put up her hair. The chances are that, after a while, she will move away from his easel and seek other companions. She may even have to go through the trying time known as the "boy age," and tax his love to the uttermost with the vagaries of girlhood.

That's where the hard part comes in—for fathers. They have their youth, they can live it again in their children, but they cannot live for them. Daughters must have their own experience, must live at first hand, for this is the right of every human being.

Barrie's Margaret betrays her instinctive knowledge of this.

MARGARET.—Daddy, now you are thinking about—about my being in love some day. (He nods.) I won't, you know; no, never! Oh, I've quite decided; so don't be afraid—(then, at back of him, whispers) will you hate him at first, Daddy?

DEARTH.—Whom?

MARGARET.—Well, if there was!

DEARTH.—If there was what, darling?

MARGARET.—You know the kind of thing I mean, quite well. Would you hate him at first?

DEARTH.—I hope not. I should want to strangle him, but I wouldn't hate him.

MARGARET.—I would. That is to say, if I like him.

DEARTH.—If you liked him how could you hate him?

MARGARET.—For daring!

DEARTH.—Daring what?

MARGARET.—You know! (sighing half humorously) but of course I shall have no say in the matter.

DEARTH.—Why?

MARGARET (reproachfully).—You will do it all. You do everything for me.

DEARTH (with a groan).—I can't help it.

MARGARET.—You will even write my love-letters, if I ever have any to write—which I won't.

DEARTH (properly alarmed).—Surely to goodness, I'll leave you alone to do that!

Fatherhood brings not only the obvious responsibility of protection but a host of more subtle and gravely important ones. Children's spirits are so sensitive that no one knows where a trifling word may lead. "The laugh that children were born with lasts as long as they have perfect faith," Mr. Dearth tells Margaret, admitting sadly that her first joyous baby laugh has gone.

DEARTH.—Shall I tell you how it went. We were fishing in a stream—that is to say, I was wading and you were sitting on my shoulders, doing the fishing. We

didn't catch anything. Somehow or other—I can't think how I did it—you irritated me, and I answered you sharply.

MARGARET.—I can't believe that.

DEARTH.—Yes, I did. I gave you a shock, and for the moment, the world no longer seemed a safe place for you. Your faith in me had always made it safe till then. You were suddenly not even sure of your bread and butter, and a frightened tear came into your eyes. I was in a nice state, I can tell you. I expect I am not the only parent in that plight, though they may not remember the doing of it.

(Margaret does not remember this. But she suggests a further duty of fathers.)

MARGARET.—Shall I tell you my farthest back recollection? (He nods.)

MARGARET (speaking in some awe).—"I remember the first time I saw the stars. I had never seen night, and then I saw it, and the stars together. Crack in my eye, Tommy!!—not everyone can boast of such a lovely recollection for their earliest!

DEARTH.—I was determined your earliest should be a good one.

MARGARET.—Do you mean to say you planned it?

DEARTH.—Rather! Most people's earliest recollection is of some trivial thing; how they cut their finger, or lost a piece of string. I was resolved my Margaret's should be something bigger. I was poor, but I could give her the stars.

Almost every father would gladly give his daughter the stars. But he might not have the courage to tell her so. It's easy enough for a Barrie to interpret the secret, wistful desires of people, but ordinary men and women find it hard to put them in words. We are all more or less awkward and self-conscious when it comes to expressing emotion. When it is done for us, as it is in the forest scene, we are suddenly aware that we feel that way too.

It is a dream-moment which Barrie has captured, not the ordinary bread-and-butter routine. If all life were like this the painting would never be finished (Margaret, bless her heart is not at all conducive to work!), and the lovely child would have to feed chiefly on the moon and stars. But because such moments do come, even fleetingly, the whole of life seems more worth while. And the perfect comradeship of a day in the forest may be, to a father, compensation for the knowledge that all days are brief.

Ultimately, his daughter will find her life with her own contemporaries. That's the hardest part of it—to know that the one thing fathers can hope, is to start daughters on their own way. The best gift is a large liberty, and a smiling chummy tolerance of the blunders they make in learning to use it.

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Experience helps, but even the beginner gets wonderful results. Preserves retain much more of their natural flavor than when sugar alone is used.

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Let the young folks use it for candy—for taffy, fudge and divinity.

Full directions for the use of Karo in preserving, cooking and candy-making in the new illustrated Corn Products Cook Book. Sent free to you on request.

In the meantime try out these Karo recipes:

#### KARO PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$  pound evaporated apples, 2 cups of Karo, 1 cup seeded raisins, juice of 1 lemon. Soak apples over night in cold water. Boil apples and Karo 20 minutes over the fire, add raisins and lemon, boil ten minutes longer.

Line pie plate with rich pie crust, fill in the mixture, and lay strips of the pie crust from edge to edge, bake slowly in moderate hot oven till brown on top and bottom.

#### TAFFY

2 cups sugar      1 tablespoon Mazola  
2-pound can Karo      Pinch of soda and salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar      2 teaspoons vanilla

Boil sugar and Karo till it gets a little thick and add vinegar. When nearly done add Mazola, soda and salt. Remove from fire and add vanilla. The test for all taffy is that it must be crisp in cold water.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY  
Dept. B      P. O. Box 161, New York City



rival with Jane. But for that fact he'd no doubt have drawn his Brutus robe of official responsibility and justice about himself, and told me to go the devil. I know that boy's mind like the palm of my hand. As it was, he stared and cursed a little and then agreed with a grin to all my stipulations.

That was Wednesday. Thursday afternoon, after a worthless and perfunctory morning at the office, I went up to High Forest and made my arrangements there. Jane's lease ran to October first. She and Miss Neville had merely abandoned it.

Friday morning I met Jane, arriving punctually upon the Century Limited, took her to breakfast, outlined the program to her and then went around for Letty.

In the middle of the afternoon we went to get the marriage license. My duties on this excursion were, of course, simply those of pilot. The heavy work devolved upon Jane, who did it with a delightful shy seriousness, which quite overcame the official behind the grille.

It was, to be sure, an unusual situation—an unsupported bride coming to get a license to marry a man who doesn't yet know what is in store for him. But with Letty there to swear to the age of the absent one and to add her declaration to Jane's that the prospective marriage did not contravene the new divorce law, the requirements were all satisfactorily met.

We went and had tea after that, in celebration of our accomplishment, and then Letty, pleading duties at home, abandoned Jane and me to our own devices.

We went rushing about just like a pair of sight-seeing tourists, talking resolutely, the while, about everything but the great subject that was in both our minds.

But, along in the evening I turned my car into a little blind street-end east of Sheridan Road, and, running down to the foot of it, stopped and lighted a cigar, ostensibly waiting to see a very fine moon come up out of the lake. I stopped talking, too. And, Jane acquiescing in the silence, it spun itself out for a pretty long time.

Finally she asked: "Did you tell her (Letty, this was) what I really wrote to you? Show her the letter, so that she really understands what it is you have done?"

"No," I said, "I didn't show her the letter. And I'll confess that in telling her about it, I suppressed some of the facts—in the interest of the truth."

"Is it the truth?" asked Jane.

I was glad of my cigar. It gives one, at need, a quite factitious placidity. "Hubert," she said, taking one of my hands in both of hers and gripping it hard, "I'm frightened. I'm terrified about this. And what frightens me most is that I know I wouldn't be frightened if it were going to be you, tomorrow, instead of him. I could marry you as easily as I could sit down to supper at the end of a day's work, or come in out of the rain."

"Yes," I said, "that's it. I'm warm and dry and comfortable. And you'd sit in the window looking out through the glass at the brave adventure you'd run away from. You'd despise yourself for having run away from it. And pretty soon you'd begin despising me for having taken advantage of a moment of panic, and persuaded you into my parlor. Of course, you're frightened, my dear. That's how I knew it was the real thing. You've never been frightened before, have you, when you've come to me with your—symptoms? I know. Lord! Don't I know! Twenty odd years ago, I made that discovery when I saw the scared look in Woody Baldwin's eyes and Letty's."

She thought that over for a while in silence, while I smoked. Presently she let go my hand and leaned forward on her elbows. It's odd how stirring the sudden relinquishment of a caress can be.

"How about you, Hubert?" she asked.

I pretended not to understand. "I saw how you looked, that morning in your office," she said, and paused awhile, but as I didn't speak, she went on. "You're the best friend I've ever had. You've done more for me—not in ways you've ever thought of—than I could possibly tell you. I owe you more. And I don't see why that shouldn't count. I don't see why your feelings shouldn't. That's a new idea to me, of course. I never have paid any attention to your feelings. And now you tell me it's too late. Why is it? I hadn't met him much more than a month ago."

"It's a queer thing," I said, "how contrary and inappropriate a man's real feelings—if he'll just take the trouble to look at them—can be. You'd think I'd be feeling as forlorn and self-sacrificial as young Silly Baxter's Sydney Carton. And I was, for the better part of that month of yours, jealous and sorry for myself—maudlin—steamy, as a Schumann love song. (Jane chuckled over "steamy" and it did my heart good.) But when your letter came, Tuesday morning, proposing marriage, I waked up and rubbed my eyes—and I saw I didn't want it. Oh, I suppose if I could be young Arthur, body and soul—or for that matter, if I could have been his father, twenty odd years ago. . . . But I don't believe a man can wish he was someone else.

## Youth for Youth

[Continued from page 14]

All his wishes are founded—have to be—on his being himself. Being myself, I'll never see the look in a girl's eyes that Woody saw, or that that boy of his will see when he gets off the train from camp, tomorrow. I give you away at your weddings and stand godfather to your children—a sort of perennial uncle. And, on the whole, I find it pretty good. Much too good, anyhow, to throw away in favor of an imitation of something I can't get. I'm quite clear about that. So it won't do you any good to go on proposing to me. I wouldn't have you."

"Neither of us?" she asked, after quite a silence. The question made me jump.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "Letty never did propose to me. It wasn't done in those days. Her generation wouldn't have thought it delicate."

few short weeks before, had assured me that if they took him away from her she would die. There was a transmutation of fiber like that going on in hundreds of thousands of women's hearts during those weeks, all over the country, I suppose. And in men's—as I knew.

It was a long time ago, that summer of nineteen-seventeen. It is hard now to realize that one thought and felt in that ancient era. When the first officers' training camp was organized in the spring of that year, it never even occurred to me to try to get into it. I did try to get into the second camp. The thing had come closer then, you see. But when they rejected me because I was a little too near-sighted to meet their very high requirements, this satisfied me for the time being that my patriotic duty would be fully done if I vol-



### For a Little House

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

A house set in a pleasant place  
Turns toward the world a smiling face.  
Beyond the city's dust and din  
Its guests are sheltered, safe within.

Here they may really learn to know  
How friendly seasons come and go,  
With trees for neighbors, and close by  
The ever-changing earth and sky.

And when the shadows, one by one,  
Creep down the hillside, from the sun,  
From every nook the birds will call—  
"Home is the very best of all."

"Do you know what I've been thinking?"—this reflectively from Jane. "Down in the bottom of her heart Letty was more jealous for you with me, than she was for Arthur. She's forgiven me already for marrying him. She's perfectly dear about it. But do you suppose she'd ever have forgiven me if I'd married you?"

I flung away my cigar and stepped on the starter. "It's time you went to bed," I said severely. "You're getting moonstruck."

NOTHING that happened on the momentous day that Jane and I had been looking forward to, in any way falsified my predictions concerning it. Arthur and Cyrus arrived on the train that Jane and Letty and I met. Jane married Arthur exactly as I had ordered her, by telegraph, to do, and I gave her away just as I had given Letty away to Woody Baldwin twenty odd years before. Their most highly appreciated wedding present was a two-days' extension of Arthur's leave, from Cyrus. Very handsome of him this was, I thought, since it went so frightfully against his principles. Letty, in her secret heart, regarded it, I believe, as niggardly. The three of us waved the pair of them away in Letty's car to High Forest for their little honeymoon and then dined together, talking of other matters.

In the light of that last outrageous speculation of Jane's the night before, I may have eyed Letty a little more closely than usual, but the only thing I could remark was the courage she showed—the downright good sportsmanship—over the loss of her boy. For lost to her in the old exclusive proprietary sense he was; his country and Jane held most of the shares in him now. His mother was a mere minority stockholder. It didn't seem possible that she could be the same woman who, a

unteered to help with Liberty Loan drives, offered myself as a four-minute man.

But the sight of Arthur in his private soldier's uniform, brought the thing home. I wrestled it out with myself during the next two weeks, and at the end of that time, went to a recruiting office and enlisted. They sent me to a quartermaster's school, eventually commissioned me lieutenant and shipped me over to France.

Not to glory, though. The way I got my wound was characteristic. Out on one of the unloading platforms, when a sling broke and three big drums of gasoline broke away, I happened to be there, and I tried to stop one of them with a handspike—whether quite insanely or not, I don't know. Everybody couldn't have got out of the way, anyhow. There wasn't time. At any rate, my left foot got caught between two of them and smashed to pulp and splinters.

They make wonderful repair jobs of accidents like that in our hospitals, but in my own case, something went wrong with the method. They sent me home with a rigid ankle. I might be of some use there, but I wasn't good enough for France. That was what my bit came to.

It was late on a gusty September afternoon when my train, hours behind time, got into Chicago. When my taxi stopped at the Blackstone, and the liveried carriage-man came out to assist me to alight, a sudden assault of homesickness—I guess that's the best word I can find for it—overwhelmed me.

"Take the bags in and check them," I said, "and get me a room. I'll come back later." Then I gave the chauffeur Letty's old address down in Kenwood.

She was sitting before a little open fire. From the doorway I spoke her name.

"It is really you?" she asked.

"What's left of me," said I. And I added: "I believe you've been asleep."

She had risen and was coming toward me when I said that, but with a curious hesitation, peering a little, as if she doubted whether it were indeed I.

"Letty, you're still asleep! Wake up!"

"I'm not sure that I want to," she answered breathlessly, but she took, hesitantly again, one of the two hands I held out to her in both of hers, led me back to the chair she had been sitting in, and seated herself, facing the fire, on a big rug-covered cushion at my feet.

So disposed, we began to talk. For how long, I haven't the slightest idea. I told her my news rather summarily and she told me hers. It was her first Sunday alone, it seemed. Arthur had been here with her only the week before. And Jane hadn't left until Thursday. In order to see as much as possible of Arthur, up to the very day of his sailing, she had gone on to New York with the baby, though it was a little early for both of them to be traveling. The child was only five weeks old.

That dream atmosphere about Letty had proved contagious. Everything she did, every move she made, every inflection of her voice, was enveloped in it somehow—muffled, remote, unreal. Even when with tones and poker she reassembled the coals, so that their reddening glow brightened to a blaze again, she did it so gently and soundlessly that the spell was not broken—the mystery remained.

Now, when she spoke casually of a baby I hadn't heard of, my reverie was not broken. The thing seemed more like a dream than ever. I smiled at the fantasticality of the thing. "Jane and Arthur with a baby!"

"You hadn't heard then?" said Letty.

"They've named him after you, you know."

"Abbit omen! Let us hope that's all he takes from me."

"I wish he might take everything," said Letty breathlessly. "You've been everything to all of us."

The sense of the dream grew stronger. What she said was so exactly what, in a self-pitying day-dream, I would have made her say, that I resented it.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," I quoted to her ironically. "I haven't any. I was created and my career contrived, to afford the high gods the relaxation of a smile. From the moment, back there at college, when I fell in love with you—in effectually—to the moment when I grabbed that handspike and tried to stop a two-hundred gallon drum of gasoline—ineffectually again. They recognized that when they sent me home."

"You've come home, for good?" she asked.

"You're not going back to France?" "Oh, there's not a chance in the world of that," I told her. "I've got three months' leave and at the end of it, I'll go before a board. They'll decide whether I am worth keeping on at something over here, or whether to retire me outright."

She laid down the poker, very quietly and carefully, and clasped her hands together. She sat for a moment, while I gazed at her there in the firelight. Then, abruptly, with a movement utterly out of key with all that had gone before, she rose, went over to the wall and pressed the light-switch.

It was so sudden and unexpected that I rose, too, and rubbed my eyes.

"I've been dreaming all day," she said. "Making up my dream as I went along. And what I've dreamed, was just this. That you came back from France today and told me you could stay. I've been afraid of waking myself—all the time we've been talking. But now I can't stand it any longer. I've got to know if it's true. That's why I turned on the light."

"Letty!" I cried. And slowly and unbelievably limped toward her. For there in her eyes, after all these years, was the look. And she was looking at me!

She paled a little, and if the wall had not been behind her, would have shrunk back. But when I came closer, she was in my arms.

[THE END]

SYNOPSIS.—Hubert Janney, a successful lawyer, tells the story. Mrs. Letitia Hornsby appeals to him to save her son Arthur from being drafted into the army, and tries to give away her fortune that she may be dependent upon the boy. Janney refuses to assist in this plan but promises any help possible to Mrs. Hornsby, whose devoted friend he has been for twenty-five years. Arthur calls at his office and honestly confesses that he is a coward. His mother, a widow, has continually worried about his health and terrified him with thoughts of death in his childhood. He has a sensitive, nervous, high-strung nature and believes that being sent to the front will kill him. He has been accepted by the Draft Board.

Janney goes to dinner with Jane Page, a young, lovely and successful actress. Arthur comes in and he and Jane are mutually attracted. Janney is surprised to find that he is jealously conscious of being "Uncle Hubert" to them both. Their acquaintance proceeds with such rapidity that Letitia calls on Janney to accuse him bitterly of being responsible for Arthur's infatuation for an actress. Jane comes in, and there is a painful scene. Later Jane tells Hubert that she is alarmed by the attentions of a half-insane man whom she calls Sindbad.

Arthur, his mother, and Janney, are luncheon guests at Jane's country-house when Sindbad appears. He attempts to shoot Jane. Arthur saves her and proves himself anything but a coward. A misunderstanding between Arthur and Jane follows and Jane disappears.



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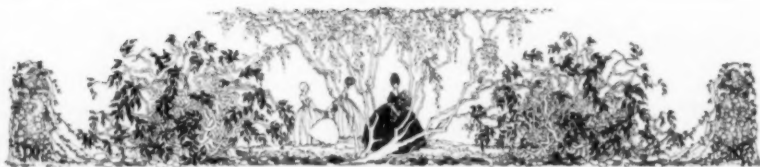
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## Whom Will You Marry?

[Continued from page 8]

garden and orchard preserved; meats properly cured at butchering time; the young creatures on the farm cared for as only a woman has the patience to care for them; work in the dairy and with the poultry, contribute very largely to the success of the average farmer.

The farm woman does such work as this at home, without bringing any alien influence to bear upon the home life. A farmer never becomes jealous of his wife's success with the poultry, however large a check it brings in, nor does she feel that it makes her independent of him.

I can not say there is no rivalry between them, remembering that only last year our farm was the scene of a long and serious business contest. Over the supper table one night my husband and I found ourselves suddenly disputing vigorously over the relative value of hens and cows as money-makers.

I suppose I was bitter about the hens. For a week I had been coaxing them to lay by every means in my power, and they had responded with beautifully bright combs and shining feathers, but not with eggs. Night after night I came in past the barnyard with the egg-basket rattling lightly on my arm, to find brimming milk pails standing by the separator. I contended that cows paid far better than hens.

My husband takes care of the cows, and during the war it seemed that the stock might as well be living on minted gold as on mill feed. The summer had been dry, and we faced a winter in which we might have to buy hay. He was strongly prejudiced in favor of hens.

The argument finally became a contest. Each of us was to keep exact accounts, and at the end of six months we were to compare figures. We played fair, each working to prove the other right by taking the best of care of our charges, and when, at last, we held an executive session to determine the results, we found that we were both right. The same time was required to care for three cows as for one hundred hens, and the same profit was made.

That is the kind of business rivalry which lends zest to a year's work on a farm. It also gives point to a bit of conversation between our hired man and a neighbor, which my husband overheard and repeated to me with a twinkle in his eye. The hired man was to be married. Our neighbor, stopping beside the fence to talk, was told the news.

"Married!" he exclaimed. "Why, you can't make a living for yourself!"

"Well," the hired man said cheerfully, "I figure she'll help a little."

I am not saying that the life of a farmer's wife is an easy one. We never get anything for nothing, though we may have almost anything in the world if we are willing to pay the price.

Economic independence is not an easy thing for a woman to earn, even on a farm, and part of the price that must be paid for it is responsibility. A farm woman can not expect to be a full partner in pleasures and profits and not share troubles and labor. I know one farmer's wife who insists in having a voice in all the farm affairs and then, when things go wrong, blames her husband. She fails in her own part of the work. Her hens never lay; she will not help out in harvesting time, when help is scarce, by feeding the horses or turning the cream-separator; she can not raise a calf nor have the meals ready on time. Yet she complains because her husband does not make a better living for her.

This woman does not belong on a farm. There are times when a farmer's wife must neglect her own special part of the work and help her husband, in order that a crop may be saved or the live stock cared for. If the farmer is injured or ill, there may be no one but his wife to take over the entire farm management and a large part of the physical labor besides.

Sometimes a woman must work in this way to pay off the mortgage or meet some unexpected loss caused by bad weather, and in that case she must help or see the business fail utterly. Every farmer's wife who begins her married life with little money must be prepared to meet such emergencies, but the words of Lord Halifax are as true of women as of men. He said, "A dif-

ficulty raiseth the spirit of a great man. He hath a mind to wrestle with it and give it a fall. A man's mind must be very low if the difficulty doth not make part of his pleasure."

There is a joy of spirit and a pride of power that come to a farm woman who is fully alive to her opportunities, meeting and solving problems, confronting and overcoming difficulties, refusing to become petty though attending to numberless details, or to be discouraged before threatened disaster. She wins to a valiant courage of the soul, which holds itself above all harassments, serene and unconquered.

Just as the physical labor of a farm exercises and makes strong every part of a woman's body, so the many interests of the farm life, in threads which reach to it from all parts of the world, exercise her mind.

When the price of eggs goes down, with a corresponding cut in the amount of her weekly check, she will want to know the reason why. When there is an increase in the price of cut bone and meat scraps, which she must feed the hens to produce those eggs, she will ask the reason for that.

Why, she will wonder, does the farmer need helpful laws for his business, more than the grocer, or the banker, or the doctor?

Why is it necessary, in spite of all the natural advantages offered by country life, in spite of the real need of our country for more and better farmers, for our government to use all its efforts of persuasion and inducement in order to turn back that tide of movement from the farms to the cities?

These are problems that can be solved, conditions that can be altered, only by the wisdom and efforts of the farmers themselves. There is scope here for all that a woman has of intelligence and fine spirit. There is an opportunity here for the woman who will do her part in remaking a world that has been shaken to its foundations by discoveries the war has forced upon us.

Altogether aside from the feeling of independence and security that comes to a woman through her position as a farmer's wife, she has a deep satisfaction in knowing she is not struggling against someone else for advancement; that her success will not be built upon the downfall of others. Her rise to prosperity is not over the broken fortunes or through the suffering or oppression of those weaker than herself.

Instead, by the labor of her hands, she is producing food for humanity and is, in the old and delightful sense, a lady, a "bread-giver."

Farm life has its ample compensations for all its hardships, and the greatest of these is a sense and enjoyment of the real values of life.

These are not the modern improvements of which we hear so much, the telephone, the rural free delivery, the automobile and the labor-saving machinery, which are bringing many of the city's advantages to the country. They are not even the beauties of nature, which give so much daily joy and always help over the hard places.

The real values of farm life are simplicity, money honestly earned, difficulties overcome, service lovingly given, respect deserved; in short, the exercise of physical, mental and spiritual muscles until a rounded, complete, individual character is built.

These are the things I have learned in twenty-five years as a farmer's wife, and so, turning to Elizabeth this morning, I tried to say to her something like this:

"Whether or not you are fitted for the life of a farmer's wife depends on what you want to get from your marriage."

"If you want ease, unearned luxuries, selfish indulgence, a silken-cushioned, strawberry-and-cream life, do not marry a man who will be a farmer."

"If you want to give, as well as to take; if you want to be your husband's full partner in business and in home-making; if you can stand on your own feet and face life as a whole, the troubles and difficulties and the real joys and growth that come from them; if you want an opportunity to be a fine, strong, free woman, then you are fitted for the life of a farmer's wife, to be his partner, the providence of your own little world of the farm and a bread-giver to humanity, the true lady of the world."

IN the July number Mrs. Artist will tell you her story. She says: "The wife of the artist must keep intellectually fresh. She must maintain a household that is harmonious and without formality. She must keep an intensified faith in the work of her husband, so that she may be his spiritual support during the depression that almost always follows spurts of artistic creation. But chiefly her mother-sense becomes abnormally developed; for it is certain that the artist, no matter to what intellectual heights he may climb, is always a child."

# FASHIONS



No. 8847, LADIES' WRAP. Requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 45-inch material. The increasing favoritism of the cape makes this model most desirable for the spring. It is developed in a light-weight duvetyn and the large stitches are done in silk of the same color.

Wrap 8847

Dress 8995  
For 34-44 bust

Blouse 8977  
For 34-46 bust  
Skirt 8769  
For 22-36 waist

COSTUME Nos. 8977-8769.—36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the vest and collar.  
No. 8977, LADIES' BLOUSE, coat-closing with vest. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for vest and collar.  
No. 8769, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.

Dress 9003  
For 34-48 bust  
Embroidery Design No. 956

For other views,  
see page 72

Dress 9005  
For 34-46 bust  
Embroidery Design No. 969  
Bloomers 8969  
For 22-32 waist

Evening Dress 8991  
For 34-46 bust

Overblouse 8999  
For 34-46 bust  
Skirt 9006  
For 22-32 waist

## for July 1919

No. 8995, LADIES' DRESS, closing on shoulder, with jacket, straight skirt, instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch figured material and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. A dainty model which would claim development in figured voile combined with a plain pastel-colored material. The gathered ruffles placed piquantly at either side are an attractive feature. The sleeves, which are of elbow length, are gathered into a narrow cuff. A charming model for afternoon wear.

No. 8991, LADIES' EVENING DRESS, one-piece draped overskirt having pointed train, one-piece underskirt, straight lower edge, 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch satin for the underskirt and bodice and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 45-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9003, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for dress and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width is  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards. Skirt is trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 956.

No. 9005, LADIES' DRESS, body and sleeve in one, four-piece skirt, straight lower edge. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards. The embroidery design is developed in beads and is very easily executed, Design No. 969.

No. 8969, LADIES' BLOOMERS, ankle length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. These bloomers are a comfortable substitute for petticoats.

COSTUME Nos. 8999-9006.—36 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting.  
No. 8999, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE, guimpe having body and sleeves in one. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 36-inch figured.  
No. 9006, LADIES' SKIRT, one-piece straight overskirt, one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

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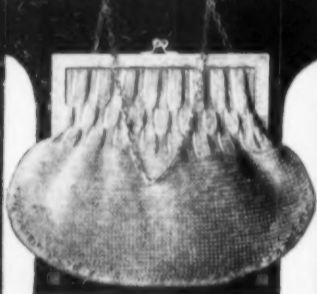
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8973  
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Duster 9001  
For 34-48 bust

Slip-On Waist 8885  
For 34-44 bust  
Two-Piece Skirt 9004  
For 22-36 waist



Shirtwaist 8981  
For 34-48 bust  
Yoke Skirt 8997  
For 22-34 bust

Semi-Fitted Dress 8659  
For 34-44 bust



8973 8981  
8997



9001 8885  
9004



8659 8389  
8732

No. 8973, LADIES' TIE-ON HOUSE DRESS; instep length. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch striped material for the dress and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain for pockets and collar. The width is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8981-8997.—36 requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar.

No. 8981, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST; adjustable collar, facing and collar in one. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 36-inch satin and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8997, LADIES' YOKE SKIRT; draped yoke; one-piece straight lower section. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 9001, LADIES' DUSTER; single-breasted, with shoulder cape, 49-inch length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 5 yards of 48-inch material. The shoulder cape is ample protection against the wind and storm, which makes this a most desirable model for inclement weather.

No. 8885, LADIES' SLIP-ON WAIST; closing on shoulder. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of narrow insertion, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of wider insertion. This dainty little blouse would be very attractive developed in handkerchief linen.

No. 9004, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with side-pocket sections. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Here is a skirt which is sufficiently wide to allow ample freedom in walking.

No. 8889, LADIES' WAIST; closing center-back. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. Georgette is used for the development of this chic blouse which is severely simple in style and lines. No trimming is used save a frill of the Georgette.

No. 8752, LADIES' COAT SUIT; collarless coat, with-out sleeves; two-piece skirt; high waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. The coat and skirt are trimmed with buttons.

# Tailor-Mades and Afternoon Frocks

No. 8911, LADIES' TAILORED WAIST; convertible collar. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the waist and ¼ yard of 36-inch material for the collar. This model is strictly tailored and suitable for wear with a suit of equally tailored effect.

No. 8971, LADIES' DIVIDED SKIRT; suitable for cross saddle riding, having adjustable front panel; 37-inch length. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 3 yards of 48-inch material. This skirt may be worn for general sports wear and its comfort and ease makes it desirable for hiking and camp parties. Wearing will not affect it if it is developed in a serviceable material such as broadcloth.



Tailored Waist 8911  
For 34-48 bust  
Divided Skirt 8971  
For 22-34 waist

Waist 8875  
For 34-46 bust  
Two-Piece Skirt 8827  
For 22-36 waist

No. 8875, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of insertion. Youthful and simple is this little model which is developed in Georgette crepe.

No. 8827, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; side-pocket sections; high waistline; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8721, LADIES' BUTTON-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt; instep length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch satin for the dress and ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 8750-8671.—36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch plain material and 2¾ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 8750, LADIES' WAIST; with panel buttoning under collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the waist and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the panel and collar.

No. 8671, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with straight side tunic sections attached to two-piece foundation; high waistline; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the skirt, and 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the tunics. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8653, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece tunic and foundation skirt; one-piece circular lower section; 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 45-inch material for the dress. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The uneven tunic is a smart feature.

No. 8815, LADIES' DRESS; overdress to be slipped on over the head; closing at underarm; underskirt with straight lower edge and sleeves attached to underbody, instep length. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for overdress, 2¾ yards of 36-inch satin for underskirt, collar, cuffs and belt, ¼ yard 36-inch for sleeves. Width, 1½ yards.



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# Extreme Grace and Simplicity of Style

No. 8791, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; minaret tunic; lengthened by straight section; instep length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 8798, LADIES' SUIT DRESS; blouse tucked; three-piece skirt, high waistline, 40-inch length. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material for the suit and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the blouse. The width is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



# The New Materials Artistically Applied



Tie-on Basque  
8748  
For 34-44 bust  
Skirt 8689  
For 22-32 waist

Dress 8703  
For 34-42 bust  
Embroidery Design No. 961

Dress 8855  
For 34-44 bust

Dress 8801  
For 34-44 bust

Convertible Dress  
8745  
For 34-44 bust

Dress 8715  
For 34-44 bust

Blouse Dress 8967  
For 34-44 bust

Dress 8985  
For 34-50 bust

No. 8703, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 17½ yards of 42-inch material for blouse and 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. A wide border of attractive embroidery trims the blouse. Design No. 961.

No. 8855, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 5¾ yards of 42-inch Georgette crepe. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 8748, LADIES' TIE-ON BASQUE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 17½ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and undersleeves.

No. 8689, LADIES' TWO-PIECE TUCKED SKIRT; high waistline; 40-inch length. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8715, LADIES' DRESS; low waistline; blouse closing on shoulder. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8987, LADIES' BLOUSE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 37½ yards of 40-inch material for dress, 5½ yard of 27-inch for vest and ¾ yard of 27-inch for belt.

COSTUME NOS. 8967-8687.—36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 8967, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 13¼ yards of 36-inch material, and 1¼ yards of pleating.

No. 8687, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8801, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material for waist and skirt, ½ yard of 40-inch Georgette for sleeves and ½ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8745, LADIES' CONVERTIBLE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 37½ yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of 54-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8985, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material for the waist and tunic and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.



## Fashions and Youth

No. 8884, GIRL'S DRESS; straight tunic. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 15½ yards of 36-inch material for waist and tunic, and 1½ yards of 40-inch contrasting.



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No. 8944, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years, 17½ yards of 36-inch and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8694, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. The frock is embroidered with darning-stitch, Design No. 782.

No. 8980, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires 25½ yards of 38-inch. Embroidery trims the frock, Design No. 851.

No. 8836, GIRL'S DRESS; body and sleeves in one. Designed for 8 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2¼ yards of 40-inch material for dress and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for ruffles.

No. 8646, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 11½-inch flouncing for sleeves, and 2 yards of 23-inch at flouncing.

# Tub Frocks for Juniors



Dress 8914  
For 4-14 years  
Embroidery Design  
No. 884



8778

8914



8762

Jumper Dress 8762  
For 4-14 years  
Embroidery Design  
No. 885



8874

Dress 8874  
For 4-12 years

Dress 8334  
For 6-14 years

No. 8874, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt with ruffles. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 8334, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for overblouse and 2½ yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 8778, GIRL'S THREE-PIECE SUIT. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material and 2½ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

Dress 8342  
For 6-14 years  
Embroidery Design  
No. 884

No. 8342, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt and waist are daintily embroidered with round motifs, Design No. 884.

No. 8762, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS, closing at underarm; two-piece skirt; straight lower edge. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material and 1¼ yards of 40-inch contrasting. The pockets and jumper are embroidered with Design No. 885.

No. 8702, GIRL'S COAT DRESS. Sleeves attached to waist; straight pleated skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2¼ yards of 42-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and coat.

No. 8914, GIRL'S DRESS, to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt section. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material for the waist and 1½ yards of 32-inch plain for the skirt and cuffs. Waist is embroidered, Design No. 884.



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# The Revival of Short Sleeves

No. 8952, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. The overwaist is trimmed with soutache braid, Design No. 819.



Dress 8514  
For 14-20 years

No. 8514, MISSES' DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8868, MISSES' SMOCK DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 42-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. Fullness is smocked at shoulders, Design No. 690.

Smock Dress 8868  
For 14-20 years  
Embroidery Design No. 690

Dress 8952  
For 16-20 years  
Embroidery Design No. 819

Middy Dress 8996  
For 14-20 years

No. 8982, MISSES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material; vest, ¾ yard 27-inch. The width is 1½ yards. The waist is embroidered with a darning-stitch motif, Design No. 806.

No. 8896, MISSES' ONE-PIECE MIDDY DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards.



Dress 8966  
For 16-20 years

No. 8966, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 40-inch and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 8384, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4½ yards of 36-inch, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Beads trim the front, Design No. 884. Width, 2 yards.

No. 9000, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years, 4½ yards 40-inch, ¾ yard of 40-inch for collar. Width, 1½ yards.

Dress 8384  
For 14-20 years  
Embroidery Design No. 884

Dress 8988  
For 14-20 years

No. 8988, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3½ yards of 40-inch satin and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.

Dress 9000  
For 16-20 years



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Look for the Slipova label in pocket, note carefully the strong double seams.

Slipova garments are guaranteed fast color.



## Fashion Descriptions

Descriptions for page 74

Descriptions for page 75

No. 7910, CHILD'S ROMPER, smocked. Designed for 6 months to 3 years. 2 years requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 32-inch material for the rompers and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 27-inch for the pockets and collar. The front of the romper is smocked, Design No. 690, and the pockets are embroidered with little ducks, Design No. 949.

No. 8440, CHILD'S DRESS; straight skirt attached to underwaist. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 8976, INFANT'S SET, dress and sacque. Design requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material for dress and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 27-inch for the sacque. The dress is daintily embroidered at the yoke, Design No. 354, and the same design appears on the sacque, Design No. 632 used for scallops.

No. 8978, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR. Designed for 2 to 14 years. 4 years requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for the underwaist and dart-fitted drawers. A simple little design which is easily made at home.

No. 8494, CHILD'S ROMPER AND BLOOMERS IN ONE. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 4 years requires 278 yards of 32-inch material, and 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting for the bloomers. The pockets and front of the yoke are trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 947 being used. The bloomers eliminate the need of petticoats, thereby saving much time and trouble. These are just the togs for the youngster to play in on hot days.

No. 8968, GIRL'S KIMONO. Designed for 1 to 14 years. 6 years requires 278 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch plain. Here is a kimono that will just suit the little girl who is particular.

No. 8992, CHILD'S BUNNY DRESS, with guimpe and embroidery design. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 3 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch material for the skirt and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch contrasting for the guimpe, front and back of yoke and pockets. Suitable for development in heavy linen.

No. 8990, CHILD'S BUNNY SUIT, with guimpe and embroidery design. Designed for 1 to 5 years. 3 years requires  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 36-inch material for the lower front and back and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch contrasting. Ideal suit for play in the nursery.

No. 8404, BOY'S SUIT, knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires 1 yard of 40-inch material for the blouse and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch contrasting for the trousers, collar and cuff facings. Linen is used to develop this suit, which is ideal for the little boy for play. The sailor collar is a feature that all small lads admire and they are sure to take pleasure in wearing this one. A bright Peter Thompson tie is worn.

No. 9002, GIRL'S CAPE; circular section; vest with sleeves. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 10 years requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material for the cape and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the vest and collar.

No. 8760, GIRL'S DRESS; Chinese blouse; straight pleated skirt attached to lining. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material for the blouse and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch. The blouse is trimmed with Embroidery Design No. 884.

No. 8926, GIRL'S DRESS; side-front closing; straight gathered skirt section. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material for the waist and  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 32-inch contrasting. The waist section is trimmed with soutache braiding, Design No. 792.

No. 8972, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 42-inch material, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and vest. A swagger little suit for the growing boy.

No. 8576, GIRL'S DRESS, straight gathered skirt. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material for the waist and  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of  $15\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing for the skirt. Flouncing is always pretty for the little girl.

This model is particularly pleasing in style and line and is especially designed for flouncing. It is just the sort of thing that one could wear at a garden party or some equally enjoyable affair where a rather dressy frock is necessary.

No. 8434, GIRL'S DRESS WITH SHIELD; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 4 years requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch for the yoke and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and skirt.

No. 8970, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32-inch material for the suit and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and shield.

No. 8996, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material for the dress and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting material for the ruffles.

No. 8504, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH GUIMPE. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch material for the shield, short sleeves, and facings and 2 yards of 32-inch contrasting material for the dress. To add to the attractiveness of this little frock, dainty bands of ribbon edge the neckline, sleeves and pockets. Linen and organdie will be the most popular materials for summer wear, and will also be used in combination. This little frock is developed in handkerchief linen. The large, roomy pockets are a feature.



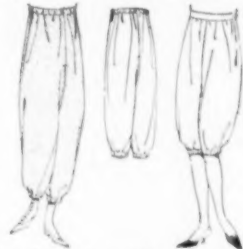
Shirt Blouse 6420 Shirt 8993  
For 4-14 years For 13½ to 18 neck

No. 6420, BOY'S SHIRT BLOUSE. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 27-inch material.

No. 8993, MEN'S SHIRT. Designed for 13½ to 18 neck; 32 to 50 breast. 15 neck requires 3 yards of 36-inch striped material.

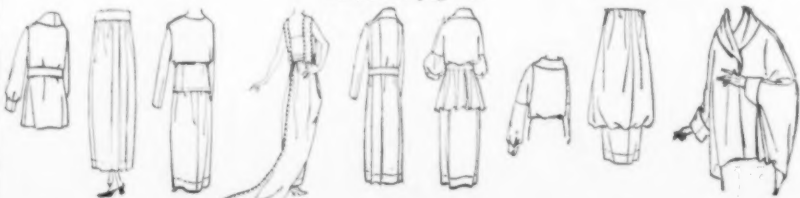


No. 8975, LADIES' AND MISSES' COVERALL APRON. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. Small requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch.



No. 8969, LADIES' BLOOMERS. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. 26 requires, ankle length,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material.

Views for page 63



8977 8769 8995 8991 9003 9005 8999 9006 8847

# Reelastick

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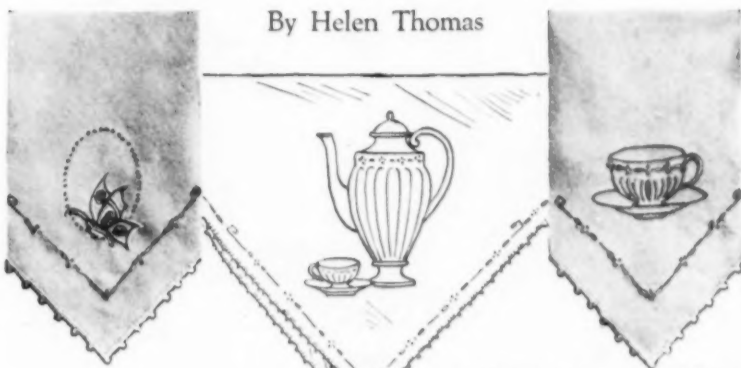
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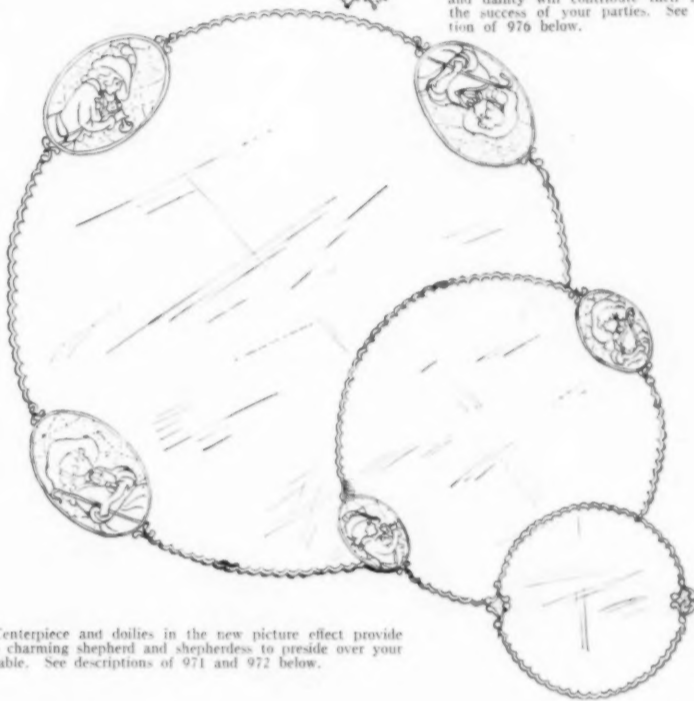


# Gay New Designs for Boudoir and Dining-Room

By Helen Thomas



Tea-cloth and napkins so delightfully gay and dainty will contribute their share to the success of your parties. See description of 976 below.



Centerpiece and doilies in the new picture effect provide a charming shepherd and shepherdess to preside over your table. See descriptions of 971 and 972 below.



Simple stitches and gay colors can make you the prettiest of rooms. See descriptions of 973, 974 and 975 below.

976.—Embroidery Design for Tea-Cloth and Napkins. The stitches used in embroidering both the butterfly designs and the china designs are very simple, consisting of outline-stitch, lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots. Strand cotton in Delft-blue or a combination of gay colors should be used for the embroidery. A simple crocheted edge forms the prettiest kind of a finish.

971.—Embroidery Design for 26-inch Centerpiece, and 972 for Place Doilies. These make a novel and most charming luncheon set embroidered in Delft-blue. The graceful shepherd and shepherdess outlined against a background of running-stitches prettily suggest cut-work, in a new and interesting manner. Scarf 967 and Oval Doilies 968 may also be used to fill out the complete set.

973.—Embroidery Design for Bedspread Motif; 974, Embroidery Motifs for a bedspread flounce, or for trimming curtains; 975, Embroidery Design for Bureau and Pincushion Cover. These three designs will decorate a room in so dainty a fashion that the heart of the most fastidious girl will be delighted. The newest effect is gained by using scrim or voile for the set and working the embroidery with pink, blue, lavender and green mercerized cotton in French-knots, lazy-daisy- and outline-stitch. The simplicity of these stitches make the set an easy one to embroider.



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7910 8440 8976 8978 8494 8968



8990 7792 8992 8438 8892 8404 8774 8656



Dress 8656  
For 6 months to 6 years  
Embroidery Designs No. 690  
and No. 884

For other descriptions, see page 72

Romper with Hat  
8774  
For 6 months to 3 years

Empire Dress  
8438  
For 4-14 years



Cape 9002  
For 4-12 years

Dress 8760  
For 6-14 years  
Embroidery Design  
No. 884

Dress 8926  
For 6-14 years  
Embroidery Design  
No. 792

Suit 8972  
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For 2-6 years

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No. 8820, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 6 years requires 1 1/2 yards of 20 1/2-inch flouncing, 1/2 yard of 36-inch for overwaist and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

For other descriptions, see page 72



9002 8760 8926 8972 8576 8434 8970



8612 8998 8654 8986 8996 8504 8926 8430 8820 8998

Sleeveless Coat 8430  
For 6-14 years  
Or 8612  
For 4 years

Blouse Dress 8998  
For 4-14 years



Dress 8996  
For 6-14 years

Slip-On Dress  
8504  
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Dress 8820  
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Dress 8986  
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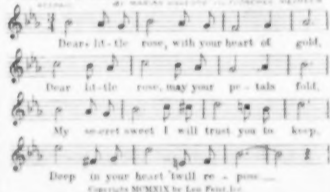
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## Buck Taylor, Wanted

(Continued from page 15)

ruminated, "still—I guess that puts her on the scrap-heap. Now for Mary."

Somehow or other, he'd known, deep down in his heart, that it would be Mary. Her letters, alone, had contained that indescribable spirit of intimacy—that sense of letting him in to talk to her soul—which is the wonder of letters. Long ago he had felt that it was a very lovely, and very lonely soul, indeed—almost as lonely in its heart-breaking struggle as his was, now. About her actual life, her family, her interests beyond her designing, he knew very little, but he did know he was going to her as quickly as his splintered leg would carry him.

Impulsively, he crushed on his hat, scrambled into the stickily damp coat, grabbed his cane and limped again into the storm.

Of course she might be out—or perhaps, that might only be her business address. The blank, curtain-drawn windows of the surrounding shops sent a sharp chill to his heart. Yes, probably here, too, he was doomed to disappointment.

"Just my luck," he sighed, staring miserably at the darkened shop front; but he rang the bell anyway. A far-away buzz answered his pull, but that was all. Again he tried—and again, growing colder and hungrier every minute, but the city might have been abandoned from the utter, almost sinister silence about.

Then, through the falling snow, he discerned a policeman advancing, eyeing him sternly; to prove his good intentions, he jerked the bell a third time. The officer halted. "Don't stand there wanging away at them bells," he commanded, "go around to the side entrance where you ought," and shuffled ahead.

Mechanically, the boy obeyed instructions and presently was dragging himself up the narrow carpeted stairs to the floor above. This time the name-plate blazoned *M. Dulac*, and so, lips compressed with fatigue, he rang and listened intently for the welcome sound of footsteps.

They came; fingers rattled the inside catch; the door swung open; and Mollie herself stood before him!

His jaw sagged helplessly. Mollie—here! Living in the same place as the girl of his letters! Why—Then he realized she was speaking and her words left no doubt.

"Yes?" she smiled her inquiry, "I am Miss Dulac," and waited for his reply.

"I—" the sentence, so oft rehearsed on the upward climb came automatically, though his mouth was dry and his throat throbbled, "I'm Jim Norton. I got some of your smokes and things—" Inwardly he cursed the amber light behind, which merely outlined the high-piled hair and soft, sheer waist, but hid the vivid face.

"Oh! Yes; Jim Norton." Her little hands fluttered a welcome. "This is splendid! So you got out of the hospital after all! But come in and tell me all about it. I'm just having some coffee."

He stumbled after her, wondering dumbly at her increased beauty; her softened voice, and, above all, the gracious ease of her manner. He forgot in his first astonishment that, to her, he was not a returned lover, but an unknown soldier boy to whom she had written through kindness and sent small gifts. That her manner was the purely mechanical one of the show-rooms, he, manlike, could not even surmise. He only knew that, although she had failed to recognize him, she had welcomed Jim Norton as an old and much liked friend. Just the same tiny creature of the vivid smile and glad heart, only her boisterous self-assurance had given way to a new reserve. An intense admiration for this altered Mollie was added to his old feeling, and a sudden fear lest she be less pleased to see Buck Taylor than Jim Norton, stayed his tongue. It is not often given to man to realize that he has underestimated the charm of his girl, but such was the boy's feeling as he followed the slight little form of Mollie, alias Mary Dulac of the letters, into her small, softly-lighted sitting-room.

"You must be frozen," she commiserated, pulling a large chair before the flaming gas-log. "Sit here while I get another cup." She flashed one of her quick smiles, and his heart bounded. Now was the time to reveal himself, but again, his lips refused to obey. Instead, he heard himself muttering unconsciously something about "not bothering" and letting him "fetch it."

But she was already at the door: "It's no bother; I've an old woman in there who

sees to everything." She disappeared, and Buck Taylor sank down.

"Funny—" he ruminated, "I ain't ever cared what Mollie'd think in the old days—and here I am afraid to tell her who I am, just because she's struck it soft—and has swell lodgings, and all! Still," temporizing, "I'll wait a bit and see the lay of things. She's always writing about missing this guy that quit her cold—" then he stopped, eyes dilating at the sudden flash of insight, "Gee!" he whispered huskily, "if my letter-girl was really Mollie, then that guy must have been me!" He got to his feet and started toward the door, then stopped. His eyes began a careful scrutiny of the room. Every detail, from the exquisite cushions on the broad divan, to the coffee-set upon the dainty spindle-legged table decided him with its obvious value.

Abruptly he came to the decision that she was not alone—that all his illusions about his unknown girl—all his belief in Mollie's straightness—were as doomed as the joy of his home-coming; an intense self-pity tightened his throat.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed disgustedly, "what's the use?" and sat down as the girl entered.

Even through his misery he felt a thrill of pleasure at the heaping plate of buns she carried. How like old days this was! When he would come to her, feeling sick or sore or discouraged, and she would listen sympathetically, quietly stuff him with cake, and then coax him back into his swaggering conceited self again. Even as he recalled old days, so his old manner returned, the manner of the proprietary male, and he demanded gruffly, "Say, have you been and got a backer?"

"Oh, how can you—!" she began angrily—

For a long moment they stared at each other; he was aghast at what he had said; the girl's face was flushed. She turned back to her manipulation of the cups, and, though there was a catch in her voice, her words excused him: "I—I forgot we were really strangers. Though I—I should have thought you knew enough through my letters to—not to have thought—"

"I'm sorry." It was his new self, burning with chagrin, that spoke. "But somehow I hadn't ever thought of you on Easy Street, and tonight—all this kind of got me," he finished lamely, and took the cup she offered him.

"Oh, I'm not on Easy Street yet, but I'm getting there." She laughed a little unsteadily. "This fall I played in luck. My designs went big, and I had to take on more help." She was speaking quickly now, as though to cover the incident with a flood of words. "You see, I'm a partner now, and handle all the work in the designing rooms. They cover the whole upper floor, rooms and rooms, and now since the boys are coming home, we're taking on a lot of soldiers for the drawing—those who've been wounded and can't walk much. Sometime, I'd like to show you through them—that is—if you want to."

She paused. But the boy continued to stare dully about the room. His mind seemed clogged and his tongue dry. He was not interested in her work, but he was dumb before what it stood for—the courage to hold on, to set forth alone, to bluff loneliness and obstacles—all for an ideal she herself had erected. That was success, honest success, the result of hard and honest labor, and it was difficult to associate either with the easy-going Mollie of former days, or with this self-reliant wistful-eyed girl who was speaking.

"It's all splendid—" he said. "But how did you start? Was there any particular party pulling the strings, or did you just play lucky?" Perhaps she might speak of him—not as Jim Norton, but as Buck, the man who had quit her cold.

As if in answer to the thought, she began almost immediately about himself.

"Do you remember me writing about—a man? A man I cared about—who went away?" She paused, twisting a ring on her finger. "Well, at first, when he left I didn't realize he wasn't coming back. And then one night, when the crowd was all together—all but him—suddenly it came over me that I wouldn't ever see him any more. And if I wasn't going to die missing him, I'd have to cut the crowd myself. We'd talked, sometimes, about doing it, and making a fresh start, somehow. But he never had the grit. With him gone, there was

(Continued on page 78)

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of McCall's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1919.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oliver B. Capen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the secretary of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 433, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

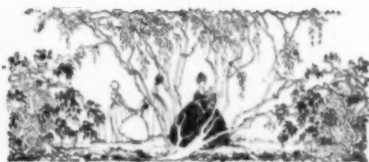
1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: PUBLISHER: The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. EDITOR: Miss Besse Beatty, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. MANAGING EDITOR: Miss Besse Beatty, BUSINESS MANAGER: Allan H. Richardson, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Azies Demarest, care Daniel W. Streeter, 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; William C. Heinke, 23 Wall St., New York City; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 32 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spaulding, 63 Neptune Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 15 Broad St., New York City; Robert Cade Wilson, 683 Springfield Ave., Summit, N. J.; Mahala D. Douglas as Minneapolis Trust Co., as trustees under the will of Walter D. Douglas, deceased, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

O. B. Capen, Secretary.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1919. HARRY E. FLETCHER, Notary Public, Essex County, No. 27. Certificate filed in New York County, New York No. 52. My commission expires March 30, 1920.



### Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and those interested in knowing their country through travel or reading. We will be pleased to obtain for you, without charge, copies of any of the booklets described below. Always enclose three one-cent stamps with your request, to cover part of the bureau's expenses.

#### Glimpses of Our National Parks

GLIMPSES of our National Parks is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the National Parks Service. It shows the location of our fourteen national parks and the principal railroad connections leading to them. The booklet is illustrated with views of the parks and contains a very brief description of the special characteristics of each of the parks together with a little of their history.

#### Yellowstone National Park

YELLOWSTONE National Park, the Wonder Spot of America is the title of a booklet which describes this park with its marvelous geysers, the brilliant and varicolored canyon of the Yellowstone, its wild animal refuge and petrified forests. The booklet tells how to reach the park, gives information about traveling facilities and hotel rates and contains maps of the reservation.

#### Yosemite National Park

UNDER this title, the booklet of information concerning this park describes the scenery, waterfalls, the big trees, fishing, hotels and camping accommodations, with rates, transportation facilities, and contains the map of the park. Get this booklet and plan your trip.

#### Rocky Mountain National Park

ROCKY Mountain National Park, situated in the heart of the Rockies, is the most accessible of our national parks for the Eastern visitors. It is a region of indescribable majesty and beauty with its snow-capped mountains rising from low valleys to 8,000 feet above sea level. This booklet gives information on how to get to the park and what to see. Even though you may never visit the reservation you will enjoy reading this booklet.

#### Sequoia and General Grant Parks

SEQUOIA and General Grant National Parks, the big tree parks, contain the greatest trees of the greatest forest in the world. Twelve thousand trees are over ten feet in diameter and one, the General Grant, measures more than thirty-six feet through. This booklet, issued by the National Parks Service gives their history and description, tells how to reach the parks, what to wear, and contains a list of birds and animals seen in this park.

#### Get Rid of the Ants

HOUSE Ants, Kinds and Methods of Control, issued by the Bureau of Entomology, is a booklet which will help many housewives. It describes the life and habits of house, lawn and carpenter ants, tells of methods of attracting them that they may be easily poisoned and gives other methods of combating them. Get this booklet and rid your premises of this pest.

#### Home-made Fireless Cookers

UNDER this title, the Office of Home Economics has issued a booklet which every housewife should have. It explains the principles on which a fireless cooker works and gives simple directions by means of which an efficient cooker can be made at home from easily obtained and inexpensive materials. It also contains several pages of recipes of fireless-cooked foods. Get a copy of this booklet and lessen your work this summer.

#### Kill the Weeds

DO your garden weeds bother you? Have you ever found an effective method of satisfactorily getting rid of them? The Department of Agriculture's booklet, "How to Control Weeds," would probably help you. Our Washington Bureau will gladly obtain a copy for you.

## Lift Corns Off!

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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.



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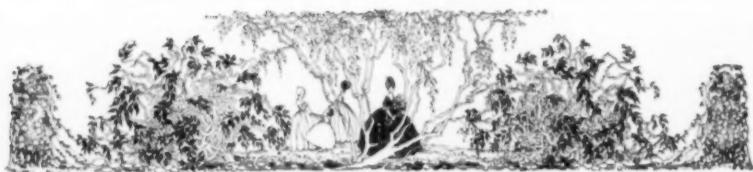
Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it eradicates every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp, the hair roots furnish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

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## Buck Taylor, Wanted

(Continued from page 76)

nothing to hold me. It was—up to me, don't you see? So next day I left my old job, and after awhile I got one here."

Abruptly her voice sank, and she smoothed her forehead as if to brush away bad memories. "It wasn't easy, at first. I was awfully lonely. Sometimes I thought I'd die if I didn't see him again—or someone that cared about me a little—I cried myself sick at night, thinking about him, and the old days, and the crowd. And the work was hard, and I didn't seem to be getting anywhere, after all—I'd get to thinking that it wasn't any use sticking to it, I might as well go back. But I didn't. I just worked a little harder. You see, I'd always wanted him to—straighten up, and—be a real man. And he wouldn't, because it was too hard—even with me to help him. Someway I sort of felt, now he was gone, it was—well, it was up to me to do it, myself.

"And after awhile Madame Morris took an interest in me, and put me in the designing rooms. Then it wasn't so hard, because I got interested in the work, just for itself. I began to like doing it. Not because of him, any more, or because of the money, or even for myself—it was just the work that I cared about, and the feeling I had when it was well done.

"I saved my money, of course, because I wasn't going anywhere, or caring much for anything I could buy with it. And when the business grew so that Madame Morris wanted to open branches in other cities, and needed someone with an interest in the business to take entire charge of the designing, she offered me a partnership. And that's all." Her hands dropped, palms upward, in her lap. "It pays pretty well," she added in a colorless tone, looking at him.

He did not see the expression in her eyes, because his own could not meet her gaze. He stared at his roughened hand, clasped between his knees. "You—you've succeeded, all right," he said at last, huskily.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I have. I guess you'd call it that. I work all the time, as hard as I dare—and put money in the bank—and bluff myself into thinking I'm happy—Then a night like this comes along, or some holiday that other people celebrate at home—That's why I'm so glad you came. It kept me from thinking. I get to thinking, you know, about what might have happened if I'd only been able to make him break away from the way he was living, and we'd started together somewhere. But I don't know—maybe a woman has to be alone to make a success."

And this was the girl he'd expected to come back to so grandly, and take in his arms! This girl, who had accomplished, without him, the things he had only dreamed of doing! And there had been a time when he could have put his arms around her, held all that soft sweetness of her close to him, and seen a look in her eyes—He became aware that he was trembling and that his hand was gripping the chair-arm tensely. He drew a deep breath, and started as it penetrated the utter silence enveloping them.

"And this guy—suppose he came back—what would you do?"

"If he came back—" her voice was barely audible. "I—I suppose I would go with him and give up everything I've worked for—and—and be happy—until I saw the yellow in him again," she added bitterly.

The yellow in him! So she had seen it—that streak that had always made him quit half way through the game. He

thought he had wiped it out over there, but what proof had he? None. That very night hadn't he gone back to the gang, after promising himself to stay away from them, after vowing to bury the old Buck Taylor forever, to be Jim Norton and make a new life under the new name? One night of loneliness, just one ache of longing for a welcome somewhere—and the yellow was there again! The girl had stuck it out—

Mollie was leaning forward, fingers interlocked, staring at the carpet. A gust of wind stirred the curtains, the windows rattled, but still she sat silent, motionless but for the throb of her throat. He had only to touch her—only to say that he was Buck Taylor, her man, come back—she would be in his arms again, he could kiss her back to her old spontaneous self—But that—that would be yellow. He would be a quitter.

Suddenly, he found himself on his feet. He was thanking her in a far-away voice for her hospitality; promising to come again when he had time; copying all those formalities he had observed in canteens overseas. Then he was limping downstairs, and out into the storm. The double catch of the door hindered him, tempting him to return, but just as he might have succumbed it clicked shut and the icy wind drew him into a whirlpool of scurrying snow.

Well, that was the end of it.

It wasn't too late for the gang to welcome him. What was the use—all this rot about not being yellow? Yellow? Buck Taylor wasn't yellow! Let any man dare say it! The gang would give him a welcome that was a welcome—they wouldn't ask any questions! Drink, and music, and warmth, and a jolly good time—that's what he'd find at Tim Moran's. Tonight—in an hour—in half an hour—he could be back there with the bunch.

No. Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow night—The girl had stuck it out for months. Well, he might have just one drink. In a saloon where no one knew him. There was no harm in that. Just one drink—

Limping wearily down the empty street, icy snow stinging his face, Buck Taylor groaned aloud. And, as if in answer to the sound, a voice came to him—such a broken, weak little voice that, at first, he thought it a fancy.

"Buck—, Buck Taylor!"

He turned his head, and there, blurred by the falling snow, stood Mollie—Mollie in her soft sheer waist and high-piled hair, with little, little hands fluttering toward him. Stumbling with his lame leg, he got to her; he saw that she was crying.

"Oh, Buck!" she sobbed. "Didn't you know I knew you all the time? Ever since you spoke in that old rough way of yours? And—and I'm not afraid—" she was clutching his hand between both her little trembling ones. "I'm not afraid of your coming back any more. I'm not! I'm not!" she repeated passionately.

"Not—afraid?" he echoed.

"No. Because you didn't tell me—you didn't quit—You—you played the game straight through!"

Outside the snow continued to pile unbroken against barred windows; the policeman tramped, slow-footed, numbed of limb, upon his beat; over the city lay the silence of utter desolation. Behind the curtained windows a man's laugh, husky with happiness, sounded. Buck Taylor had found his welcome.

## Abandoned Lands and Patchwork Quilts

(Continued from page 16)

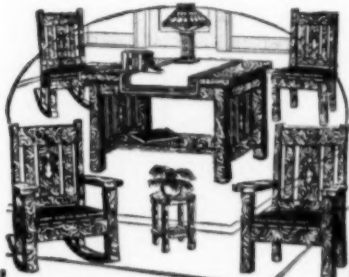
houses, hearing our children cry with hunger. The Austrians had gone but things were no better for us, Signora. We were sick. We seemed like people living in a bad dream waiting for something to happen."

"So long we had gone to bed afraid," Luigi explained gravely, "afraid of the bombs and the big guns, afraid they would drive us from our homes."

"So, though the war was over," the maid went on, "it did not seem over, and there

seemed to be no hope. Then one day at last, you came. Three big camions drove up. They were loaded with food and clothes. There was milk for babies and nurses and medicine for the sick. There were blankets and clothes, Signora! We could not believe it. We crowded around and began unloading. How we worked! We broke the lock from the door of the town hall where the Austrian headquarters had been. We took the stores in. We put

(Continued on page 79)



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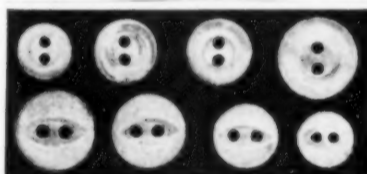


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## Abandoned Lands and Patchwork Quilts

(Continued from page 78)

up the bed for the young ladies. In a moment we were eating such food as we had forgotten existed—

"Yes," Luigi broke in, "Christopher Columbus did a good job when he discovered America."

The Americans followed on the heels of the retreating Austrian armies, bringing to the Italian people food and warmth. High up into the hills they went. They penetrated into flooded districts. And that is why you have only to say you are an American to have everyone in Veneto for a friend.

All day long a crowd stands around the town hall at Torre di Mosta. Life centers here. The children are learning to laugh again, color is coming back into their faces. The women are losing the look of famine and hopelessness. No wonder the workers through these districts love this work.

I went out in one of the camions and saw the final destination of some of the clothes and patchwork quilts that you made at home. We went over shell-torn roads, and precarious bridges. From time to time we passed little boys, paddling in the ditch at the side of the road.

We stopped at great patriarchal peasant houses, where you may ask how many there are in a family, and receive the startling answer, "Forty-two." We stopped at little shacks with only earthen floors, where whole families were living in one room. Where bed-like bunks had been built one over another from stray pieces of lumber. These people had neither stockings, nor shoes, nor bedding, nor warm clothes, nor medicine—for there was a great deal of fever down here—until we came.

As the camion goes from town to town, instead of the usual traffic of a countryside, one comes on gangs of women mending roads. On each side of the road are ditches, still full of war's wreckage—Austrian helmets, knapsacks, belts with cartridges, all the smaller refuse of war. As one passes near the trenches, rats scurry across one's path. From time to time there is a white puff of smoke followed by an explosion where soldiers are setting off duds—the dangerous unexploded shells. All along the road, helmets are being used as buckets to water the mended roads.

Sometimes one comes on gangs of soldiers also at work on the roads, and sometimes on bands of Austrian prisoners. They move along like spectres, they are all a strange color, a sort of saffron-yellow, the result of fever and underfeeding, for they get only one-half the soldier's ration. They do not speak. They do not look up, but work in the strange automatic fashion of men to whom life has long since ceased to have any meaning. When they walk it is with difficulty. Now and then one sees a man help a weaker comrade as he stumbles along the road.

For them, life is only holding on with a sort of hopeless endurance. Their faces have become inhuman, and as one passes by one can scarcely bear to look. It seems impossible that these were ever happy men, having normal lives. There is nothing now to be done about them, they must stay here until the terms of peace are decided. They are another of the hideous by-products of war, which, as one sees it now that its flame has passed over, is more brutal in the rigor of death than in the pulsing fire.

The relief work which I have described is, of course, but a corner of the work which has been done for war refugees. It seems to me that it has been a sort of school in American citizenship, a lesson of kindness that will never be forgotten.

Here is a story which typifies the trust that these Italian people have in us:

One day, in Padua, one woman and three men appeared at the Red Cross headquarters.

On foot they had come, on a five days' journey, from an obscure mountain town, hauling a cart by hand. Their people were starving and they had heard that America gave away food.

So they harnessed themselves to their cart and came.

Surely that five days' journey was an act of pure faith.

America's work is going on to the Balkans—to countries which have been shut off from contact with civilization through long months, where life has ebbed to its lowest tide. As long as there's work of this kind to be done, you, at home, may not forget to "carry on."



McCall Patterns

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That is because McCall's are the easiest and simplest Patterns to follow. They are the key to the most exquisite Paris and New York Fashions. Dress-making at home with McCall Patterns enables any woman to enlarge her wardrobe without increasing her outlay.

All McCall Patterns, with full and exact directions for use, can be obtained from any McCall Pattern Agency, or direct by mail from the nearest McCall Company office. Patterns will be sent post-paid at the following prices:

Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits . . . . . 25c	All Other Patterns . . . . . 20c
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The California Fig Syrup Co.

# THE CURTAIN CALL

## TO YOU

TO you who liked last month's page so well that you have turned with eagerness to this one:

To you who because you so liked all the other pages in this issue, have turned with confidence to this one, knowing there would be one more plum for you:

And to the rest of you, who turn to this page with a last desperate hope, feeling we would never be brazen enough to print an entire issue without *something* worth reading in it (we say this last because we are kindly and meek):

To you all, equally and without favoritism, we offer an explanation of the page name, "The Curtain Call."

Last month we paged you, "Oyez, Oyez." We know it was archaic; but so was the rest of the page, so, at least, we were consistent.

Now we threaten to be quaint. But you'll get used to it. We're even willing to wager you'll love it.

You see, if we name this page "The Curtain Call," we're bound to be good. Nothing ever gets a curtain call that isn't good. We're going to merit our encores and take them gracefully—that is, as gracefully as we can. There are some of us for whom it will be a little difficult. For instance, the Married One is shy, and the Georgia Belle, well, she's just the best fellow we know. But the fact of the matter is, they grow them healthy in Georgia. And she's very, very healthy. And bows, she might consider, could perhaps be dispensed with. We've never sounded her on the subject.

So "The Curtain Call" it is, in order that, having worked hard to merit your praise, we, from the contributors down (you see how tactful we are with our "down"), may make our graceful acknowledgment. Then the contributors will wish to acknowledge your appreciation of the awful stories we tell about them.

YOU read what Mr. Barrie had to say about daughters. Imagine what it must be like to sit next to him at a London dinner-table. Imagine hearing his queer little Scotch voice piping out some Peter Pan whimsy. Lady Speyer, whom you will meet in the July McCall's, has done just this thing. She tells us an amusing and characteristic tale about her first meeting with the great little man.

Lady H— gave a dinner-party to which Barrie and she were invited. She was to have the honor of sitting beside him. Lady H— warned her that he was shy and easily bored.

"Don't talk too much to him, don't try to get much out of him," Lady H— advised. "Just leave him alone and follow his lead. Otherwise he will be utterly bored and miserable. You'll know when he's in that state, for there's a story he tells when he's having a bad time—something about a Tombstone in New Orleans—a sort of death-knell of his hope for a pleasant evening."

To know Lady Speyer is to know that, whatever she might be, it would not be a bore. In constant fear of the Tombstone story she obeyed her hostess' instructions. Mr. Barrie talked to his heart's content. At the end of the dinner she turned to him in desperate relief. "Thank goodness, you did not tell the story of the Tombstone!" she said, and fled from the room.

Needless to tell you, he had to find out what his charming dinner-table partner meant by her exclamation—and that was the beginning of their friendship.

It is not often we are criticized. When we are, it becomes a very personal issue with us. Besides when you are concerned in it, as you are this time, the hurt is doubled. If it were not that you want your fashions presented to you in this way, we would not give them to you like this. So you must share the criticism with us. Moreover, it came from one of you, and, while there may be some justice in it, it leaves us bitter.

DEAR EDITOR.—I take my pen to write for information. I hesitate to take your time or cause you irritation, but if you please will be so good, I'd like to have an answer, for here's a thing that worries me, so do the best you can, Sir. My gown looks like a fashion-plate; I tell you it's a corker. I know I'll be right up-to-date, just like a real New Yorker. Although I am a trifle stout, it makes me look just stunning; and yesterday I bought a hat that's absolutely cunning! But here's a question worries me, I don't know what to do—I've studied all the catalogs and all the fashions, too. I've looked through all

the magazines and all the pattern pages, and read the beauty articles for women of all ages. So now I write to ask you, dear Editor so kind, why all those pattern women drag a heavy foot behind? I've done a lot of practising, but here I need some light—Is it best to drag your left foot or should you drag your right?

Do you notice how they call us *Sir*? They always do, and here we are with the largest circulation of any magazine in the country edited solely by women, for women, and they continue to address us, *Sir*.



They, the inevitable They (the world's greatest source of gratuitous information), tell us that Dr. Talcott Williams, Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, at Columbia University, is such an expert reader that he has only to glance at a printed page to master its contents. We'd give Dr. Williams a half-hour of time any day if he'd drop in and tell us how to do it. We'd even pay his subway fare.

Have you started *The Glory*? But of course you have. Isn't it great? We could tell you what's going to happen next. Shall we? All right. Gideon says to Dorcas, says he, "You can't marry. No man in his senses would take on that old incubus." Awfully brutal for a hero, don't you think? But we suppose that's what makes him so devilishly attractive. He is, isn't he? This is one of the stories that's so nice we even take time out of the office to read it—except the Acolytes, and they take it down with their lunches.

Speaking of stories. What do you suppose people write stories about? Love? Well, let us tell you, they don't. They write about anything else under the sun. When we get a real love-story for you, we've accomplished something. There's mother-and-son stuff, father-and-daughter stuff, the middle-age affair of the affections, adolescence, character. But love! Never, or almost never. Oh, for the days of *Tempest and Sunshine*! Where is *East Lynne*, and where are *Camille*!



Not that we don't like stories about other things, ourselves. We do. But we do not know whether or not you do. Sometimes we wish you'd tell us. There's going to be a story in July about a boy who was—well, perhaps, he went because he thought that at least She wouldn't know that he knew that She knew. It's a fine story. And the boy is so real that he's *every boy*. But we don't know whether you'd rather have this story or something about Love. We just liked it ourselves, awfully, and hoped for the best in giving it to you.

We got a man to illustrate it who is a master of pen-and-ink technique. If you don't say, when you see those pictures, "I wonder how he did it?" we'll be disappointed.

Madge Jenison, who has made you chuckle over *Those Were the Days*, spends her days in an enchanted cottage. It's painted orange, with red-brown gables and little windows, and it's right round the corner from Fifth Avenue in New York. Inside there are a million books, and wherever books are not, the walls are covered with multi-colored batik. People come and go ceaselessly, and Miss Jenison stands there, calm, handing them books done up in fascinating packages of orange, green, magenta, purple. And just because it's all so fascinating, the people pay her money for the books, lots of it. So she thrives, and evenings, at home, she writes us stories. Here is one she tells on herself. It was at college—the senior dance. There was one man who far outclassed the others. He brought with him the largest bouquet of violets in the world. Envious were the others of the girl who wore his proud decoration. Eager were they for his favor. And when it was seen that Miss Jenison was honored with *two* dances, her popularity with her classmates waned. When the girls gathered, in braids and kimono, to swap "trade-lasts," Miss Jenison, leaning toward the girl of the violets, begged: "Gladys, did he—what did he say when he asked to meet me?" "He said," came the drowsy answer, "Good heavens, Gladys, who is that girl?"

The Stony-hearted One was once a librarian. She is so full of stories she keeps the air in the office all littered up with them. When we're on the trail of an idea, we float on rafts of her stories to our goal. She's really a great help. Just now she told us this thriller. One day in a library on the West Coast a mysterious man appeared before her. He was looking for a certain secret code.

They spent hours in nervous research together and at last they unearthed the thing he was after. He went away. Next day another man came. He was just as mysterious as the other, but he was fatter. He asked her if she had ever heard of Aldora. She said she hadn't. He asked her if she thought that anywhere in her library, or in any other library anywhere in this country or the entire world, she could trace any reference to Aldora. She succumbed to the appealing manner of the questing stranger. She said she'd see. She searched. She searched the English dictionaries from Webster to Murray; all the encyclopedias; the foreign lexicons; the handbooks of queer words and phrases; the atlases; the dictionaries of names and places; the guides to periodical literature; even the roster of the D. A. R. and the labyrinthine index to United States Government documents. The almanacs, Who's Who, and Cruden's Concordance did not escape her. Then she reported to him. No. There was no such thing in all the world. He sighed. He became transformed. He radiated satisfaction. "I knew it," said he. "You know," here he got confidential, "we have a little place over on the Sound and we want to name it for our three little girls, Alice, Dorothy and Alma. But the wife and I, we like to be exclusive and we didn't want to get a name that anybody else was using."

As you've gone through the pages of our beloved book, we know you've thought, even if you haven't said, "They do have the snappiest titles and captions! But I suppose that's easy—they just dash off something. Things dashed off are always so ducky." We hate to rend the veil of rosy illusion, but we'd like to tell you a secret. It took two conferences of the entire staff, a list of suggested titles from each member of it and a lot of remarkable, spontaneous poetry-writing, before we arrived at "Getting Married All Over The Map." Don't, don't pass silent judgment on us, saying "Ye gods, do they think it was worth it!" Do be kindly toward our struggles. There are things about it all that we ourselves regret. For instance, the poetry. You will know that we suffer as we strive, when you realize that into the discard went such gems as this:

Wedding bells may chime and chime,  
Brides may change from clime to clime,  
But nothing's new and nothing's old,  
We're just folks, when all is told.



A feminist friend in California, who never keeps a good thing to herself, forwarded this letter from an oriental sister. MR. HILL, G. G. Foster Estate Co., Berkeley, Cal.

From Mrs. Mary Soy.

GENTLEMEN.—Am wish you to allow me to acknowledge this situation very distinctly to you. For an instance, I desire to have an information from your personal manner.

A carpenter needs come to my place to examine decayed front door. This kind of a weather we hardly stopped the storms and waters rushed into the house day after day. So all the occupants were raising great many troubles to the rentlord. But some of these desire to move away, if the door is not willing to have a repairing.

Therefore, my own collection might getting scarce to pay the full rent by this account.

In the first of October I did notified you about this situation. But you considered it very greatly. I thought the man will come at once. Since, several days past, I haven't seen any carpenter come to complete the call. So this letter might remind to take charge the proposition.

Of course, the requirement is refuse, nothing could do further. Simply, I stated some of the roomers desired to move away to avoid robbery or soaking conditions by rains, and it also has a sinking condition. Positively a carpenter might be needed this week.

Hope you understand my statement very thoroughly. Please accept my request for kindness.

Your friendly,  
MRS. MARY SOY.





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Every woman who knows Keds will agree that they combine style with unusual comfort. They're so light and restful, so good-looking, so suitable with their wide range of styles for every summer occasion.

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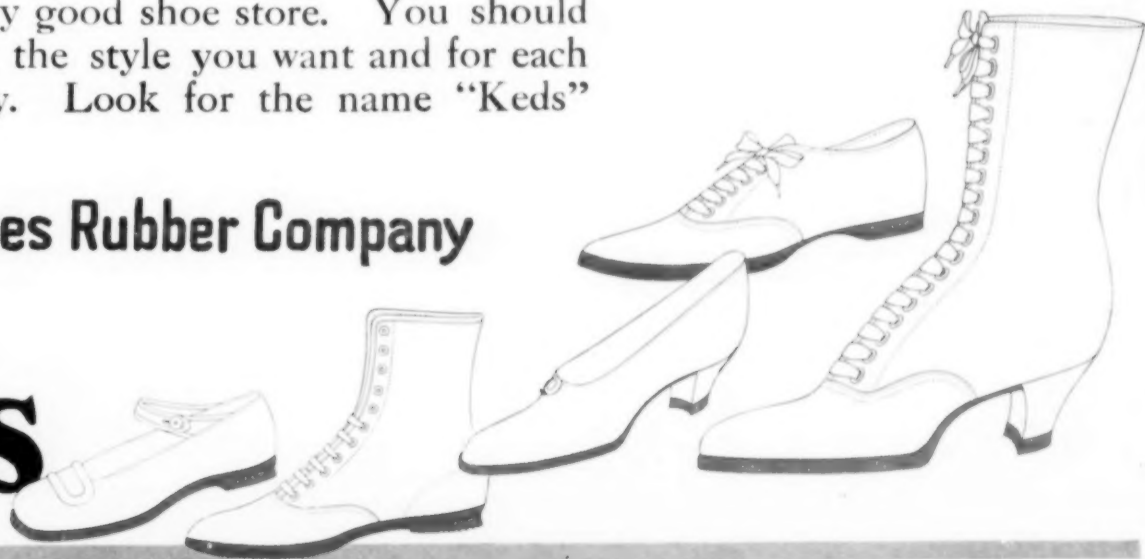
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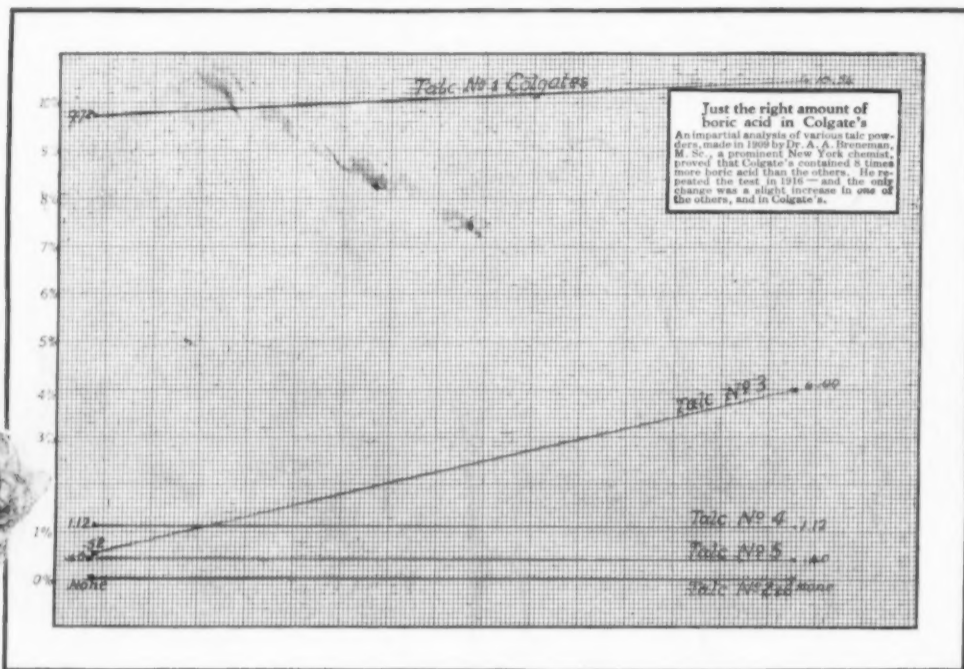
**United States Rubber Company**

# Keds



# COLGATE'S

## TALC POWDER



Dr. Breneman reported in 1916:

Colgate's Talc contains . . . 10.54% of boric acid\*  
No. 2 Talcum Powder contains no boric acid  
No. 3 Talcum Powder contains 4.00% of boric acid  
No. 4 Talcum Powder contains 1.12% of boric acid  
No. 5 Talcum Powder contains .40% of boric acid  
No. 6 Talcum Powder contains no boric acid

\*Just the right amount.

Dr. Breneman also reported finding in Colgate's—and in Colgate's only—two other ingredients described by the U.S. Dispensatory as "healing and soothing." These were not found in any of the other talcs—at either test.

All the powders used in making these tests were purchased on the open market.

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THE chart above—and the result of Dr. Breneman's analysis below it—show how and why you are sure of the comfort of the real boric powder if you use Colgate's in the Nursery.

Safest and best not only for baby's tender skin and soft, sweet folds of flesh, but also for mother and father. Its superior fineness and absorbent action make summer dressing comfortable—its cooling, healing touch brings relief to sunburn, and protects against it too—its wide variety of delicate perfumes offers a choice for every personal preference.

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